

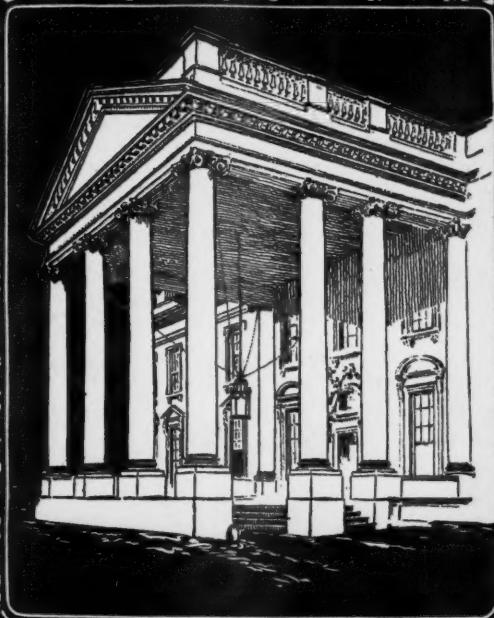
THE RESTORED WHITE HOUSE

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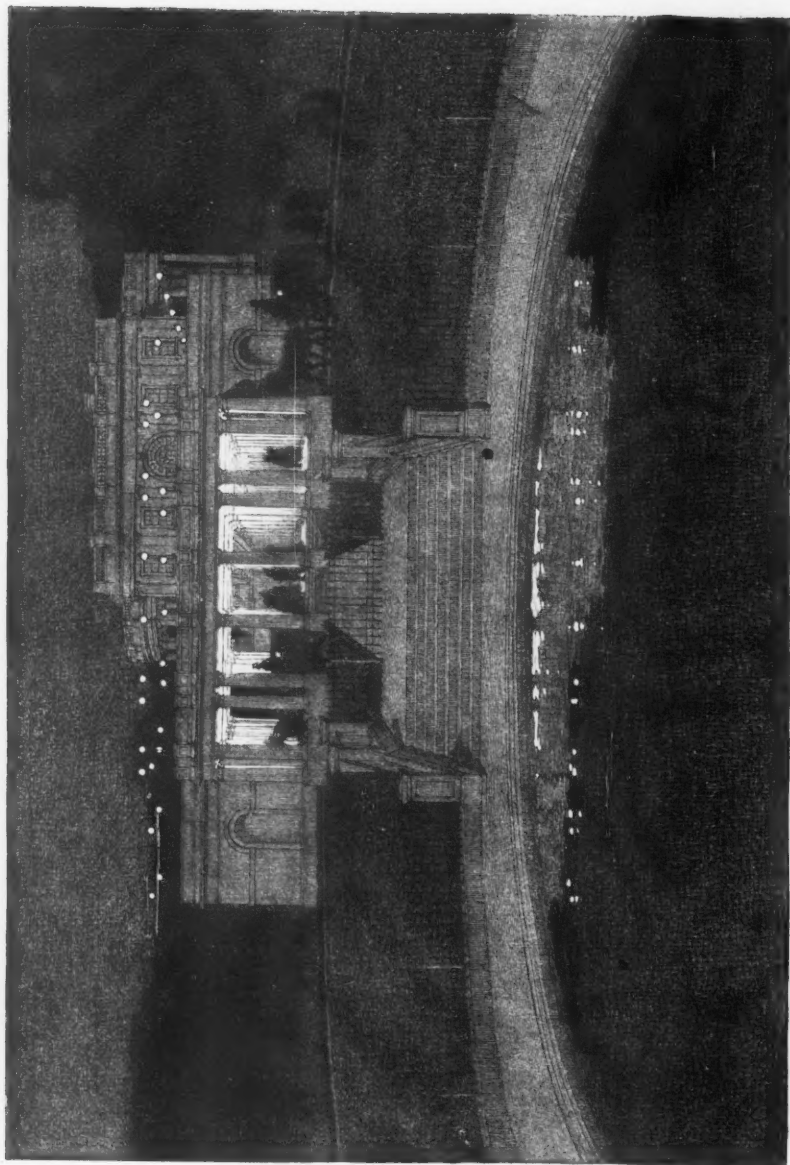
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SAPOLIO

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Drawn by Jules Gudin. Halfstone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

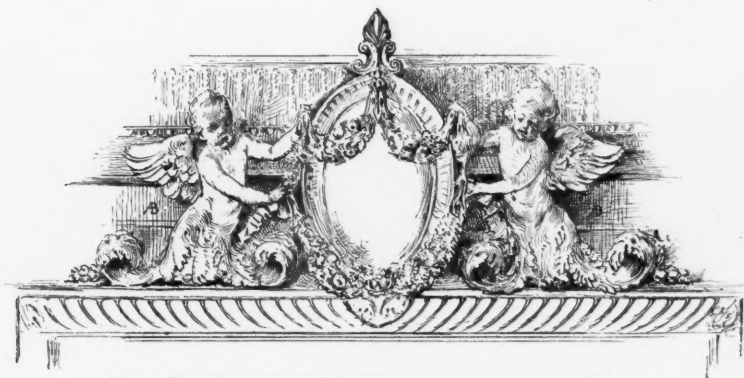
NEW EAST ENTRANCE TO THE WHITE HOUSE—AN EVENING RECEPTION

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE

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Decoration in the East Room over the main entrance. Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE RESTORATION OF THE WHITE HOUSE

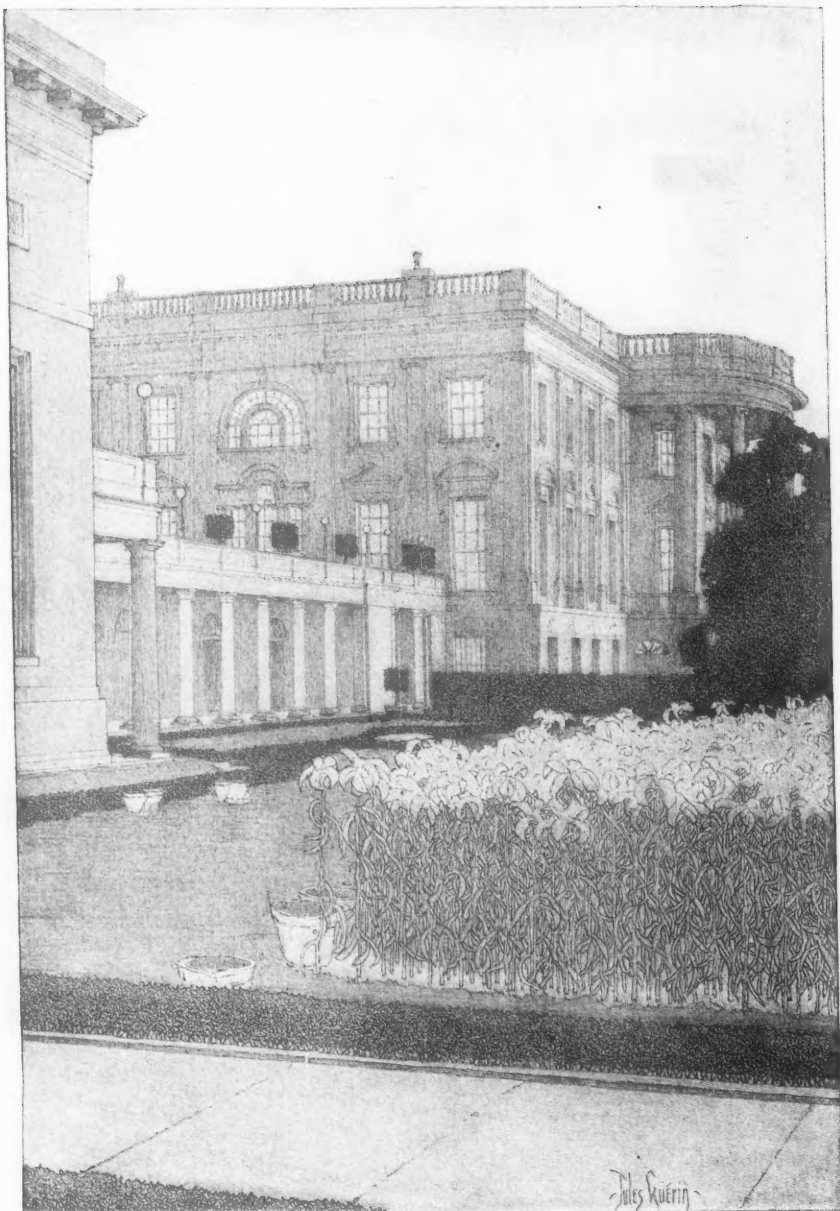
BY CHARLES MOORE

Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia

TO the American people the White House represents the personality of the President of the United States. To the politician the magic words may stand for the goal of an ambition too often associated with the deepest and most poignant disappointment; while to the historian the name may typify decisions that have marked epochs in the affairs of nations. In the mind of the people, however, the official character of the building has always been

subordinate to its domestic uses. Particularly speaking, the White House is the place not where the President works, but where he entertains.

To the great majority statecraft is a closed book and national politics are a quadrennial affliction, whereas they have a decided interest in all that pertains to the daily life of the chosen one of the nation. They remember that under the sheltering roof of the White House children have first opened their eyes



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE WHITE HOUSE FROM THE NEW OFFICE BUILDING, SHOWING THE WEST TERRACE

upon the world; brides have been given away with smiles and tears; and the nation's dead have found brief resting-place before passing for the last time through its familiar portals.

The President's House—as the appropriation bills for half a century style the White House—is but another name for the house of the people; and dear to the American heart is every stone of it. There it stands as it has stood through more than a hundred years of our national life. Let it be restored, dignified, enriched as the country increases in wealth and power; but no despoiling or profaning hand should be allowed to touch it.

II

THE site for the President's Palace, as the first maps name it, was selected by President Washington and Major L'Enfant when they laid out the Federal City in 1792. They purposed to have the President's House and the Capitol reciprocally close the long vista formed by Pennsylvania Avenue; and they also laid out a park-like connection between the two great buildings, after the manner now proposed by the Park Commission. The plans for the house, selected by Washington and Jefferson as the result of a competition in which L'Enfant took part, were drawn by James Hoban, a native of Dublin, and a medal man of the Society of Arts of that city.

As a young man Hoban had come to South Carolina, where his plans for the old State-house at Columbia brought him to the notice of Laurens, who commended him to Washington.

Hoban superintended not only the construction of the White House, but also its reconstruction after the British burned it in 1814; and he was also one of the superintendents of the Capitol. During forty-two years he had charge of one government work after another, the length of his service being due probably to his willingness to superintend the carrying out of the plans of the various architects without presuming to know more than they knew. Doubtless he was content to let his fame as an architect rest on the design of the White House; and surely he had reason to be satisfied with his work. It has passed into a tradition that in planning the White House

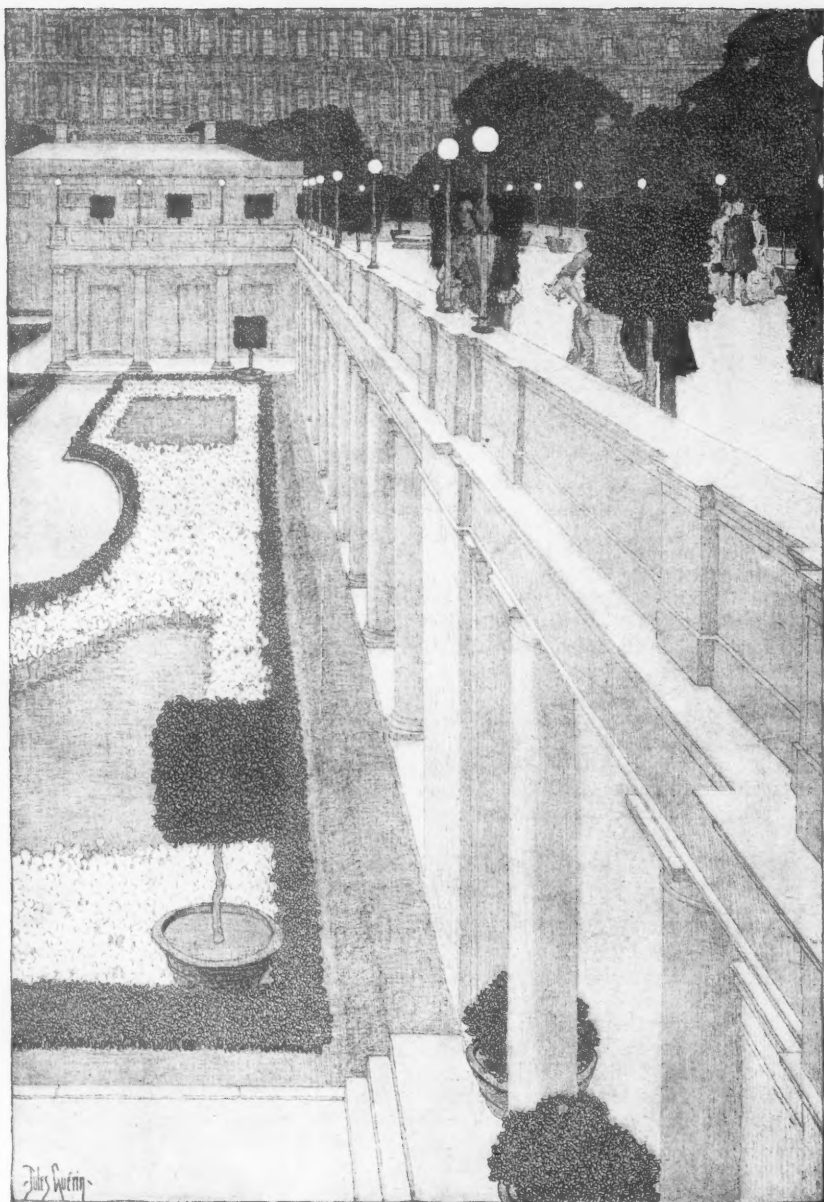
Hoban copied the residence of the Duke of Leinster in Dublin; but Mr. Glenn Brown, the secretary of the American Institute of Architects, has proved that in no sense is one a copy of the other. The fact that the pediments of the windows of the main floor may be traced to the Farnese Palace in Rome, while the windows of the garden-floor are taken from the French royal château of Compiègne, suggests that to Hoban the design for the White House was a proposition of the schools.

Aside from the sentiment connected with the building, the question naturally arises, Is the White House, architecturally considered, worthy to be retained among the permanent government buildings of the national capital?

One moonlight night in June, 1902, while strolling through the grounds with Mr. Charles F. McKim, one of the members of the Park Commission, we seated ourselves on one of those mounds which tradition ascribes to John Quincy Adams's taste in landscape-architecture. That afternoon crowds of people arrayed in joyous costumes befitting the semi-tropics had come from the hot city to rest under the trees and listen to the Saturday concert of the Marine Band. The musicians, clad in white duck, were located in a little depression, so that the sound of the music rolled up the slopes to the attentive audience.

A year before we had observed the same effect at Versailles; and both the similarities and the differences of the two pictures were being discussed as we sat in the quiet night, behind the locked gates, where not a sound from the city streets broke the grateful noise of water splashing in the fountains. On the high portico the President sat amid a group of dinner-guests, and the lights of their cigars were "echoed" by the drowsy fireflies flitting about the grounds, only the brilliantly lighted windows of the secretary's office even suggesting the workaday world. The moonlight, shining full on the White House, revealed the harmonious lines of its graceful shape.

"Tell me," I asked the architect, "among the great houses that have been built during recent years in the general style of the White House,—many of them larger and much more costly,—is there any that, in point of architecture, surpasses it?"



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-tone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE WEST TERRACE AND OFFICE BUILDING AS SEEN FROM THE STATE DINING-ROOM
WINDOWS—THE STATE, WAR, AND NAVY BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND

"No; there is not one in the same class with it," he replied deliberately—a judgment confirmed later under the noonday sun.

III

THE history of the White House is difficult to trace with accuracy. Hoban's design, as carried out, resulted in a substantial building, 160 feet in length, similar in size and dignity to houses of English country gentlemen of that period—a fact attested by frequent comparisons found in the writings of travelers. In 1803 Latrobe drew plans for enriching the structure by the addition of those essential features the north and south porticos, which were not constructed until a quarter of a century after the house was first occupied. Under Thomas Jefferson's direction, he also added two terraces, extending for 150 feet on the east and on the west. These terraces were built as component portions of the structure; but in the course of time the west terrace came to be degraded into a mere foundation for greenhouses, and the fine row of stone columns which once formed a sunny arcade on its southern side was shut in by glass houses, all brutal disfigurements of beautiful architecture. The eastern terrace was removed entirely in the early sixties, and its place was taken ultimately by a flower-garden, although the language of appropriation bills makes it probable that as late as 1866 a cow-stable occupied the site. Neither terrace ever performed the function implied by that term.

IV

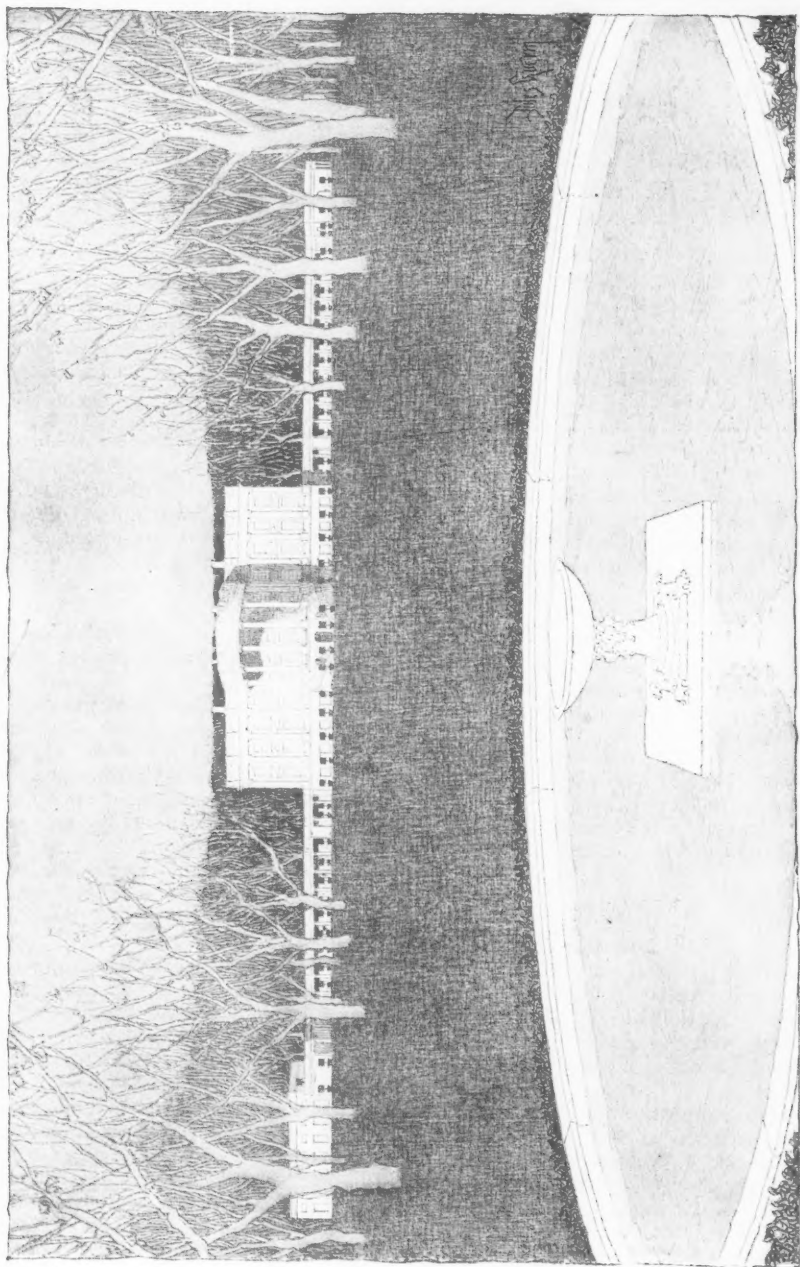
WHEN Mrs. John Adams took possession of the White House, on the removal of the seat of government from Philadelphia to the District of Columbia, in the autumn of 1800, she found a half-finished building set in the midst of a space used chiefly for brick-yards. There was a rough post-and-rail fence on the north, and the entrance to the house was by means of a wooden bridge crossing the area now spanned by the north portico. Then the present Blue Room was used as a mere vestibule; the Red Room was the ante-chamber to the library and Cabinet Room, now known as the state dining-room; the Green Room was the "common" dining-room; and the present private din-

ing-room and the pantry were used as the public dining-room. The East Room was not entirely finished until 1836, and before 1803 the ceiling had given way. Mrs. John Adams used the room for drying linen.

In an often-quoted letter the first mistress of the White House has put on record the amount of discomfort she experienced during the single winter of her sojourn in Washington. Although Congress had placed \$25,000 in the hands of the Secretaries of State, of the Treasury, and of War for the purpose of furnishing the President's House, those worthy gentlemen entirely neglected to provide a system of bells; there was neither fire-wood nor were there persons to cut it in the surrounding forests, and, the fireplaces being without grates, it was impossible to have recourse to coal. Notwithstanding her many discomforts, however, Mrs. Adams saw the large possibilities of the house, while of the District of Columbia she wrote with enthusiasm: "It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it the more I am delighted with it."

From administration to administration Congress made small appropriations for furniture; but even down to the days of Andrew Jackson each President was compelled to supply from his own home some portion of the furnishings necessary to make the White House habitable. On the reconstruction of the building, after the fire of 1814, Congress allowed President Madison \$50,000 for refurnishing; and a portion of the sum was spent abroad. In 1841, however, Congress stipulated that "all articles purchased for the President's House shall be of American manufacture, so far as may be practicable and expedient," a bit of ambiguity not infrequent in acts of Congress. Another piece of unconscious humor is found in the appropriation of 1867, granting \$250 for "the removal of the old and useless lightning-rods on the President's House and the substitution of Hawley's Improved Patented Conductors!"

The fact is that although something more than a half-million of dollars was spent on the furnishings of the White House during the first three quarters of a century of its existence, there were not, last June, half a dozen pieces of furniture which were intrinsically worth keeping.



Drawn by Jules Guérin. Half-stone plate engraved by H. C. Merrill

THE SOUTH PORTICO AND THE NEW WINGS AS SEEN FROM THE WHITE HOUSE GROUNDS

V

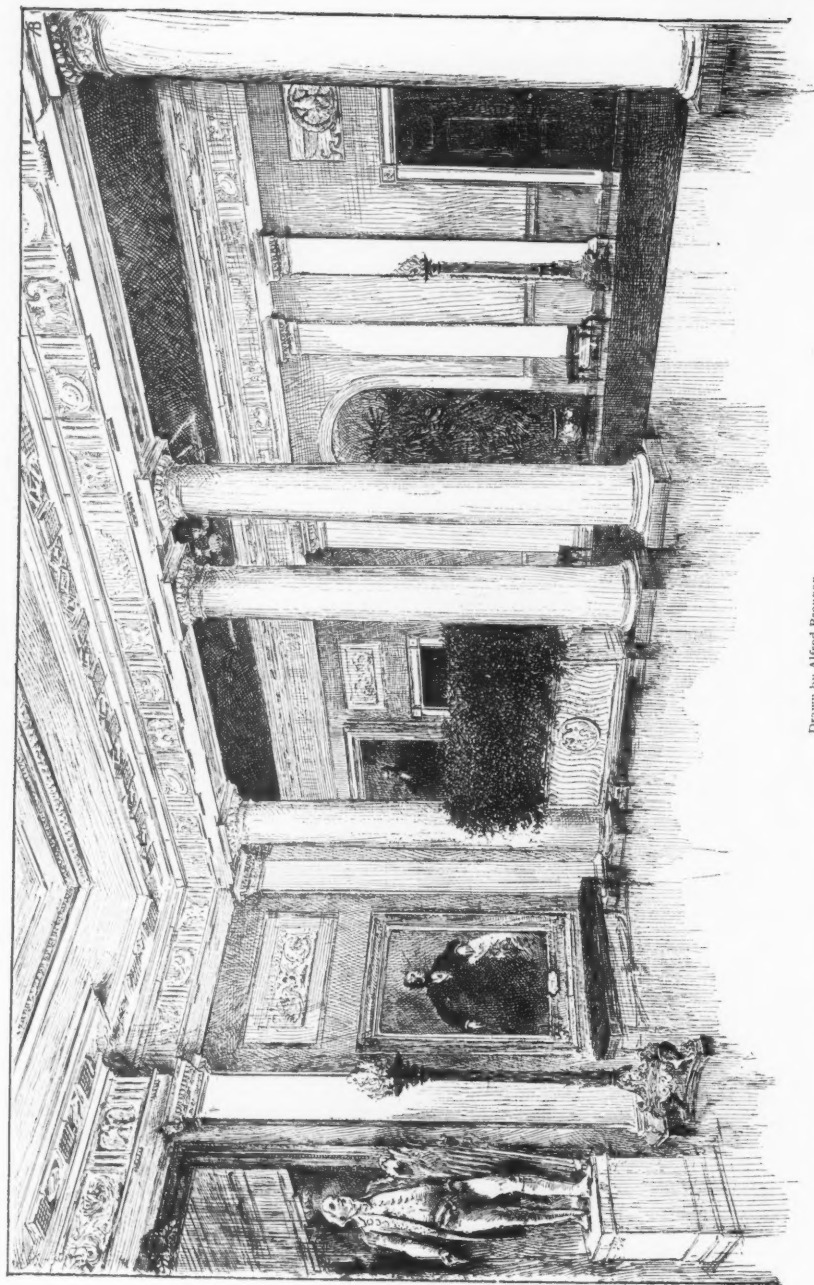
BEFORE attaining the Presidency, John Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams all were familiar with the social usages of the most brilliant courts of Europe; and the lack of formality and etiquette, according to Old World standards, which undoubtedly existed in the White House during their administrations clearly was due to intention rather than to ignorance. It is true that opportunities for social brilliancy did not abound in a capital just emerging from the woods; levees such as those held by Martha Washington in New York and Abigail Adams in Philadelphia were manifestly impossible in the midst of a society made up of a few government officials and the old families of Georgetown, a place which Mrs. Adams, after an afternoon's round of fifteen calls, compares with Milton, Massachusetts, much to the advantage of the latter. When social functions really began at the White House, they were, perforce, democratic in character, for reasons quite apart from any political ideas the President for the time being might have entertained.

Thomas Jefferson, indeed, announced with satisfaction that even the frail barriers of official etiquette his predecessors had erected between themselves and the public were broken down, and that the people were free to come and go at the White House. However, President Jefferson was a widower, and his two daughters were kept at home by domestic cares to such an extent that they exercised no influence whatever on the life of the house. During the eight years of Jefferson's administration the only hostess the White House knew was the wife of the Secretary of State, Mrs. Madison, whom the President frequently called upon to preside at dinners and receptions. For these entertainments Jefferson, with his usual attention to detail, prescribed a code of etiquette designed, as he believed, to teach republicanism by the very fact that it outraged all the rules and regulations to which the representatives of monarchy were accustomed. During his administration all European customs were represented in Washington by their antipodes. Mrs. Madison, however, exerted herself to mitigate the rigors thus brought upon the outraged guests; and on becoming in fact the mistress of the White House,

she adopted a system of entertainment in which the predominant quality came from her own large heart.

Mrs. Madison had no experience of European courts, and her husband had no ambition socially. Guests, because they kept him from his books, bored him. But probably he did not underestimate the political advantage he derived from his wife's entertainments, where, for the time being, political differences were laid aside, and elements the most diverse were fused by the bright smiles of a woman of tact. When it was objected that her dinners were better suited to a harvest-home party than to the official entertainment of the Secretary of State, she retorted good-naturedly that the profusion of her table resulted from the prosperity of her country, and that she must continue to prefer Virginia liberality to European elegance. Her snuff-box, freely offered, proved a balm for many a political wound; and there was the contagion of good nature in the nodding of her wonderful turban. When Congress gave her \$6000 for furnishing the White House, \$458 was spent on a piano and \$28 on a guitar; but the greater portion went for table-linen and mirrors, for furniture covered with yellow satin to be used in the drawing-room (probably the Blue Room), and for damask hangings festooned in "sunbursts" at the windows of that apartment. The British, exasperated rather than appeased by the abundant dinner which they found spread on the White House tables, and the excellent wines from the well-stocked cellar, tore down the yellow damask curtains, and piled the satin furniture about the piano to make a bonfire. Congress appropriated \$50,000 to repair the damages, and the floor timbers so recently replaced with steel beams were put in at this time.

Mrs. Madison finished her reign in the "Octagon," a house designed by Dr. Thornton, the architect of the Capitol, and built with an elegance which the White House never possessed. After a century of use and abuse the mantel of stucco, so beautifully fashioned as to bear worthily the signature of the London artist who created it, still adorns the drawing-room of this old mansion; and under the protecting care of its new owner, the American Institute of Architects, the house itself receives the considerate treatment due to its architectural



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE MAIN ENTRANCE HALL (FORMERLY A SCREEN OF COLORED GLASS FILLED THE SPACE BETWEEN THE PILLARS)

and historic worth. Under its roof the treaty of Ghent was signed.

Mrs. Monroe was the first mistress of the White House who was familiar with foreign customs. The daughter of an English army officer, and a belle in New York society before her marriage, she made a name for herself in the official society of Paris during the years that Monroe was minister to France. As the wife of the Secretary of State during the Madison administration she became used to social precedents in so far as precedents existed in the official society of Washington; but on entering the White House, whether because of the perfunctory character of much of the enforced entertaining, or because the house itself was not sufficiently finished to allow elaborate dinners and receptions, Mrs. Monroe sought quiet and seclusion. Children romped in the great bare East Room; and although the crowds still claimed admittance at public receptions, her own entertainments were, in comparison with those of her predecessors, quite exclusive. The marriage in the White House of her youngest daughter, however, was an event of the first brilliancy in the social firmament of the capital.

Following Mrs. Monroe came Mrs. John Quincy Adams, who also had been schooled in the etiquette of European courts. The daughter of Joshua Johnson of Maryland, she was born and educated in London. The first years of her married life were spent at the Prussian court, and after breaking the social ice at St. Petersburg as the wife of the first American minister to Russia, she vastly

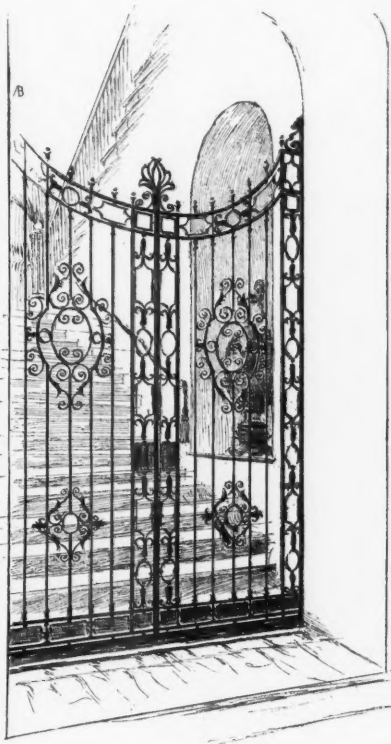
enjoyed by contrast a period at the much-coveted court of St. James. Then followed eight years as the wife of the Secretary of State, during which time she gave, in honor of General Andrew Jackson, a ball which surpassed any other that had ever been given at the capital. On that occasion in-

tensity of political feeling charged the social atmosphere with electricity, and if Jackson "smiled for the Presidency" by his entire absorption in his hostess, she, on her part, dazzled the immense throng not alone by the brilliancy of her "costume of steel," but also by the Juno-like manner in which she took to herself the honor of having for a guest the one man whom everybody was struggling to meet. The results of the election having given the Presidency to Adams and not to Jackson, for four years Mrs. Adams struggled hard against failing health, which sadly curtailed her social activities. During his stay in Washington, Lafayette was the first guest of distinction to enjoy the hospitality of the White House; and the wedding of John Adams was the sec-

ond marriage of cousins which the Blue Room witnessed.

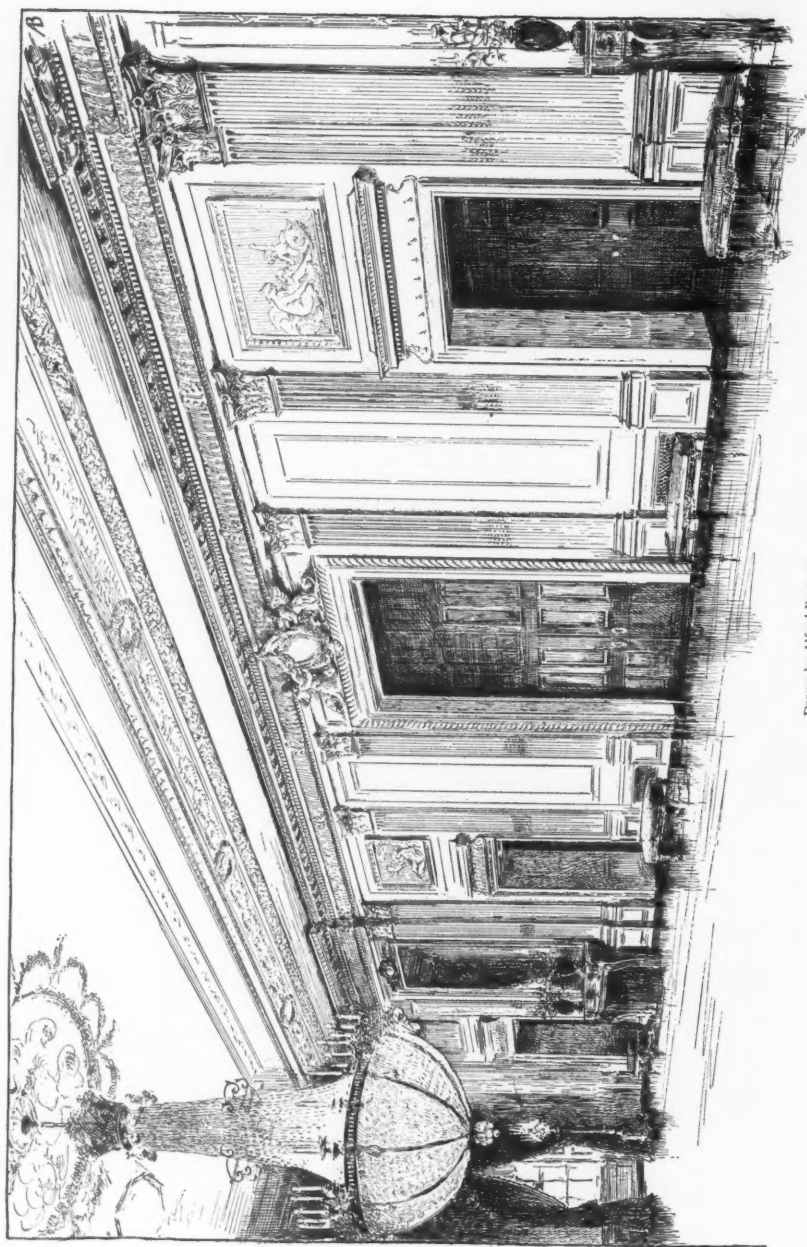
VI

WITH the retirement of John Quincy Adams an era ended. Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe represented Southern hospitality: Monticello, Montpelier, and Oak Hill were houses that vied with the White House in size and social importance. After leaving the Presidency their owners retired to their estates, and there maintained establishments in patriarchal fashion; but either



Drawn by Alfred Breunau

STAIRCASE GRILL



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE EAST ROOM

before or immediately after their death, in each case, poverty caused the sale of all three places. Mrs. Adams's régime in the White House marked the height of the exclusive and aristocratic tendencies of the days when wealthy, pleasure-loving Southerners, making Washington their winter home, set the social pace. Her doors were open to men of every shade of political opinion; and whatever rancors congressional debate or executive-office interviews might beget, all were left outside her threshold. Those, too, were the stately days of knee-breeches and silk stockings for the men; while the women wore Paris gowns of richest material, and head-dresses fearfully and wonderfully made. Fierce as was political controversy, those about whom it raged were recognized as men of ripe experience in statesmanship, and when they met at state dinner or reception there was the common ground of birth and breeding on which every guest could stand. These conditions were radically changed by the election of Andrew Jackson.

Mrs. Jackson did not live quite long enough to assume the responsibilities of the White House; and the frequent pictures we have of the Jackson reign (as Von Holst stigmatizes his administration) show a latch-string out to all comers, the principle being, first come, first served. Often, in the pen-portraits of travelers, we see on the south portico a figure roughly clad, sometimes succumbing to the fervent heat by discarding both coat and waistcoat, and always with either a corn-cob or a long-stemmed pipe in mouth. Yet even the critical English visitor was forced to admit the strength of character, the shrewdness of wit, and the strong common sense of this most democratic of Presidents. Brilliant balls and stately levees were unknown, but mirth abounded, and children's voices echoed through the corridors; and on one occasion, when a faithful servant was taken ill with smallpox and the house-servants fled, President Jackson, making an isolating-ward in the White House, himself performed the duties of nurse until his humble patient was out of danger.

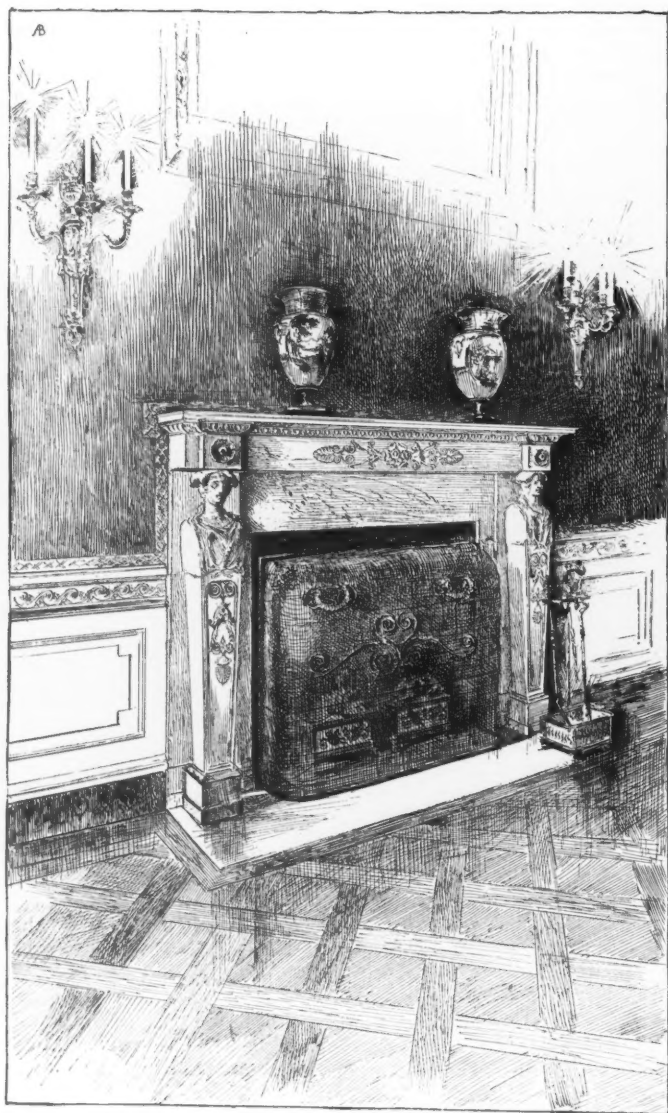
During Van Buren's administration, as during Jackson's, the honors of the President's house devolved on younger members of the family. Mrs. William Henry Harrison's stay was brief. The first Mrs. Tyler died there soon after her husband's

election, and her successor entered the house a youthful bride. Mrs. Polk created a reputation as an intellectual woman, and acted as her husband's secretary. Mrs. Taylor delegated to her youngest daughter the tasks of entertaining, for which she had no inclination. Mrs. Fillmore established the White House library, and Mrs. Pierce regarded official entertaining as a duty rather than a pleasure.

VII

As the first era ended in the social glory achieved under the rule of Mrs. John Quincy Adams, so a second era was brought to a brilliant termination by the beautiful and brilliant Harriet Lane, niece and adopted daughter of James Buchanan, who had received her social training at the court of St. James, where, at the command of Queen Victoria, she was accorded the rank of the wife of a minister. In her case, as in that of Mrs. Adams, the political unpopularity of the President was left behind at the door of the White House. Within that charmed abode all was gaiety, animation, and even friendliness, the popularity of the mistress being as unbounded as the unpopularity of the master.

Abraham Lincoln entered the White House amid national confusion. Added to the places to be changed in the civil service were thousands upon thousands of commissions in the new army and navy, and also the offices called into being by the war. Some indication of the altered conditions may be had from the fact that while former Presidents had been allowed only one private secretary, Mr. Lincoln could do with no fewer than three! The present large force of executive clerks is one of the penalties of the universal stenographer and type-writer. In some manner now incomprehensible, the President and his three secretaries were able to keep at bay the crowds that packed the offices and halls of the Executive Mansion, as the White House was coming to be called. Often office-seekers filled solidly the public staircase, the corridors on the first floor, the East Room, and the private parlors, while groups in the grounds watched for an opportunity to push in. In Mr. Lincoln's time the Cabinet Room, in which he wrote most of his state papers, was the one over the Green Room; and the room known



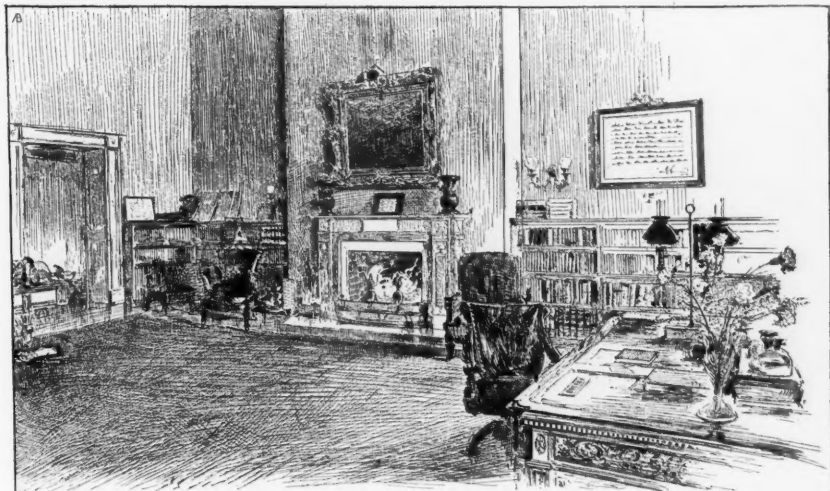
Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE FIREPLACE IN THE RED ROOM

to the present generation as the Cabinet Room was then an antechamber. During the war, as the crowds increased and it became more and more difficult for the President to go from his working-room to his private apartments, he had the southern portion of this anteroom partitioned off as a passage between his office and the living-rooms.

During the war there were at the White House public levees which one might attend without the formality of an invita-

nished substantially as it continued until the recent repairs began. In Benjamin Harrison's day the inadequacy of the house as a combined residence and office became so apparent that Mrs. Harrison outlined plans for extensive additions to the building. These plans were completed and reported to Congress during the first administration of President McKinley; but because they involved virtually the extinction of the historic White House, they found small favor generally.



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

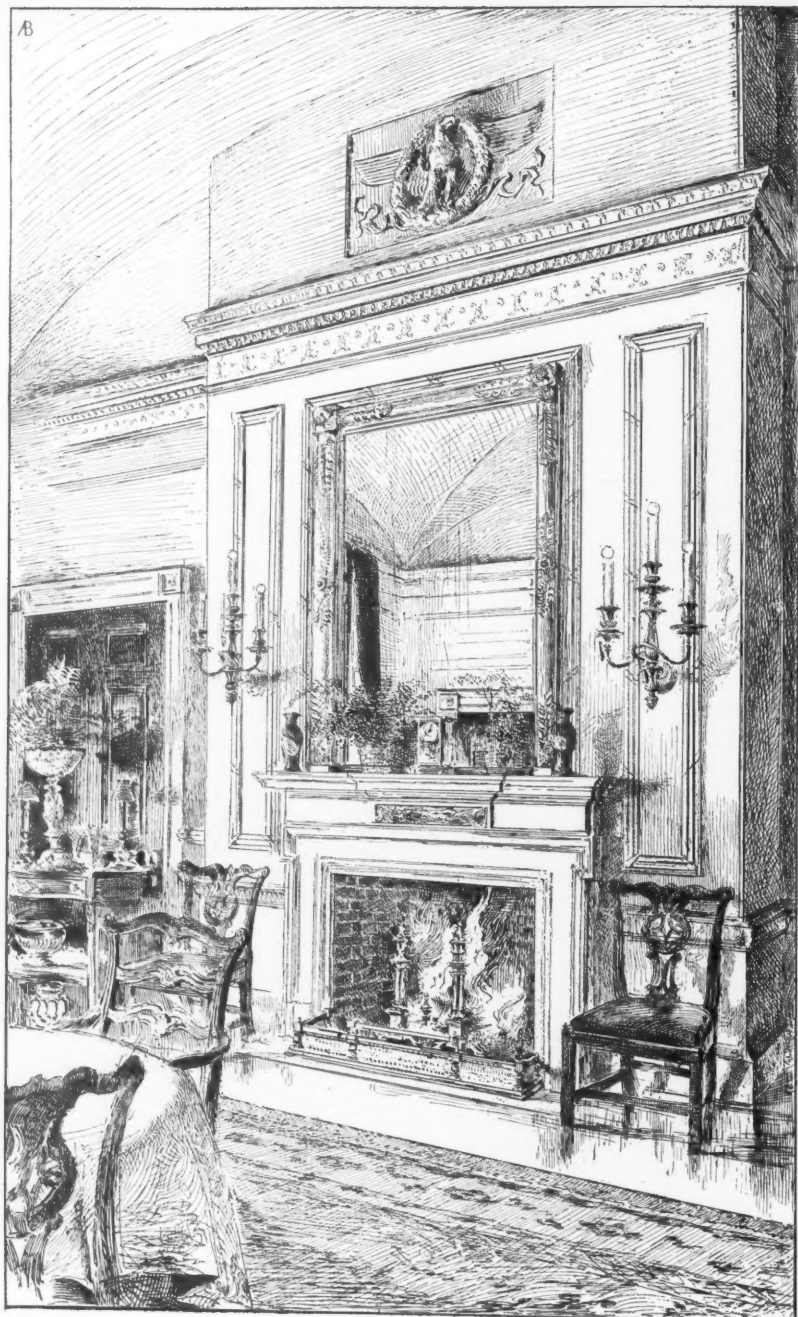
THE PRESIDENT'S STUDY (FORMERLY THE CABINET ROOM)

tion, the most notable of these receptions being that held on the evening of March 8, 1864, at which General Grant appeared unheralded, and was made to stand on a sofa so that all could see him. There were also state dinners; and one of these Mrs. Lincoln arranged for the newly commissioned lieutenant-general, who declined to remain in town for the occasion, saying that he had had enough of "show business." President Lincoln laughingly accepted a declination unique in his experience; but whether the mistress of the house was equally complaisant is not recorded.

The later days of the White House are too well known to require more than a passing mention. Under President Arthur the East Room was redecorated and refur-

VIII

VARIOUS methods have been proposed for accomplishing the separation of the President's home from the executive offices, and the arrangement now being carried out may or may not, in this respect, prove only temporary in character. In 1867, Senator B. Gratz Brown, then chairman of the Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, obtained, through the Secretary of War, an exhaustive report from Major Michler on the subject of a suitable location for a Presidential mansion. The report favored the site immediately south of the Soldiers' Home, land recently purchased by the government for a filtration plant. To the Senate Park Commission President Mc-



Drawn by Alfred Brennan

THE PRIVATE DINING-ROOM

Kinley said that he thought the President should be required by law to walk each morning a mile and a half to his office! This expression, however, indicated the pressure of public business on a President rather than a deliberate conviction as to the advisability of a new and separate residence. President Roosevelt very promptly put the question out of discussion when he announced that he felt that under no circumstances should the President live else-

the repair of the White House, and when the President sought the advice of Mr. McKim as to the expenditure of the appropriation for the current year, the architect frankly said that it was not worth while to patch a building that needed thorough reconstruction. When asked for his ideas as to such reconstruction, Mr. McKim advised that a temporary one-story building be located west of the White House, nearly on the site once occupied by



Drawn by Alfred Breunlin

THE MAIN STAIRCASE

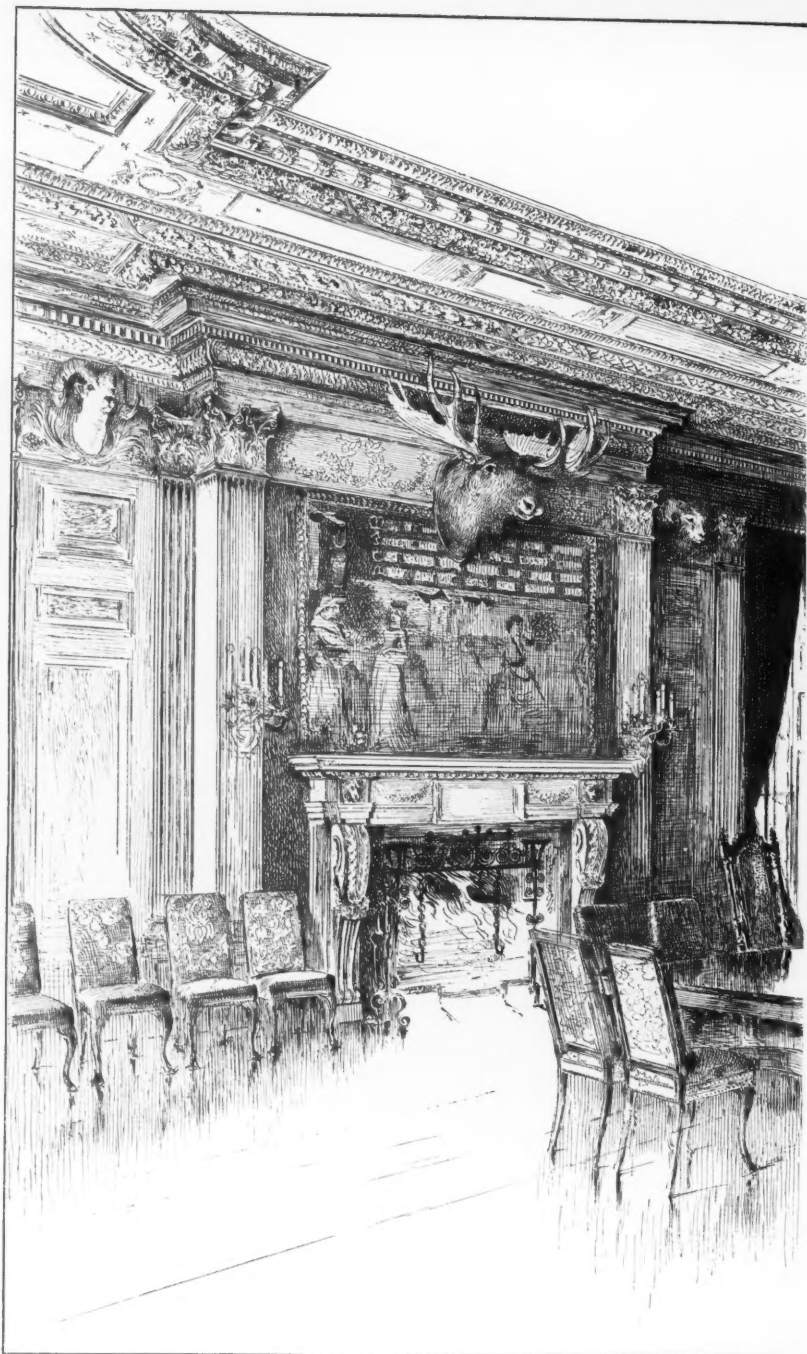
where than in the historic White House; and this sentiment struck a popular chord.

After examining the plans for the Washington improvements, however, President Roosevelt sent for Mr. Burnham, the chairman of the Park Commission, and talked over with him the perplexing problem. The commission is agreed that the idea of the President sharing an office building with one of the departments does not comport with the dignity of his office; that the White House, while adequate as a residence, is too insignificant as a mass to stand as one of a series of office buildings in a line with such great structures as the Treasury and the State, War, and Navy Building. Therefore they advised the removal of the President's offices to a new building to be constructed in the center of Lafayette Square, and to bear the same relation to the proposed executive group of buildings that the Capitol will bear to the legislative group when only public buildings shall face the Capitol grounds.

Congress annually provides a fund for

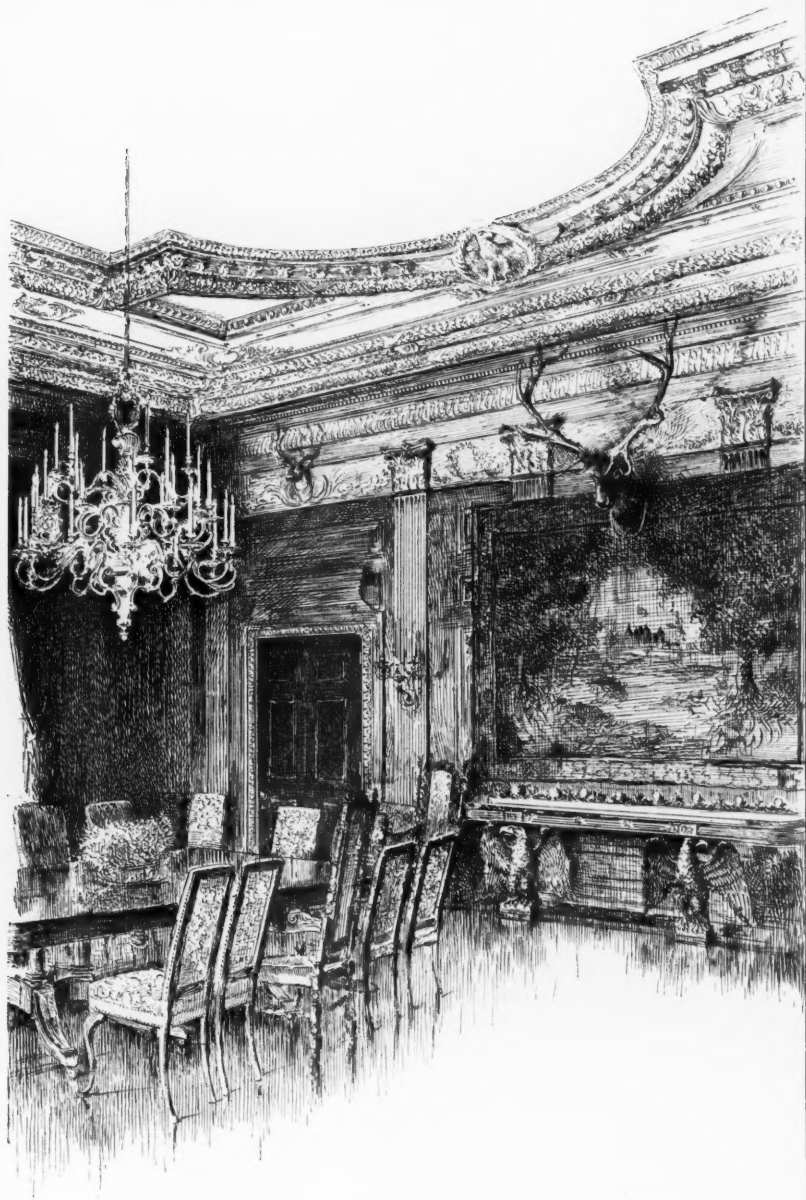
Thomas Jefferson's offices, and be distinctly subordinate to the main building; and that the White House be restored to its original uses as a residence. This solution commended itself to the President, but lateness in the session of Congress seemed to make the project impossible of immediate execution.

The discussion was still in the academic stage when, one day last May, Mr. McKim outlined his ideas to the late Senator McMillan, who straightway asked the cost of the proposed changes. Pressed for an immediate answer, Mr. McKim made a rough estimate. The Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill was then pending in the Senate Committee on Appropriations, and within an hour from the time the figures were given that committee agreed to insert an item for the restoration of the White House and for the construction of temporary executive offices. To Senators Allison and Hale the President afterward submitted the architect's scheme; and when the item was reached



THE STATE DINING-ROOM—I

Drawn by



Alfred Brennan

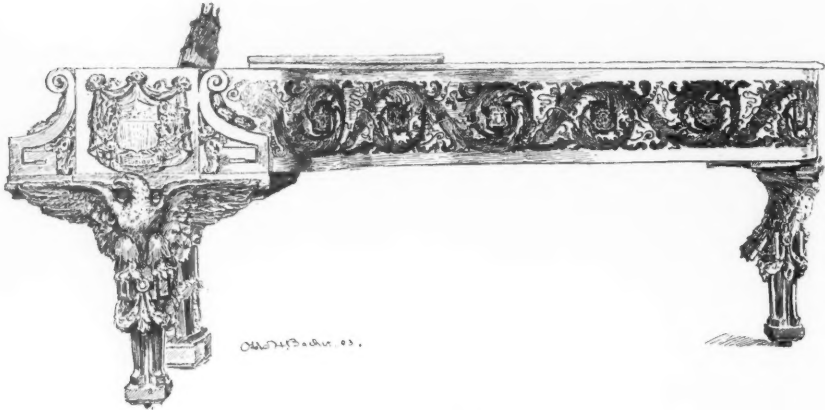
THE STATE DINING-ROOM—II

during the passage of the bill in the Senate, the plan was received with favor, and the appropriation was agreed to without objection.

Mr. Cannon, the chairman of the House Committee on Appropriations, remained to be dealt with. After listening to the recital of the proposed improvements, Mr. Cannon replied in his most emphatic manner: "I do not care—the American people

after, because in less than six months the White House was to be made over from cellar to garret, and every piece of woodwork, every item of furniture, each ceiling and panel and molding, must be both architecturally correct and also befitting a house of the latter part of the eighteenth century.

Such was the task which the architects, Messrs. McKim, Mead & White, took upon themselves, after having reached an under-



Drawn by Otto H. Bacher

THE NEW CONCERT GRAND PIANO, PRESENTED BY THE MAKERS TO THE GOVERNMENT
FOR THE WHITE HOUSE, DESIGNED BY HUNT & HUNT, ARCHITECTS,
AND PAINTED BY THOMAS W. DEWING

The piano, which is gilded, is mounted upon three eagles, half regardant, with outstretched wings, and standing upon square pedestals draped with laurel wreaths. The case is without moldings, but is adorned with a painted scroll of acanthus in varying tones of red, which serves to bind together the arms of the original States, which, beginning at the right, appear, displayed upon shields of dull maroon, in the order in which they adopted the Federal Constitution.

do not care—how much money it may cost to put the White House in proper condition; but before I will consent to this proposition I must be certain that the entire work, even to the furnishings, can be done, and will be done, within the sum provided." To Mr. Cannon's requirement the President added the provision that the work should be completed in time for the next social season, and that the executive offices and the living portion of the White House should be ready in November, 1902. That meant a campaign. Stones for floors and stairways must be selected piece by piece at the distant quarry; steel must be found to replace the over-tired wooden floor-beams; velvets and silks must be woven; hardware must be fashioned; and a thousand and one details must be looked

standing with the building firm of Norcross Brothers. Possibly the fact that between 1861 and 1865 the senior Norcross had spent seven months of his life guarding one end of Long Bridge made it appear to him a bit of patriotism to undertake the seemingly impossible in executing in so short a time a work of such magnitude. Indeed, almost every contractor who has had to do with the restoration has put aside other orders and has made personal sacrifices because of the sentiment connected with doing work for the White House.

The total amount which Congress placed in President Roosevelt's hands for both the executive offices and the White House was \$530,641, and he might expend the money either by contract or otherwise in his discretion. This amount was based on esti-

mates furnished by the architects, with the understanding that any portion saved on one item might be used on others, a very happy proviso, as it turned out, because the electric wiring had to be entirely renewed, new heating apparatus provided, and even a new roof put on the house—all unforeseen requirements.

IX

THE very fact that the people are jealous for the integrity of the White House made the problems connected with its restoration the more perplexing. Ever since Lincoln's day the offices of the President have so encroached upon the space intended for his family that the Chief Magistrate of the nation has virtually been "living over his shop"; and, as a result of the crowds on business or pleasure bent, halls, stairways, and corridors have exhibited all the shabbiness which comes of turning a residence into an office.

Moreover, the thousands who attend the public receptions made it necessary to press into service as dressing-rooms the main hall, the offices, and even the state dining-room, thus diminishing the too scanty space available for receiving guests, and creating marked discomfort. Frequently ladies in evening dress have been kept for an hour or more in the crowd surging about the main door, subjected to the piercing winds of winter; while the utter lack of dignity at these official receptions may be measured by the fact that the guests made their exit by climbing through a window. Again, the state dining-room would accommodate not more than fifty persons at table, and for the larger dinners resort has been had to the corridor, and even to the East Room, the drawing-room of the house.

At the outset the architects discovered that simply by carrying out completely the early plans as to the exterior, and by making certain rearrangements in the interior, the three White House problems could be solved, at least for the immediate future, without destroying one single feature of the historic building. Had the White House ever been suitably finished and furnished, there would have been no question of restoration. But instead of construction there was decoration, and the furnishings yielded to the passing fancy of the day in-

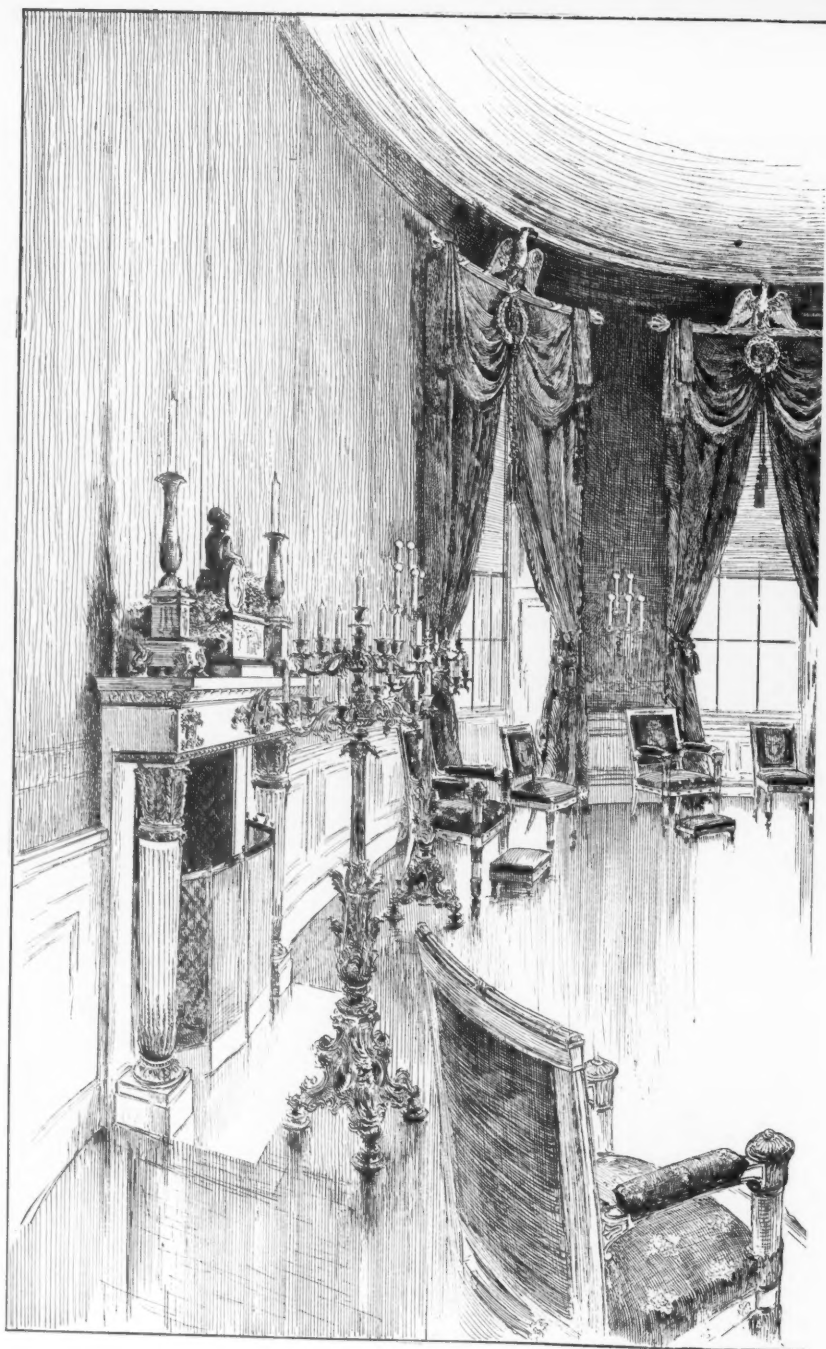
stead of having organic relationship with the building. The beautiful columns of the front portico were degraded by attaching to them great iron lanterns; a clumsy iron fence ornamented with gilded balls served as a resting-place for the bicycles of messenger-boys who came and went through the main doorway; a driveway of asphalt twice the width of the entrance-gates eats up space that should be devoted to green grass. Curiously shaped beds of flowers and mounds of potted palms fritter away areas that once were, and again may be, dignified by a simple treatment.

On the west the beautiful terrace of Latrobe had been perverted by constructing upon it a series of greenhouses that smashed into the fine features of the main building with all the results of an end-on railway collision; on the east the garden sloped toward the house instead of away from it; and a great fountain and terrace were placed on the axis of the Treasury Department, ignoring the White House itself in most cavalier fashion. On the south the Latrobe colonnade, with its fine stone columns, like some old cloister, had been closed by building against it a heterogeneous collection of cheap glass houses—one for a President fond of grapes, another for a Chief Magistrate who fancied big cucumbers! The rooms in this terrace, designed for house offices, had become the accessories of the greenhouses, as if the President of the United States were a commercial florist.

X

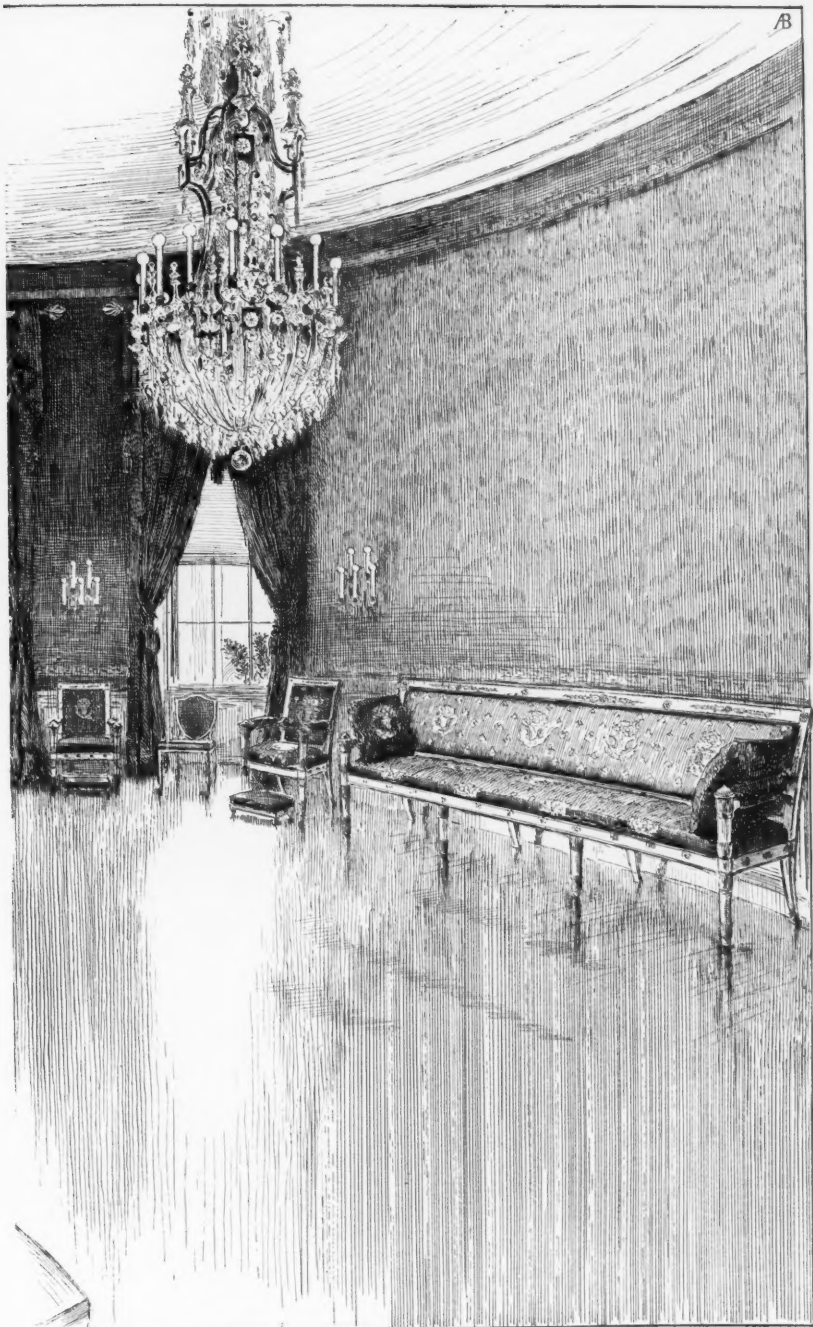
By the restoration of the east and west terraces the White House now rises from a stylobate 460 feet in length, thus greatly enhancing the dignity of the structure. The roofs of these terraces (which are level with the ground on the north) are surrounded with stone balustrades bearing electric lamps. Brilliantly lighted at evening, and adorned with well-trimmed orange- and bay-trees, they form promenades and places for out-of-door enjoyment during the long months when the Washington climate permits such diversion.

Now, on the occasions of large receptions, the guests drive into the grounds by a new entrance, opposite the west front of the Treasury. Alighting at a spacious porte-cochère, they enter a corridor formed by the east terrace, where are boxes



THE BLUE ROOM—I

Drawn by



Alfred Brennan

THE BLUE ROOM-II



From the painting by Cecilia Beaux. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

PORTRAIT OF MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT (WITH HER DAUGHTER ETHEL)

to accommodate the wraps of twenty-five hundred guests, the limit of the capacity of the house. Entering the main building on the garden level, one finds on each side of the broad corridor ample dressing-rooms, which take the place formerly given over to laundry and store-rooms. From the corridor the guests proceed, by a broad flight of stone stairs, to the main floor of the house, which is entirely at the service of the guests. The hall, no longer an improvised dressing-room, becomes an integral portion of the house, and, instead of being finished as a thoroughfare, is treated with the large and simple dignity befitting the room which hereafter will command the access to the various state apartments. On entering the White House, the first impression one gets is that its size has been greatly increased: there is a satisfying air of spaciousness combined with dignity. One is struck with the simplicity of treatment; and yet, on examination, it is discovered that ornament well subordinated is a characteristic of the work.

The well-known screen of colored glass which represented the high-water mark of the decorator's art when Chester A. Arthur was President has disappeared; original and ingenious designs, as ephemeral as fashion-plates, have been replaced with forms and materials that, belonging to all times, have been used by all great builders to express ideas of permanence and dignity. These universal elements are localized, so to speak, by the buff and white coloring, reminiscent of Continental days, and especially by the replicas of Houdin's statue of Washington and Saint-Gaudens's Lincoln, which are to constitute the chief ornaments of the hall.

The reconstructed state dining-room has paneled walls of oak, silver electric-light fixtures, a great stone mantel inclosing an ample fireplace, and at the windows hangings of richest green velvet. Flemish tapestries of the sixteenth century, illustrating passages from the "Eclogues" of Vergil, harmonize with the oak; and the richly carved cornice is further ornamented with heads of moose, deer, and other animals from American hunting-grounds. This room, enlarged by the addition of that portion of the corridor occupied by the private stairway, will accommodate about one hundred persons at table; and, on the other hand, a comparatively small party of

guests find the atmosphere of the room most hospitable.

The private dining-room, with its domed ceiling, is treated in white, with curtains of red velvet. The white mantel suggests those Italian mantels that were imported for both Capitol and White House early in the nineteenth century; the chairs, the table, and the mirror-frames all reproduce patterns representing the best workmanship of colonial days; and even the eagle, appearing in various places to mark the official character of the residence, is the reproduction of a design which has been exclusive property in a certain mansion that has persisted almost unchanged from colonial times even to our day.

The Red Room, adjoining the state dining-room on the east, has been set apart for use as a smoking-room, except that on formal occasions it falls into its place in the series of state apartments. The walls are covered with deep-red velvet, and many of the old portraits familiar to visitors find a place on them. The beautifully wrought mantels of white marble, always too small for the state dining-room, find harmonious settings, one in the Red and the other in the Green Room, where their real value is made apparent. A shimmering velvet showing a silver sheen where the light strikes across it finishes the walls of the Green Room; and when the portraits shall have their tarnished and over-elaborate frames exchanged for others of a fitting character, the grace and refinement of the room will be even more apparent.

The Blue Room is the gem of the restored White House, as it is also one of the most finely proportioned rooms in this country. Elsewhere throughout the building the official character of the structure is suggested; but in the Blue Room, the place where on occasions of state the President of the United States receives his guests, the character of the place is made clearly apparent. The pale-blue damask has disappeared from the walls, much to the consternation of the ladies, for the color was believed to be universally becoming; and in its place is heavily ribbed silk of steel-blue, embroidered in yellow silk at ceiling and wainscot lines with a narrow Grecian fret in which the star recurs. This key pattern is repeated delicately in the elliptical ceiling, while stars ornament the hang-

ings at the three long south windows, over each of which a golden eagle is perched. The mantel of purest marble is supported by sheaves of arrows feathered and tipped in gilt bronze, which material is used also in its other decorations. The location of the receiving-line has been changed to meet the new conditions. Instead of standing near the north end of the room, with the specially invited guests at their backs, as formerly was the custom, the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, supported by the members of the cabinet and their wives, now stand in front of the long and heavily draped windows; and those favored persons invited "behind the line" now occupy all the remainder of the room except the narrow passageway, marked off by a heavy silken rope, left for the procession of guests coming from the Red Room and, after greeting the hosts, proceeding through the Green Room to the great East Room. These changes add much to the dignity of an official reception.

The East Room, dear to the heart of the American woman, the object of keenest delight to the average female tourist, the scene of so many social triumphs and brilliant spectacles, has undergone transformation. It is true that already the guides have found out how many thousand pieces of crystal go to make up each of the three great chandeliers, and many of the old stories have been revamped to suit altered conditions; but for the most part they are at a loss for words to stop the torrent of exclamations on the part of visitors. The East Room, denuded of its life-size portraits, which formerly compelled attention, with its walls of white and its hangings of yellow; its simple enrichment in the shape of twelve panels in low relief, each illustrating some one of *Æsop's* fables; its elaborate but most delicately wrought ceiling; its four great mantels of richest-colored marbles; its gilt used with sparing hand and then only on metal; the great sweep of beautiful floor, rivaling the floors of Versailles and Fontainebleau—all these things excite the admiration of those whose taste has been formed by study of great models, and the criticism of many whose criteria are largely intuitive.

Now that the offices have been removed from the White House, the public stairway changes its character and direction. Beginning near the main entrance to the East

Room, stone stairs lead to the floor where the family life goes on. The President retains for his working-place the old Cabinet Room, hallowed by so many memories of momentous events that have taken place within its walls. Here he receives the special caller to whom he must give time after the close of the regular work of the day. But the click of the telegraph-sounder, the thump of a score or more of typewriters, the incessant pound of the feet on the stairs, the voice of the insistent reporter springing from ambush on a reluctant cabinet officer, and the important tones of the voluble visitor who interviews himself to some reluctant newspaper man—these sounds have now been banished from the White House. The rooms that once were offices become suites of bedrooms, and the White House is now provided for entertaining, if not on a large scale, at least with due respect to hospitality.

In the outline these changes seem simple, but the details have been a multitude for number, while not a few of them have been of a most perplexing character; for it is by no means a slight matter to adapt a house built in the eighteenth century to the imperative demands of twentieth-century family life.

The new executive building contains a central reception-room, about which are arranged a spacious cabinet room, a suite of rooms for the President, offices for his secretary and for one of the assistant secretaries, a telegraph-and-telephone room, a large room for the clerks, one for the press, and adequate file-rooms. Planned under the supervision of Mr. Cortelyou, the President's secretary, the new office building contains every convenience for the despatch of the great and constantly increasing work of the executive. Intentionally subordinated to the White House, both in location and in architecture, —or lack of it,—the President's offices in time will be made still less conspicuous by the growth of vines; and when once the public becomes used to the building, it will be only less noticeable than the ivy-covered wall it replaces.

XI

IN all the work on the White House the aim of the architects has been seemingly a modest one; namely, to carry to completion Hoban's and Latrobe's plans for

the exterior of the President's house, and to construct and to furnish the interior of the building in architectural harmony with the exterior.

Between the central columns of the entrance hall, one stone of the floor bears an ellipse of forty-five gilt stars inscribing the dates 1792-1902, which mark the years of construction and reconstruction. It will not be questioned seriously that the character of the work of reconstruction is such as to entitle the architects of to-day to stand with the original designers of the

White House. As President Roosevelt says in his recent message: "Through a wise provision of the Congress at its last session, the White House, which had become disfigured by incongruous additions and changes, has now been restored to what it was planned to be by Washington. . . . The stately simplicity of its architecture is an expression of the character of the period in which it was built. It is a good thing to preserve such buildings as historic monuments which keep alive our sense of continuity with the nation's past."



THE EVOLUTION OF AMERICAN CENSUS-TAKING

BY THE HON. W. R. MERRIAM

Director of the Census



FIFTY years of intense activity along every line of human endeavor have developed the keenest competition for commercial supremacy among the trading nations of the earth. The trend of modern thought is toward commercial success, the upbuilding of vast enterprises, and the aggregation of capital. In all history this is the period when the people of the civilized world are living best, are educated best, and enjoy most of the comforts of life. One natural result of such conditions has been a demand for definite facts and figures; these have now become a necessity.

The merchant, the banker, the shipper, and the manufacturer, in order to carry on their business affairs successfully, must have daily information regarding the condition of growing crops, the shipments of wheat and cotton, the output of iron, the increase in the world's supply of gold and silver, and many other items of a similar character. The activity in statistical research thus created

is one of the characteristics of the present period of the world's history, being, in a sense, its fruitage. Indeed, as Sir Robert Giffin recently declared, the century just closed could be called the "statistical century *par excellence*."

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the United States was the only nation which had made provision for a periodic census of its population. The collection of statistics relating to agriculture, manufactures, and mortality had not been attempted. Before the close of the century all civilized countries were making more or less extended investigation into population and into the most important facts of national life and progress.

It is the purpose of this article to trace briefly the conspicuous part which has been played by the United States in the evolution of census-taking.

The Constitution requires an enumeration once in ten years as a basis for the apportionment of representatives in Congress. The modern American census, which collects statistics relating to every important feature of national development, is

the outgrowth of that requirement. Beginning with six simple questions relating to population, the amount and scope of the information secured was steadily increased until it became too extensive to be tabulated by hand within a reasonable period. By 1890 this difficulty had grown so serious as to require the abridgment of inquiry, or relief through some form of mechanical tabulation. The application to the work of the eleventh census of the newly invented system of electrical tabulation (to be hereinafter described) completely solved this problem. The close of another decade, however, brought into prominence a new difficulty. The census had become the "account of stock" of the American people; increase in population and in the manifold activities reported by the census so augmented the task of organizing a temporary office and equipping an army of employees—almost 60,000 in 1900, and sure to increase at each future census—that it was evident that in 1910 further curtailment of inquiry might be necessary. This problem, like the earlier one, has been successfully solved. In 1902, one hundred and twelve years after the first census act became a law, the Census Office was made a permanent bureau of the government. This is probably the last radical change in the evolution of American census-taking.

Having thus outlined briefly the origin of census inquiry in the United States, and the two most important steps in its progress, it will be of interest to sketch some of the changes more in detail.

The first census act was passed at the second session of the First Congress. In accordance with the practice of that period, the task of securing the first enumeration of inhabitants was placed upon the President, whose duties included active supervision of all the routine affairs of government. In the days of the early Presidents even the issuing of a patent, afterward a mere incident in bureau routine, was a matter for Presidential consideration, requiring a parchment from the State Department, signed by the President, the Secretary of State, and the Attorney-General. Indeed, all duties which did not clearly devolve upon some department or official of the youthful republic fell to the President himself.

The census law was signed by President Washington March 1, 1790. By it the

marshals of the several judicial districts were required, with the aid of assistants to be appointed by themselves, to ascertain the number of inhabitants within their respective districts, omitting Indians not taxed, and distinguishing free persons (including those bound to service for a term of years), the sex and color of free persons, and the number of free males sixteen years of age and over.

The object of the inquiry last mentioned was, undoubtedly, to obtain definite knowledge as to the military and industrial strength of the country. This fact possesses special interest because the Constitution directs merely an enumeration of inhabitants, and it appears, therefore, that the demand for information more extensive than that previously required, which has been so marked a characteristic of census legislation, began with the first Congress that dealt with the subject.

The method followed by the President in putting into operation the first census law, although the object of extended investigation, is not definitely known. It is generally supposed, and occasionally stated as though beyond challenge, that the President or the Secretary of State despatched copies of the law, and perhaps of instructions also, to the marshals. There is, however, some ground for disputing this conclusion. The correspondence files of the State Department suggest an interesting inference—one which, I believe, has never before been noted. The only correspondence with the marshals recorded for 1790 is that transmitting their commissions; but there was despatched, in March of that year, a circular letter to the governor of each State, inclosing two copies of the census act. At that period it was customary to transmit to the governors of the States copies of all important federal laws, and therefore the letter concerning the census cannot be taken as conclusive evidence that the Secretary of State, acting for the President, notified the governors to issue instructions to the marshals. But in one case, at least, the procedure is clearly indicated. The letter to the governor of the Southwest Territory was as follows:

To Governor Blount

PHILADELPHIA March 12, 1791

SIR

I am honored with your favor of February 17, as I had been before with that of Novem-

ber 26, both of which have been laid before the President.

Within a few days the printing of the laws of the 3d. session of Congress will be completed, and they shall be forwarded to you the moment they are so.

As the census of all the rest of the Union will be taken in the course of this summer, and will not be taken again under ten years, it is thought extremely desirable that that of your Government should be taken also, and arranged under the same classes as prescribed by the act of Congress for the general census. Yet that act has not required it in your Territory, nor provided for any expense which might attend it. As, however, you have Sheriffs who will be traversing their Districts for other purposes, it is referred to you to consider whether the taking the census on the general plan, could not be added to their other duties, and as it would give scarcely any additional trouble, whether it would require any additional reward, or more than some incidental accommodation or advantage, which, perhaps, it might be in your power to throw in their way. The returns by the Sheriffs should be regularly authenticated, first by themselves, and then by you, and the whole sent here as early in the course of the summer as practicable. I have the honor to be with great esteem & respect, Sir &c

Th: Jefferson

The report for this Territory appears in the records of the first census. Therefore at least one of the reports in that volume was furnished by a governor. This, together with the fact that there is no record of correspondence on the subject of the census with the marshals, but that there is a record of such correspondence with the governors, makes very strong the inference that the marshals received through the governors of the States their instructions relating to the first census of the republic. This inference is strengthened by the fact that in 1790 the State of Massachusetts furnished printed blanks, which it would have been unlikely to do had the State officials been in no way connected with the enumeration, and also by the fact that the law relating to the second census specifically charged the Secretary of State to superintend the enumeration and to communicate directly with the marshals.

It will be interesting to consider briefly the difficulties which confronted President Washington, the first superintendent of census. In March, 1790, the Union consisted of twelve States—Rhode Island, the

last of the original thirteen to enter the Union, being admitted May 29, and Vermont, the first addition, in the following year, before the results of the first census were announced. Maine was a part of Massachusetts, Kentucky was a part of Virginia, and the present States of Alabama and Mississippi were parts of Georgia. The present States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin, with part of Minnesota, were known as the "Northwest Territory," and the present State of Tennessee, then a part of North Carolina, was soon to be organized as the "Southwest Territory."

The gross area of the United States was 827,844 square miles, but the settled area was only 239,935 square miles, constituting about twenty-nine per cent. of the total. Western New York was a wilderness, Elmira and Binghamton being but detached hamlets. With the exception of a portion of Kentucky, the territory west of the Allegheny Mountains was unsettled and scarcely penetrated. Detroit and Vincennes were so small and isolated as to merit no consideration, and they were not included in the report of the first census. Philadelphia was the capital of the United States. Washington was a mere government project, not even named, but known as the "Federal City." Indeed, by the spring of 1793 only one wall of the White House had been constructed, and the site for the Capitol had been merely surveyed.

The United States was bounded on the west by the Mississippi River, beyond which stretched that vast and unexplored wilderness belonging to the Spanish king which was afterward ceded to the United States as the Louisiana Purchase and now comprises Louisiana, Arkansas, Indian Territory, Oklahoma, Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska, South Dakota, North Dakota, and Montana, and most of Colorado, Wyoming, and Minnesota. On the south was another Spanish colony known as the Floridas. Texas, then part of the colony of Mexico, also belonged to Spain, as did, indeed, those far-away Southwestern regions now divided into California, Utah, Arizona, and New Mexico, which, while penetrated here and there by venturesome explorers and missionaries, were, for the most part, an undiscovered wilderness.

Though the area covered by the enumeration in 1790 seems very small when

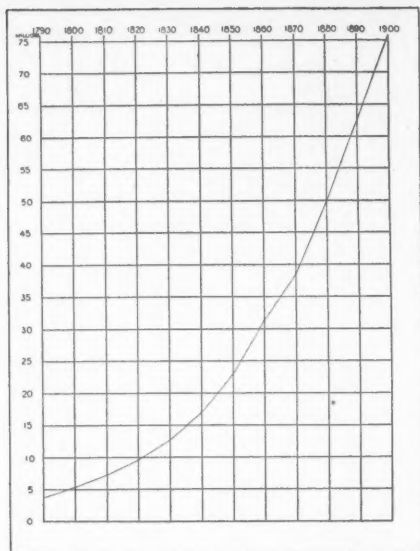


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE TOTAL POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE SEVERAL CENSUS PERIODS FROM 1790 TO 1900

compared with the present area of the United States, the difficulties presented were vastly greater than in 1900. In many localities there were no roads, and where these did exist they were poor and frequently impassable; bridges were almost unknown. Transportation was entirely by horseback, stage, or private coach. A journey as long as that from New York to Washington was a serious undertaking, requiring eight days under the most favorable conditions. According to the unpublished diary of a citizen of Connecticut, who in the spring of 1793 traveled on horseback from Georgia to his home near New Haven, the trip consumed thirty-nine days, and required an expenditure of seventy-two dollars for subsistence alone. Moreover, this amount was paid in different kinds of currency, each of which was accepted only in certain localities.

Mails were transported in very irregular fashion, and correspondence was expensive and uncertain. New York city, which in 1900 ranks as the second city in the world in population, with 3,437,202 inhabitants, in 1790 possessed a population of only 33,131, although it was the largest city in the United States; Philadelphia was second, with 28,522; and Boston third, with 18,320.

There were, moreover, other difficulties which were of serious importance in 1790, but which long ago ceased to be problems in census-taking. The boundaries of towns and other minor divisions, and even those of counties, were in many cases unknown or not defined at all. The hitherto semi-independent States had been under the control of the federal government for so short a time that the different sections had not yet been welded into a harmonious nationality in which the federal authority should be unquestioned and instructions promptly and fully obeyed. The inhabitants, having no experience with census-taking, imagined that some scheme for increasing taxation was involved, and thus to the other difficulties of the assistant marshal was added the caution of the citizen lest he reveal too much of his own affairs. Moreover, there was opposition to enumeration on religious grounds, for the Old Testament recorded a most unpleasant account of a venturesome king who brought down the wrath of Heaven by taking a census of the children of Israel. The plight that resulted from the efforts of that early Jewish ruler—who seems to have had in him the making of a statistician—was regarded by many as a warning of possible disaster to the republic.

At the first census nine months were allowed in which to carry out the provisions of the law. There were seventeen marshals. The records showing the number of assistant marshals (of enumerators) employed in 1790, 1800, and 1810 were destroyed by fire, but the number employed in 1790 has been estimated at 650.

The returns of the marshals were sent to the President, and by him turned over to the Secretary of State. Little or no tabulation was required, and the report of the first census, as well as the reports of the second, third, and fourth, was produced without the employment of any clerical force, the returns being transmitted directly to the printer. The population of the United States in 1790 was 3,929,326, and the entire cost of the census was \$44,377.

The difference between the cost of securing the returns from the six simple questions asked in 1790, and that of the extended inquiry made a century later, is illustrated by the per capita cost, which in 1790 was 1.13 cents, and in 1900 15.5 cents. In 1790 Vir-

ginia was the most populous State in the Union, having 747,610 inhabitants. The records of the Treasury Department show that at the first census the cost of making the enumeration in that State was \$7553.90. Moreover, at that enumeration the underpaid assistant marshals supplied their own blanks, an item which was of considerable importance in the days when all paper was made laboriously by hand. In 1900 the population of Maine—about 700,000—most nearly approximated that of Virginia in 1790. At the twelfth census the cost of actual enumeration in Maine, including the pay of supervisors, was \$34,560.90, or more than three fourths of the amount expended for the enumeration of the entire United States in 1790, though the pay of an enumerator in 1900 did not exceed the wages of an intelligent day-laborer.

A summary of the results of the first census, not including the returns for South Carolina, was transmitted to Congress by President Washington, October 27, 1791. The legal period for enumeration, nine

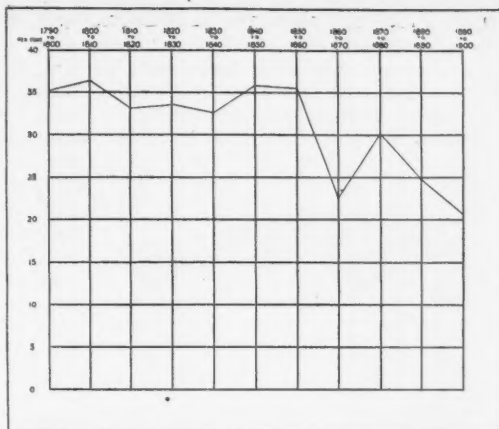


DIAGRAM SHOWING PER CENT. OF INCREASE IN THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES FOR EACH CENSUS PERIOD FROM 1790 TO 1900

months, had been extended, the longest time consumed being eighteen months, in South Carolina. The report of October 27 was printed in full, and published in what is now a very rare little book of fifty-six pages; the report for South Carolina, which was printed later, was afterward "tipped in." To contain the results of the twelfth census, ten large quarto volumes, comprising in all ten thousand four hundred pages, are required. No other illustration of the expansion of census inquiry can be more striking than this.

The original schedules of the first census are now contained in twenty-six bound volumes, preserved in the Interior Department. For the most part the headings of the schedules were written in by hand. Indeed, up to and including 1820 the assistant marshals generally used such paper as they happened to have, ruling it, writing in the headings, and binding the sheets together themselves. In some cases merchants' account-paper was used, and now and then the schedules were bound inside of a newspaper.

Examination of the volumes of old census schedules reveals the fact that here and there printed heads were used for the second census, that of 1800. In the returns from different States exactly the same form appears, proving conclusively that the federal government sent to the marshals one or more printed blanks, perhaps intended as samples.

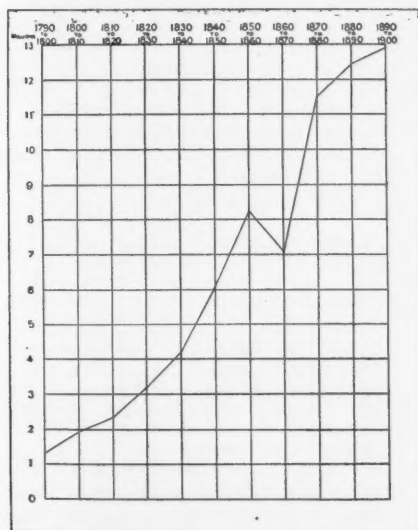
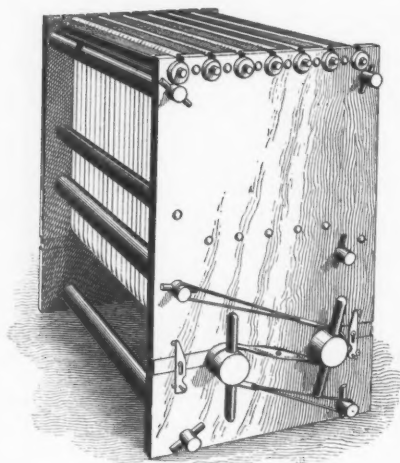


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE ABSOLUTE INCREASE IN POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES FOR EACH CENSUS PERIOD FROM 1790 TO 1900

These blanks are about ten inches wide by eight inches deep, and were used in the reports they have been pasted at the top of the returns, so as to form the box heads, the rules being extended upon the blank paper which has been added.



THE SEATON DEVICE FOR TABULATION,
MODEL OF 1880. IN POSSESSION
OF MR. HERMAN HOLLERITH

This machine (the invention of C. W. Seaton) was first utilized in 1872, and extensively used in tabulating the tenth census of 1880. It was constructed of wood, and contained a roll of paper which unwound from one of the large rollers near the bottom, back and forth over two series of small rollers, one series located at the top of the machine and the other near the bottom, and finally wound on the second large roller at the bottom. The object of the machine was to condense a lengthy tally-sheet so as to present a small surface upon which could be indicated items relating to seven different classes of facts. By a partial turn of the winding roller the blanks advanced and exposed on each small roller at the top another series of columns.

In many cases, moreover, especially in the large cities, blanks were printed by marshals for their own use. These blanks are evidently copies of those sent out by the federal government, of which, apparently, there were not enough to go round. No printed schedules were furnished until 1830. Prior to 1850 the names of heads of families, only, were written on the schedules.

In consequence of the informal method of procedure described above, the one hundred and ninety-three volumes containing the schedules from 1790 to 1820, inclusive, vary in size from about seven inches long, three inches wide, and half an inch thick to twenty-one inches long, fourteen inches

wide, and six inches thick. Some of the sheets in these volumes are only four inches long, but a few are as much as three feet in length, necessitating several folds. In some cases leaves burned at the edges have been covered with transparent silk to make them easy to turn.

In the early days of census-taking, the hard-worked and underpaid enumerator appears to have felt free to express his feelings occasionally on the margins of the schedules which the federal government expected him to supply. At the distance of a century, some of these faded documents are very interesting. The returns for Delaware for 1800 are typical. On the left-hand margins of the sheets are the names of the places visited. The names of the heads of families are given in the second column, and other information, by numbers, in columns to the right. The following entry illustrates the problem of uncertain geographic boundaries, so serious in the early censuses, and still somewhat in evidence in 1900:

Kent County

Duck Creek Hundred

Forrest and Grog Town.

Duck Creek Neck, embracing Hill's Blacksmith Shop.

Duck Creek Cross Roads.

Those persons between ye road leading from Worrell's Bridge to Old Duck Creek, from thence to Grog Town and from thence down the stream to the beginning.

The Alley.

Near Jamestown, (a village of no acct.)

Duck Creek Hundred Forrest, near Lewis' X Roads.

Below the Province Branch.

These schedules abounded in curious entries, such as the following:

Binding on the County Road below Fredericka.

On the Bay Shore.

Bottom of ye Neck.

Between the Neck and Milford.

New Whark—so called—on Mispillion Creek.

A small Village called Cullen Town.

Middle Ground Forrest—so called.

Mashahope Broad Arm—so called.

Near ye Maryland line, also a small village called Whitelesburgh, a place of no note.

Canterbury commonly called Irish Hill.

Binding on the Forrest of Murderkill Hundred.

Binding on Murderkill Neck in ye neighborhood of Smack's Hill.

Woodley Town, a small village containing 9 dwellings & 43 inhabitants, lying on a small prong of St. Jones's Creek, about 9 miles from Dover.

Between Forrest and ye Neck, below Bedwell Maxwell's Old Tavern.

Binding on the Forrest and Stone Line near Cow Marsh.

The South Side of Isaac Branch, in ye neighborhood of Poor House.

Georgetown, a small village in the Forrest of Cow Marsh.

Tappannah, it contains 8 houses and 36 inhabitants.

Remainder of New Castle Hundred.

Remainder of White Clay Creek Hundred.

The assistant marshals often distinguished the larger geographic divisions from the smaller by writing the names of the former in large capitals, as MISPLION HUNDRED.

In making returns the assistants followed local divisions. In South Carolina it was the

custom, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, to hold certain persons responsible for the maintenance of good order in their respective localities. The person—called a captain—in charge of a certain place was often better known than was the territory itself. The assistants' returns reflected this custom, for among the 1800 schedules for South Carolina are such items as the following:

Laurens District

Enoree Regiment of the Upper Battalion.

Capt. Francis Ross' Company.

Capt. Sam'l Parsons' Company.

Capt. Wm. Garrett's Company.

Capt. Wm. Owens' Company.

Capt. John Pugh's Company.

Table I shows very clearly the slow, steady expansion of census inquiry up to 1850. Table II shows the variations in the time allowed and consumed for enumeration, as well as other interesting details to which no more detailed reference need be made.

TABLE I. THE EXPANSION OF CENSUS INQUIRY FROM 1790 TO 1850

SUBJECT	1790	1800	1810 ¹	1820	1830	1840	1850
Head of family	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Free white males over 16	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Free white males under 16	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Free white females	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
All other free persons	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Slaves	*	*	*	*	*	*	*
Name of county, town, or city		*	*	*	*	*	*
Extension of age inquiry		*	*	*	*	*	*
Manufactures			*	*	*	*	*
Colored by sex and age				*	*	*	*
Foreigners not naturalized				*	*	*	*
Occupation by three classes				*	*	*	*
Further extension of age inquiry					*	*	*
White deaf, dumb, and blind					*	*	*
Colored deaf, dumb, and blind					*	*	*
Printed schedules					*	*	*
Extension of occupation inquiry						*	*
White and colored insane and idiots						*	*
Education						*	*
Agriculture						*	*
Fish and fisheries						*	*
Mines and mining						*	*
Commerce						*	*
Revolutionary pensioners, with age						*	*
Dwellings and families numbered							*
Name of every free person							*
Value of real estate owned							*
Nativity							*
Married within the year							*
Paupers and convicts							*
Separate schedule for slaves							*
Mortality							*
Social statistics							*
Inquiries concerning population, agriculture, and manufactures systematized							*

TABLE II. NUMBER OF ENUMERATORS AND CLERKS, AND TIME REQUIRED, FOR COLLECTING AND TABULATING CENSUS RETURNS, WITH NUMBER OF PAGES OF MAIN REPORTS PUBLISHED, AND COST

CENSUS YEAR	NUMBER OF MARSHALS OR SUPERVISORS	NUMBER OF MARSHALS OR ENUMERATORS	LEGAL PERIOD FOR ENUMERATION, EXCLUDING EXTENSIONS	TIME ACTUALLY CONSUMED IN ENUMERATION	GREATEST NUMBER OF CLERKS EMPLOYED	TOTAL NUMBER OF PAGES IN PUBLISHED REPORTS	TOTAL POPULATION	TOTAL COST	COST PER CAPITA	ELAPSED TIME FROM CENSUS DATE TO DATE OF PUBLICATION OF POPULATION VOLUME
			Months	Months						Yrs. Mos.
1790 . .	17	1650	9	18	None	56	3,929,214	\$ 44,377	\$.0113	1 - 8
1800 . .	24	1900	9	16.5	None	74	5,308,483	66,386	.0125	1 - 6
1810 . .	30	1,100	5	10	None	413	7,239,881	177,699	.0245	1 - 3
1820 . .	31	1,188	6	15	2	288	9,638,453	208,526	.0216	1 - 7
1830 . .	36	1,519	6	14	43	171	12,866,020	378,545	.0294	1 - 10
1840 . .	41	2,167	5	Unknown	28	890	17,069,453	833,371	.0488	1 - 9
1850 . .	45	3,231	4	20.5	160	1,605	23,191,876	1,423,351	.0613	1 - 9
1860 . .	64	4,417	5	Unknown	184	2,879	31,443,321	1,969,377	.0626	3 - 9
1870 . .	75	{ 368 6,530 }	4	15	438	2,406	38,558,371	3,421,198	.0877	2 - 4
1880 . .	150	31,382	1	1	1,495	5,245	50,429,345	5,790,678	.1148	2 - 10
1890 . .	175	46,804	1	1	3,143	10,220	62,979,766	11,547,127	.1833	4 - 10
1900 . .	300	{ 32,648 52,871 }	1	1	3,554	10,900	76,149,386	11,854,817.91	.1550	1 - 7

¹ Estimated; records destroyed by fire. ² Amount expended for clerks, \$925.

³ Field-agents, not included with enumerators.

Miscellaneous information, such as the names of persons temporarily residing in the district at the time the census was taken, was occasionally written on the schedules. In 1800 some of the assistant marshals in Massachusetts added in the right-hand margin of their schedules statements concerning the number of "people of color housekeeping by themselves"; others estimated the value of houses occupied by persons enumerated, and one closed his report by giving some figures to show the total number of "soles" in the three towns enumerated by him.

Complaint of the inadequacy of the compensation allowed was often made by assistant marshals. On the sheet which inclosed the returns for Annapolis City, Maryland, for 1800, the assistant wrote a statement as follows:

William Alexander begs leave to represent to the Marshal of the District of Columbia that the sum mentioned in the laws for taking the Censuses of Anne Arundel County is insufficient. The inhabitants in many parts of the country are very much dispersed, beside he is obliged to make 3 complete lists, which requires considerable time and labor; he therefore respectfully solicits an increase of the allowance. He further begs leave to subjoin the opinion of responsible Gentlemen, who have knowledge of the country, in support of his request.

Then follows the indorsement of the application, as follows:

We the undersigned having been applied to by W. Alexander, freely declare as our opinion that one dollar for every hundred persons for taking the enumeration of the inhabitants of Anne Arundel County is not adequate compensation, for the faithful performance of the duty.

To this are affixed the names of five "Gentlemen."

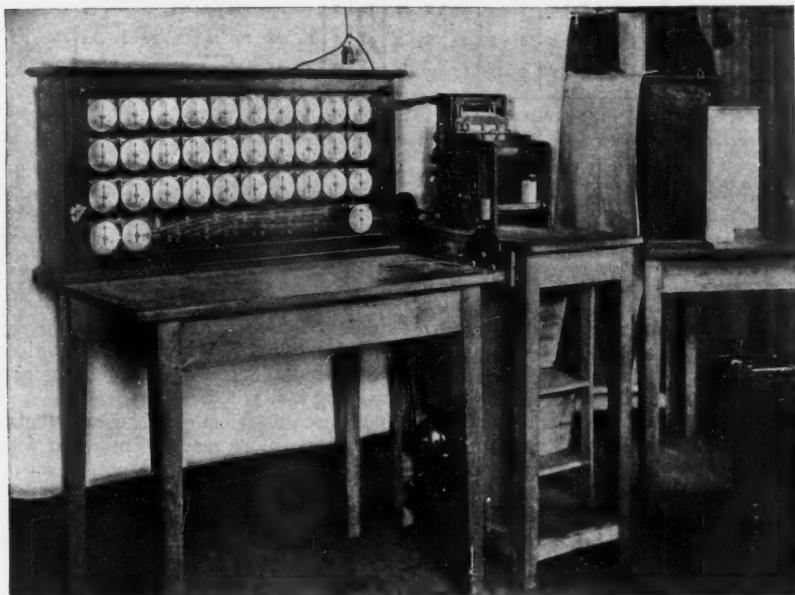
Bound in with the Maryland schedules for 1800 is a copy of an indictment brought by the grand jury against one Thomas Bailey, assistant marshal, for his failure to enumerate Baltimore County. He appears to have failed to make his returns within the time allowed by law. There is no evidence here, however, that Maryland enumerators had learned thus early the art of counting dead men, for proficiency in which certain enumerators in that State were vigorously prosecuted by the Census Office in 1901.

For all the early censuses the six questions asked at the first census formed the basis of the inquiry. The second census extended the age questions; the third attempted a record of manufacturing establishments; the fourth enumerated colored persons by sex and age, and foreigners not naturalized, gave statistics of occupations,

and again attempted a record, slightly more elaborate, of manufacturing interests. The fifth census is memorable for the adoption of printed schedules. That census, and the sixth as well, further broadened the range of census inquiry. The seventh census—authorized by the passage of a law drawn with great deliberation—marked the beginning of scientific census inquiry in the United States. In consequence the census of 1850 is known as the first "modern census" of the United States.

different blanks or tables—were brought into close proximity, thus effecting a great saving in the time of the clerk. At the tenth census the Seaton machine was extensively used and thoroughly tested. Like hand-tabulation, however, this device became inadequate, as the mass of detail rapidly increased.

The census of 1880 is notable for the radical change effected in the method of enumeration. From the first to the ninth census, inclusive, this task had been per-



TABULATION BY ELECTRICITY—AUTOMATIC TABULATOR USED IN 1900

By 1870 census inquiry had become so extended, and the increase in population and material development was so enormous, that tabulation by hand was necessarily inaccurate and extremely expensive. It was clear, moreover, that a point must be reached, before many more decades had passed, where complete tabulation within the census period would be actually impossible. General Walker, superintendent of the ninth census, casting about for mechanical assistance, found some relief in the Seaton machine (see page 836), a simple affair composed of parallel rollers by which blanks were unwound from a roll, and six columns—one from each of six

formed by the marshals, though it was early evident that such an arrangement was highly unsatisfactory. By the law providing for the tenth census there was created a new body of census officials, known as supervisors, of whom there were to be one or more for each State. The supervisor's district was divided into enumeration districts, each of which was assigned to an enumerator. The change from marshals and assistants to supervisors and enumerators was so beneficial that this provision of the law of 1880 has become established census practice.

As the eleventh census approached, it was clear that the scope of inquiry must

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1	2	3	4	W	M	0	1	5	0	Un	0	6	12	0	6	12	Me	NH	Vi	Oh	Mch	Ja	SD	
5	6	7	8	E	F	10	15	18	1	8	1	7	13	1	7	13	Gr	Ir	Sc	Ind	Wis	Mo	Nbr	
1	2	3	4	Ch	20	21	25	30	2	MO	2	8	14	2	8	N	NY	NJ	Pu	Ill	Mtn	ND	Kan	
5	6	7	8	Jp	35	40	45	50	3	M1	3	9	15	3	9	F	Md	Va	WVa	Ky	Ten	Ala	Cif	
1	2	3	4	In	55	60	65	70	4	Wd	4	10	16	4	10	Del	NC	SC	Mis	La	Tex	Ore	Wah	
5	6	7	8	75	80	85	90	95+	Un	D	5	11	17+	5	11	DC	Ga	Fla	Ok	IT	Ark	Ida	Nev	
1	2	3	4	En	OK	0	a	4	17	11	5	Un	15	2	0	US	Un	En	US	Un	En	Uta	PI	Ari
5	6	7	8	Ot	NR	1	b	5	Ot	12	6	NG	20+	3	1	Gr	Ir	Sc	Gr	Ir	Sc	NM	Php	Col
1	2	3	4	2	NW	4	c	6	0	13	7	1	Na	4	Au	Sw	CE	Wa	Sw	CE	Wa	Wyo	PR	Mnt
5	6	7	8	4	0	7	d	7	1	14	8	2	Pa	5	Sz	Nw	CP	Hu	Nw	CP	Hu	Alk	Pt	Ab
1	2	3	4	6	12	10	e	8	2	15	9	3	Al	6	Po	Dk	Fr	It	Dk	Fr	It	Au	Sea	
5	6	7	8	8+	Un	g	f	9	3	16	10	4	Un	10	Ot	Eu	Bo	Ot	Eu	Bo	Sz	Pa	NS	

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INDIVIDUAL POPULATION CARD, UNPUNCHED

The illustration shows the form of card used for each individual at the twelfth census. The six "fields" to the left of the first vertical line are for the identification of the enumeration district. To the right of this line there are thirteen fields, some of which are subdivided by dotted lines. Starting at the upper left-hand corner, and proceeding from left to right in the upper half of the card, and then from right to left in the lower half, the subjects of the fields are race or color, sex, age, conjugal condition, number of children born and living (for females), nativity, nativity of father, nativity of mother, citizenship and years in the United States (for foreigners), occupation, months unemployed, literacy or school attendance, and ability to speak English. In the field for nativity the punch represents the State or the foreign country, according as "N" or "F" is punched. For a person having no gainful occupation, "NG" is punched, and no punch is made in the field for months unemployed. There are therefore only three fields which are not punched for every person—number of children, citizenship, and months unemployed.

be curtailed, or some very rapid and accurate form of mechanical tabulation must be supplied. This requirement was effectively met; the census of 1890 is notable for the introduction of electrical tabulation, the principle of which is apparently capable of responding to all the demands likely to be made upon it for many years to come.

By this system the facts entered upon the various schedules are copied upon cards by punching holes. The position of each hole indicates its significance; no writing is required.

The cards, when punched, are tabulated by an ingenious machine provided with a pin-box which contains a needle, set on a

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1	2	3	4	●	●	0	1	5	●	Un	0	6	12	0	6	12	Me	NH	●	Oh	Mch	Ja	SD		
5	6	7	8	E	F	10	15	18	1	8	1	7	13	1	7	13	Gr	Ir	●	Ind	Wis	Mo	Nbr		
1	2	3	4	Ch	20	21	25	30	2	MO	2	8	14	2	8	N	NY	NJ	Pu	Ill	Mtn	ND	Kan		
5	6	7	8	Jp	35	40	●	50	3	●	3	9	15	3	9	●	Md	Va	WVa	Ky	Ten	Ala	Cif		
1	2	3	4	In	55	60	65	70	4	Wd	4	10	16	4	10	Del	NC	SC	Mis	La	Tex	Ore	Wah		
5	6	7	8	75	80	85	90	95+	Un	D	5	11	17+	5	11	DC	Ga	Fla	Ok	IT	Ark	Ida	Nev		
1	2	3	4	En	OK	0	●	●	4	17	11	5	Un	15	2	0	US	Un	●	US	Un	●	Uta	PI	Ari
5	6	7	8	Ot	NR	1	b	5	Ot	12	6	NG	20+	3	1	Gr	Ir	Sc	Gr	Ir	Sc	NM	Php	Col	
1	2	3	4	2	NW	4	c	6	●	13	7	1	●	4	Au	Sw	CE	Wa	Sw	CE	Wa	Wyo	PR	Mnt	
5	6	7	8	4	0	7	d	7	1	14	8	2	Pa	5	Sz	Nw	CP	Hu	Nw	CP	Hu	Alk	Pt	Ab	
1	2	3	4	6	12	10	e	8	2	15	9	●	Al	6	Po	Dk	Fr	It	Dk	Fr	It	Au	Sea		
5	6	7	8	8+	Un	g	f	9	3	16	10	4	Un	10	●	Ot	Eu	Bo	Ot	Eu	Bo	Sz	Pa	NS	

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INDIVIDUAL POPULATION CARD, PUNCHED

The punched holes in this card tell the following story: White male, forty-five years of age, married one or more years, foreign-born, having been born in England, both parents also born in England; has been in the United States ten years, naturalized; teacher by profession; not unemployed during any portion of the census year; can read, write, and speak English; and, supposedly, resided in the thirtieth enumeration district of the eighth supervisor's district of New York, which was located in Ward 8 of Albany.

fine spiral spring, for each possible hole in a card. The pin-box is brought down over each card in turn; those needles which meet an unpunched surface are repressed, while those which pass through a hole make an electric contact below, and by an arrangement of relays, permitting any desired combination, cause one or more counters, or dials, to register. At the conclusion of each "run" the counters are read and the results entered upon a result slip.

With the aid of one of these machines an experienced and capable clerk can tabulate on an average from 8000 to 10,000 cards in a working-day of six and a half hours. The importance of this system lies in its ability to count facts, not singly, but in combination.

The law providing for the twelfth census was a notable one, drawn with great care. It recognized the fact that the question of tabulation, which for several decades had been the leading problem in census methods, had now given place to the general question of the organization and equipment of a vast machine in a limited time. The maximum force required had grown from about 650 employees in 1790 to 59,373 in 1900, more than the entire population, in 1790, of New York and Boston combined. At the twelfth census the electrical tabulating-machine was freely used (see page 839). Toward the close of the work this machine was perfected by the addition of automatic feeders, the record for which was the tabulation, by one machine, of over 84,000 cards in one working-day. Automatic electrical sorters, also, were used to great advantage, and special tabulating-machines with adding-machine attachments were employed in preparing the statistics of agriculture.

It may not be clearly appreciated how great has been the assistance rendered to the Census Office by electrical tabulation. It need only be said that if, at the twelfth census, the three tallies of age and sex, nativity, and occupation had been made by hand, the tabulation of the statistics for these three subjects alone would have required the time of a hundred clerks for seven years, eleven months, and five days.

It is exceedingly difficult for one not connected with such work to understand how vast an undertaking is a modern American census. Perhaps the following figures may suggest some idea of the ex-

tent of detail which has been handled by the Census Office:

EMPLOYEES OF THE TWELFTH CENSUS

Supervisors	300
Special agents in the field	2,648
Enumerators	52,871
Clerical force (maximum)	3,554
Total	59,373

SCHEDULES RECEIVED

Population	900,000
Agriculture	5,738,524
Manufactures	608,401
Vital statistics	50,000
Total	7,296,925

CARDS PUNCHED

Population:	
Individual	76,303,387
Family	16,239,797
Agriculture:	
Farm	5,739,657
Crop	116,571,239
Vital statistics	1,039,094
Total	215,893,174

NUMBER OF TIMES CARDS PASSED THROUGH
TABULATING-MACHINES

Population	375,410,161
Agriculture	237,929,289
Vital statistics	6,234,564
Total	619,574,014

It may be that these figures, which possess such weighty significance in the Census Office, will not impress the reader so deeply as some of the statistical facts the twelfth census has produced. Since 1790 the area of the United States has increased from 827,844 to 3,622,933 square miles; the number of counties has increased from 307 to 2867; and the total population has increased from 3,929,214 to 76,303,387, or nineteenfold. There are four States each possessing, in 1900, a population greater than that of the entire nation in 1790, at which time two of the four were an untrodden wilderness. The number of cities with a population of 8000 or over has increased from 6 to 546, and the number with a population of 25,000 or over from 2 to 161. There are now 38 cities having a population exceeding 100,000, and 3 of these have over 1,000,000 each. In 1900 the record of capital, wages, and value of products of manufactures rises to figures almost beyond comprehension. The capital invested was \$9,846,628,564; the salaries and wages paid amounted to \$2,735,430,848; and the value of products was \$13,039,279,566. In agriculture the figures are almost equally impressive. The total value

of farms in 1900 was \$16,674,690,247, and that of agricultural products in 1899, \$4,739,118,752. To gather and collate such stupendous figures, not only with accuracy, but so swiftly that the record of population in 1900 appeared as quickly as did the little report of the first census, was a task of the first magnitude. It was indeed an evolution.

Such is the modern census. It is a decennial snap shot of the nation for the benefit of all time. Patrick Henry declared that there was but one lamp by which his feet were guided—Experience. But so important has the study of facts become that statistics presenting the facts analyzed and classified is the lamp which guides the statesman and the student of to-day.



WINKELRIED

BY FRANK WATERS

THE Austrian ranks were serried deep,
That day at Sempach on the shore;
The spears did build a bristling sweep
Their mailed men before.
In vain the mountain forces charged;
And many a hardy mountaineer
Was there to heaven or hell enlarged
Before the stabbing spear.

Stout Winkelried he mused awhile,
With brooding brow and bended head;
Then up he looked, a rugged smile
O'er rugged features spread.
"Now, brothers, I will make a way:
Sweep, you, to victory o'er my blood!
Farewell! I died for freedom, say,
And for my country's good."

Then, charging all the men of mail,
With arms abroad a sheaf of death
Full-gathering to his bosom hale,
He shed his heart and breath
Heroic on that storm of steel,
And brake the death-line's horrent frown,
And, dying, grimly smiled to feel
How victory trod him down.


Old hero of a rugged brood,
A lasting honor crowns thy name!
Thine was a pith of manlihood
Degenerate days to shame.
Thou, freely yielding blood and breath
In noble cause, rebukest well
Small hearts that deem a pin-prick death.
Rest, hero son of Tell!

THE WIZARD'S DAUGHTER

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM

Author of "Stories of the Foot-hills"

WITH PICTURES BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

HERE had been a norther during the day, and at sunset the valley, seen from Dysart's cabin on the mesa, was a soft blur of golden haze. The wind had hurled the yellow leaves from the vineyard, exposing the gnarled deformity of the vines, and the trailing branches of the pepper-trees had swept their fallen berries into coral reefs on the southerly side.

A young man with a delicate, discontented face sat on the porch of the Dysart claim cabin, looking out over the valley. A last gust of lukewarm air strewed the floor with scythe-shaped eucalyptus-leaves, and Mrs. Dysart came out with her broom to sweep them away.

She was a large woman, with a crease at her waist that buried her apron-strings, and the little piazza creaked ominously as she walked about. The invalid got up with a man's instinctive distrust of a broom, and began to move away.

"Don't disturb yourself, Mr. Palmerston," she said, waving him back into his chair with one hand, and speaking in a large, level voice, as if she were quelling a mob — "don't disturb yourself; I won't raise any dust. Does the north wind choke you up much?"

"Oh, no," answered the young fellow, carelessly; "it was a rather more rapid change of air than I bargained for, but I guess it's over now."

"Sick folks generally think the north wind makes them nervous. Some of them say it's the electricity; but I think it's because most of 'em's men-folks, and being away from their families, they naturally blame things on the weather."

Mrs. Dysart turned her ample back

toward her hearer, and swept a leaf-laden cobweb from the corner of the window.

The young man's face relaxed.

"I don't think it made me nervous," he said. "But then, I'm not very ill. I'm out here for my mother's health. She threatened to go into a decline if I did n't come."

"Well, you've got a consumptive build," said Mrs. Dysart, striking her broom on the edge of the porch, "and you're light-complected; that's likely to mean scrofula. You'd ought to be careful. California's a good deal of a hospital, but it don't do to depend too much on the climate. It ain't right; it's got to be blessed to your use."

Palmerston smiled, and leaned his head against the redwood wall of the cabin. Mrs. Dysart creaked virtuously to and fro behind her broom.

"Is n't that Mr. Dysart's team?" asked the young man, presently, looking down the valley.

His companion walked to the edge of the porch and pushed back her sunbonnet to look.

"Yes," she announced, "that's Jawn; he's early."

She piled her cushiony hands on the end of the broom-handle, and stood still, gazing absently at the approaching team.

"I hope your mother's a Christian woman," she resumed, with a sort of corpulent severity.

The young man's face clouded, and then cleared again whimsically.

"I really never inquired," he said lightly; "but I am inclined to think she is. She is certainly not a pagan."

"You spoke as if she was a good deal

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"Sick folks generally think the north wind makes them nervous. Some of them say it's the electricity; but I think it's because most of 'em's men-folks, and being away from their families, they naturally blame things on the weather."

Mrs. Dysart turned her ample back

toward her hearer, and swept a leaf-laden cobweb from the corner of the window.

The young man's face relaxed.

"I don't think it made me nervous," he said. "But then, I'm not very ill. I'm out here for my mother's health. She threatened to go into a decline if I did n't come."

"Well, you've got a consumptive build," said Mrs. Dysart, striking her broom on the edge of the porch, "and you're light-complected; that's likely to mean scrofula. You'd ought to be careful. California's a good deal of a hospital, but it don't do to depend too much on the climate. It ain't right; it's got to be blessed to your use."

Palmerston smiled, and leaned his head against the redwood wall of the cabin. Mrs. Dysart creaked virtuously to and fro behind her broom.

"Is n't that Mr. Dysart's team?" asked the young man, presently, looking down the valley.

His companion walked to the edge of the porch and pushed back her sunbonnet to look.

"Yes," she announced, "that's Jawn; he's early."

She piled her cushiony hands on the end of the broom-handle, and stood still, gazing absently at the approaching team.

"I hope your mother's a Christian woman," she resumed, with a sort of cor-pulent severity.

The young man's face clouded, and then cleared again whimsically.

"I really never inquired," he said lightly; "but I am inclined to think she is. She is certainly not a pagan."

"You spoke as if she was a good deal

wrapped up in you," continued his hostess, addressing herself unctuously to the landscape. "I was thinkin' she 'd need something to sustain her if you was to be taken away. There 's nothing but religion that can prepare us for whatever comes. I wonder who that Jawn 's a-bringin' now," she broke off suddenly, holding one of her fat hands above her eyes and leaning forward with a start. "He does pick up the queerest lot. I just held my breath the other day when I saw him fetchin' you. I 'd been wantin' a boarder all summer, and kind of lookin' for one, but I was n't no more ready for you than if you 'd been measles. It does seem sometimes as if men-folks take a satisfaction in seein' how they can put a woman to."

Mrs. Dysart wobbled heavily indoors, where she creaked about unresignedly, putting things to rights. Palmerston closed his eyes and struggled with a smile that kept breaking into a noiseless laugh. He had a fair, high-bred face, and his smile emphasized its boyishness.

When the wagon rattled into the acacias west of the vineyard, he got up and sauntered toward the barn. John Dysart saw him coming, and took two or three steps toward him with his hand at the side of his mouth.

"He 's deaf," he whispered with a violent facial enunciation which must have assailed the stranger's remaining senses like a yell. "I think you 'll like him; he 's a wonderful talker."

The newcomer was a large, seedy-looking man, with the resigned, unexpectant manner of the deaf. Dysart went around the wagon, and the visitor put up his trumpet.

"Professor Brownell," John called into it, "I want to make you acquainted with Mr. Palmerston. Mr. Palmerston is a young man from the East, a student at Cambridge—no, Oxford—"

"Ann Arbor," interrupted the young man, eagerly.

Dysart ignored the interruption. "He 's out here for his health."

The stranger nodded toward the young man approvingly, and dropped the trumpet as if he had heard enough.

"How do you do, Mr. Palmerston?" he said, reaching down to clasp the young fellow's slim white hand. "I 'm glad to meet a scholar in these wilds."

Palmerston blushed a helpless pink, and

murmured politely. The stranger dismounted from the wagon with the awkwardness of age and avoirdupois. John Dysart stood just behind his guest, describing him as if he were a panorama:

"I never saw his beat. He talks just like a book. He 's filled me chuck-full of science on the way up. He knows all about the inside of the earth from the top crust to China. Ask him something about his machine, and get him started."

Palmerston glanced inquiringly toward the trumpet. The stranger raised it to his ear and leaned graciously toward him.

"Mr. Dysart is mistaken," called Palmerston, in the high, lifeless voice with which we all strive to reconcile the deaf to their affliction; "I am a Western man, from Ann Arbor."

"Better still, better still," interrupted the newcomer, grasping his hand again; "you 'll be broader, more progressive—the heir of all the ages," and so forth. I was denied such privileges in my youth. But nature is an open book, 'sermons in stones.'" He turned toward the wagon and took out a small leather valise, handling it with evident care.

Dysart winked at the young man, and pointed toward the satchel.

"Jawn," called Mrs. Dysart, seethingly, from the kitchen door, "what 's the trouble?"

John's facial contortions stopped abruptly, as if the mainspring had snapped. He took off his hat and scratched his head gingerly with the tip of his little finger. He had a round, bald head, with a fringe of smooth, red-brown hair below the baldness that made it look like a filbert.

"I 'm coming, Emmeline," he called, glancing hurriedly from the two men to the vicinity of his wife's voice, as if anxious to bisect himself mentally and leave his hospitality with his guest.

"I 'll look after Professor Brownell," said Palmerston; "he can step into my tent and brush up."

Dysart's countenance cleared.

"Good," he said eagerly, starting on a quick run toward the kitchen door. When he was half-way there he turned and put up his hand again. "Draw him out!" he called in a stentorian whisper. "You 'd ought to hear him talk; it 's great. Get him started about his machine."



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"A YOUNG MAN WITH A DELICATE, DISCONTENTED FACE SAT ON THE PORCH"

Palmerston smiled at the unnecessary admonition. The stranger had been talking all the time in a placid, brook-like manner while he felt under the wagon-seat for a second and much smaller traveling-bag. The young man possessed himself of this after having been refused the first by a gentle motion of the owner's hand. The visitor accepted his signal of invitation, and followed him toward the tent.

"Our universities and colleges are useful in their way; they no doubt teach many things that are valuable; but they are not practical; they all fail in the application of knowledge to useful ends. I am not an educated man myself, but I have known many who are, and they are all alike—shallow, superficial, visionary. They need to put away their books and sit down among the everlasting hills and think. You have done well to come out here, young man. This is good; you will grow."

He stopped at the door of the tent and took off his rusty hat. The breeze blew his long linen duster about his legs.

"Have you looked much into electrical phenomena?" he asked, putting up his trumpet.

Palmerston moved a step back, and said: "No; not at all." Then he raised his hand to possess himself of the ear-piece, and colored as he remembered that it was not a telephone. His companion seemed equally oblivious of his confusion and of his reply.

"I have made some discoveries," he went on; "I shall be pleased to talk them over with you. They will revolutionize this country." He waved his hand toward the mesa. "Every foot of this land will sometime blossom as the rose; greasewood and sage-brush will give place to the orange and the vine. Water is king in California, and there are rivers of water locked in these mountains. We must find it; yes, yes, my young friend, we must find it, and we *can* find it. I have solved that. The solution is here." He stooped and patted his satchel affectionately. "This little instrument is California's best friend. There is a future for all these valleys, wilder than our wildest dreams."

Palmerston nodded with a guilty feeling of having approved statements of which he intended merely to acknowledge the receipt, and motioned his guest into the white twilight of the tent.

"Make yourself comfortable, professor,"

he called. "I want to find Dysart and get my mail."

As he neared the kitchen door Mrs. Dysart's voice came to him enveloped in the sizzle of frying meat.

"Well, I don't know, Jawn; he may n't be just the old-fashioned water-witch, but it ain't right; it's tamperin' with the secrets of the Most High, that's what I think."

"Well, now, Emmeline, you had n't ought to be hasty. He don't lay claim to anything more 'n natural; he says it's all based on scientific principles. He says he can tell me just where to tunnel— Now, here 's Mr. Palmerston; he 's educated. I 'm going to rely on him."

"Well, I 'm goin' to rely on my heavenly Fawther," said Mrs. Dysart, solemnly, from the quaking pantry.

Palmerston stood in the doorway, smiling. John jumped up and clapped his hand vigorously on his breast pockets.

"Well, now, there! I left your mail in the wagon in my other coat," he said, hooking his arm through the young man's and drawing him toward the barn. "Did you get him turned on?" he asked eagerly, when they were out of his wife's hearing. "How does he strike you, anyway? Does n't he talk like a book? He wants me to help him find a claim—show him the corners, you know. He 's got a daughter down at Los Angeles; she 'll come up and keep house for him. He says he 'll locate water on shares if I 'll help him find a claim and do the tunneling. Emmeline she 's afraid I 'll get left, but I think she 'll come round. Is n't it a caution the way he talks science?"

Palmerston acknowledged that it was.

"The chances are that he is a fraud, Dysart," he said kindly; "most of those people are. I 'd be very cautious about committing myself."

"Oh, I 'm cautious," protested John; "that 's one of my peculiarities. Emmeline thinks because I look into things I 'm not to be trusted. She 's so quick herself she can't understand anybody that 's slow and careful. Here 's your letters—quite a batch of 'em. Would you mind our putting up a cot in your tent for the professor?"

"Not at all," said the young fellow, good-naturedly. "It 's excellent discipline to have a deaf man about; you realize how little you have to say that 's worth saying."

"That 's a fact, that 's a fact," said Dysart, rather too cheerfully acquiescent. "A man that can talk like that makes you ashamed to open your head."

Palmerston fell asleep that night to the placid monotone of the newcomer's voice, and awoke at daybreak to hear the same conversational flow just outside the tent. Perhaps it was Dysart's explosive "Good morning, professor!" which seemed to have missed the trumpet and hurled itself against the canvas wall of the tent close to the sleeper's ear, that awoke him. He sat up in bed and tried to shake off the conviction that his guest had been talking all night. Dysart's greeting made no break in the cheerful optimism that filtered through the canvas.

"Last night I was an old man and dreamed dreams; this morning I am a young man and see visions. I see this thirsty plain fed by irrigating-ditches and covered with bearing orchards. I am impatient to be off on our tramp. This is an ideal spot. With five acres of orange-trees here, producing a thousand dollars per acre, one might give his entire time to scientific investigation."

"He 'd want to look after the gophers some," yelled Dysart.

"I am astonished that this country is so little appreciated," continued Brownell, blindly unheeding. "It is no doubt due to the reckless statements of enthusiasts. It is a wonderful country—wonderful, wonderful, wonderful!"

There was a diminuendo in the repeated adjective that told Palmerston the speaker was moving toward the house; and it was from that direction that he heard Mrs. Dysart, a little later, assuring her visitor, in a high, depressed voice, that she had n't found the country yet that would support anybody without elbow-grease, and she did n't expect to till it was Gawd's will to take her to her heavenly home.

John Dysart and his visitor returned from their trip in the mountains, that evening, tired, dusty, and exultant. The professor's linen duster had acquired several of those triangular rents which have the merit of being beyond masculine repair, and may therefore be conscientiously endured. He sat on the camp-chair at Palmerston's tent door, his finger-tips together and his head thrown back in an ecstasy of content.

"This is certainly the promised land," he said gravely, "a land flowing with milk and honey. Nature has done her share lavishly: soil, climate, scenery—everything but water; yes, and water, too, waiting for the brain, the hand of man, the magic touch of science—the one thing left to be conquered to give the sense of mastery, of possession. This country is ours by right of conquest." He waved his hands majestically toward the valley. "In three months we shall have a stream flowing from these mountains that will transform every foot of ground before you. These people seem worthy, though somewhat narrow. It will be a pleasure to share prosperity with them as freely as they share their poverty with me."

Palmerston glanced conversationally toward the trumpet, and his companion raised it to his ear.

"Dysart is a poor man," shouted Palmerston, "but he is the best fellow in the world. I should hate to see him risk anything on an uncertainty."

Brownell had been nodding his head backward and forward with dreamy emphasis; he now shook it horizontally, closing his eyes. "There is no uncertainty," he said, lowering his trumpet; "that is the advantage of science: you can count upon it with absolute certainty. I am glad the man is poor—very glad; it heightens the pleasure of helping him."

The young man turned away a trifle impatiently.

"A reservoir will entail some expense," the professor rambled on; "but the money will come. 'To him that hath shall be given.'"

Palmerston's face completed the quotation, but the speaker went on without opening his eyes: "When the water is once flowing out of the tunnel, capital will flow into it."

"A good deal of capital will flow into the tunnel before any water flows out of it," growled Palmerston, taking advantage of his companion's physical defect to relieve his mind.

Later in the evening Dysart drew the young man into the family conference, relying upon the sympathy of sex in the effort to allay his wife's misgivings.

"The tunnel won't cost over two dollars a foot, with what I can do myself," maintained the little man, "and the professor says we 'll strike water that 'll drown us

out before we've gone a hundred feet. Emmeline here she's afraid of it because it sounds like a miracle, but I tell her it's pure science. It is n't any more wonderful than a needle traveling toward a magnet: the machine tells where the water is, and how far off it is, something like a compass—I don't understand it, but I can see that it ain't any more meraculous than a telegraph. It's science."

"Oh, yes, I know," mourned Mrs. Dysart, who overflowed a small rocking-chair on the piazza; "there's folks that think the creation of the world in six days is nothin' but science, but they're not people for Christians to be goin' pardners with. If Gawd has put a hundred feet of dirt on top of that water, I tell Jawn he had his reasons, and I can't think it's right for anybody whose treasure ought to be laid up in heaven to go pryin' into the bowels of the earth huntin' for things that our heavenly Fawther's hid."

"But there's gold, Emmeline."

"Oh, yes; I know there's gold, and I know 'the love of money is the root of all evil.' I don't say that the Lord don't reign over the inside of the earth, but I do say that people that get their minds fixed on things that's underground are liable to forget the things that are above."

"Well, now, I'm sure they had n't ought," protested Dysart. "I'm sure 'the earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof,' Emmeline."

Mrs. Dysart sank slowly back in her chair at this unexpected thrust from her own weapon, and then rallied with a long, corpulent sigh.

"Well, I don't know. You recollect that old man was up here last winter, hammerin' around among the rocks as if the earth was a big nut that he was tryin' to crack? I talked with him long enough to find out what he was; he was an *atheist*."

Mrs. Dysart leaned forward and whispered the last word in an awe-struck tone, with her fat eyes fixed reproachfully upon her husband.

"Oh, I guess not, Emmeline," pleaded John.

Mrs. Dysart shut her lips and her eyes very tight, and nodded slowly and affirmatively. "Yes, he was. He set right in that identical spot where Mr. Palmerston is a-settin', and talked about the seven theological periods of creation, and the fables

of Jonah and the whale and Noah's ark, till I was all of a tremble. Mebbe that's science, Jawn, but I call it blasphemous."

Dysart rested his elbows on his knees and looked over the edge of the porch as if he were gazing into the bottomless pit.

"Oh, come, now, Mrs. Dysart," Palmerston broke in cheerfully; "I'm not at all afraid of Mr. Dysart losing his faith, but I'm very much afraid of his losing his money. I wish he had as good a grip on his purse as he has on his religion."

Mrs. Dysart glanced at the young man with a look of relief to find him agreeing with her in spite of his irreverent comingling of the temporal and the spiritual.

"Well, I'm sure we've lost enough already, when it comes to that," she continued, folding her hands resignedly in her convex lap. "There was that artesian well down at San Pasqual—"

"Well, now, Emmeline," her husband broke in eagerly, "that well would have been all right if the tools had n't stuck. I think yet we'd have got water if we'd gone on."

"We'd 'a' got water if it had 'a' been our heavenly Fawther's will," announced Mrs. Dysart, with solemnity, rising slowly from her chair, which gave a little squeak of relief. "I've got to set the sponge," she went on in the same tone, as if it were some sacred religious rite. "I wish you'd talk it over with Mr. Palmerston, Jawn, and tell him the offer you've had from this perfessor—I'm sure I don't know what he's perfessor of. He ain't a perfessor of religion—I know that."

She sent her last arrow over her wide shoulder as she passed the two men and creaked into the house. Her husband looked after her gravely.

"Now that's the way with Emmeline," he said; "she's all faith, and then, again, she has no faith. Now, I'm just the other way." He rubbed his bald head in a vain attempt to formulate the obverse of his wife's character. "Well, anyway," he resumed, accepting his failure cheerfully, "the professor he wants to find a claim, as I was telling you, but he wants one that's handy to the place he's selected for the tunnel. Of course he won't say just where that is till we get the papers made out, but he gave me a kind of a general idea of it, and the land around there's all mine. He'd have to go 'way over east to find a

government section that has n't been filed on, and of course there'd be a big expense for pipe; so he offers to locate the tunnel for half the water if we get ten inches or

"About ten, as near as I can guess."

"Well, suppose he locates the tunnel so it will drain your spring; are you to have the expense of the work and the privilege



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"MRS. DYSART . . . OVERFLOWED A SMALL ROCKING-CHAIR"

over, and I'm to make the tunnel, and deed him twenty acres of land."

"Suppose you get less than ten inches—what then?"

"Then it's all to be mine; but I'm to deed him the land all the same."

"How many inches of water have you from your spring now?"

of giving him half the water and twenty acres of land—is that it?"

John rubbed the back of his neck and reflected.

"The professor laughs at the idea of ten inches of water. He says we'll get at least a hundred, maybe more. You see, if we were to get that much, I'd have a lot of

water to sell to the settlers below. It 'u'd be a big thing."

"So it would; but there 's a big 'if' in there, Dysart. Do you know anything about this man's record?"

"I asked about him down in Los Angeles. Some folks believe in him, and some don't. They say he struck a big stream for them over at San Luis. I don't go much on what people say, anyway; I size a man up, and depend on that. I like the way the professor talks. I don't understand all of it, but he seems to have things pretty pat. Don't you think he has?"

"Yes; he has things pat enough. Most swindlers have. It 's their business. Not that I think him a deliberate swindler, Dysart. Possibly he believes in himself. But I hope you 'll be cautious."

"Oh, I 'm cautious," asserted John. "I 'd be a good deal richer man to-day if I had n't been so cautious. I 've spent a lot of time and money looking into things. I 'll get there, if caution 'll do it. Now, Emmeline she 's impulsive; she has to be held back; she never examines into anything; but I 'm just the other way."

In spite of Palmerston's warning and Mrs. Dysart's fears, temporal and spiritual, negotiations between Dysart and Brownell made rapid progress. The newcomer's tent was pitched upon the twenty acres selected, and gleamed white against the mountain-side, suggesting to Palmerston's idle vision a sail becalmed upon a sage-green sea. "Dysart's ship, which will probably never come in," he said to himself, looking at it with visible indignation, one morning, as he sat at his tent door in that state of fuming indolence which the male American calls taking a rest.

"Practically there is little difference between a knave and a fool," he fretted; "it 's the difference between the gun that is loaded and the one that is not: in the long run the unloaded gun does the more mischief. A self-absorbed fool is a knave. After all, dishonesty is only abnormal selfishness; it 's a question of degree. Hello, Dysart!" he said aloud, as his host appeared around the tent. "How goes it?"

"Slow," said John, emphatically, "slow. I 'm feeling my way like a cat, and the professor he 's just about as cautious as I am. We 're a good team. He 's been over the cañon six times, and every time that

machine of hisn gives him a new idea. He 's getting it down to a fine point. He wanted to go up again to-day, but I guess he can't."

"What 's up?" inquired Palmerston, indifferently.

"Well, his daughter wrote him she was coming this afternoon, and somebody 'll have to meet her down at Malaga when the train comes in. I 've just been oiling up the top-buggy, and I thought maybe if you—"

"Why, certainly," interrupted Palmerston, responding amiably to the suggestion of John's manner; "if you think the young lady will not object, I shall be delighted. What time is the train due?"

"Now, that 's just what I told Emmeline," said John, triumphantly. "He 'd lieber go than not, says I; if he would n't, then young folks has changed since I can remember. The train gets there about two o'clock. If you jog along kind of comfortable you 'll be home before supper. If the girl 's as smart as her father, you 'll have a real nice visit."

Mrs. Dysart viewed the matter with a pessimism which was scarcely to be distinguished from conventionality.

"I think it 's a kind of an imposition, Mr. Palmerston," she said, as her boarder was about to start, "sendin' you away down there for a total stranger. It 's a good thing you 're not bashful. Some young men would be terribly put out. I 'm sure Jawn would 'a' been at your age. But my father would n't have sent a strange young man after one of his daughters—he knowed us too well. My, oh! just to think of it! I 'd have fell all in a heap."

Palmerston ventured a hope that the young lady would not be completely unnerved.

"Oh, I 'm not frettin' about *her*," said his hostess. "I don't doubt she can take care of *herself*. If she 's like some of her folks, she 'll talk you blind."

Palmerston drove away to hide the smile that teased the corners of his mouth.

"The good woman has the instincts of a chaperon, without the traditions," he reflected, letting his smile break into a laugh. "Her sympathy is with the weaker sex when it comes to a personal encounter. We may need her services yet, who knows?"

Malaga was a flag-station, and the shed

which was supposed to shelter its occasional passengers from the heat of summer and the rain of winter was flooded with afternoon sunshine. Palmerston drove into the square shadow of the shed roof, and set his feet comfortably upon the dashboard while he waited. He was not aware of any very lively curiosity concerning the young woman for whom he was waiting. That he had formed some nebulous hypothesis of vulgarity was evidenced by his whimsical hope that her prevailing atmosphere would not be musk; aggressive perfumery of some sort seemed inevitable. He found himself wondering what trait in her father had led him to this deduction, and drifted idly about in the haze of heredity until the whistle of the locomotive warned him to withdraw his feet from their elevation and betake himself to the platform. Half a minute later the engine panted onward, and the young man found himself, with uplifted hat, confronting a slender figure clad very much as he was, save for the skirt that fell in straight, dark-blue folds to the ground.

"Miss Brownell?" inquired Palmerston, smiling.

The young woman looked at him with evident surprise.

"Where is my father?" she asked abruptly.

"He was unable to come. He regretted it very much. I was so fortunate as to take his place. Allow me—" He stooped toward her satchel.

"Unable to come—is he ill?" pursued the girl, without moving.

"Oh, no," explained Palmerston, hastily; "he is quite well. It was something else—some matter of business."

"Business!" repeated the young woman, with ineffable scorn.

She turned and walked rapidly toward the buggy. Palmerston followed with her satchel. She gave him a preoccupied "Thank you" as he assisted her to a seat and shielded her dress with the shabby robe.

"Do you know anything about this business of my father's?" she asked as they drove away.

"Very little; it is between him and Mr. Dysart, with whom I am boarding. Mr. Dysart has mentioned it to me." The young man spoke with evident reluctance. His companion turned her clear, untrammelled gaze upon him.

"You need n't be afraid to say what you think. Of course it is all nonsense," she said bitterly.

Palmerston colored under her intent gaze, and smiled faintly.

"I have said what I think to Mr. Dysart. Don't you really mean that I need not be afraid to say what *you* think?"

She was still looking at him, or rather at the place where he was. She turned a little more when he spoke, and regarded him as if he had suddenly materialized.

"I think it is all nonsense," she said gravely, as if she were answering a question. Then she turned away again and knitted her brows. Palmerston glanced covertly now and then at her profile, unwillingly aware of its beauty. She was handsome, strikingly, distinguishedly handsome, he said to himself; but there was something lacking. It must be femininity, since he felt the lack and was masculine. He smiled to think how much alike they must appear—he and this very gentlemanly young woman beside him. He thought of her soft felt hat and the cut of her dark-blue coat, and there arose in him a rigidly subdued impulse to offer her a cigar, to ask her if she had a daily paper about her, to—She turned upon him suddenly, her eyes full of tears.

"I am crying!" she exclaimed angrily. "How unspeakably silly!"

Palmerston's heart stopped with that nameless terror which the actual man always experiences when confronted by this phase of the ideal woman. He had been so serene, so comfortable, under the unexpected that there flashed into his mind a vague sense of injury that she should surprise him in this way with the expected. It was inconsiderate, inexcusable; then, with an inconsistency worthy of a better sex, he groped after an excuse for the inexcusable.

"You are very nervous—your journey has tired you—you are not strong," he pleaded.

"I am *not* nervous," insisted the young woman, indignantly. "I have no nerves—I detest them. And I am quite as strong as you are." The young fellow winced. "It is not that. It is only because I cannot have my own way. I cannot make people do as I wish." She spoke with a heat that seemed to dry her tears.

Palmerston sank back and let the case

go by default. "If you like that view of it better—"

"I like the truth," the girl broke in vehemently. "I am so tired of talk! Why

"but it would be honest, and we might learn to like it. Besides, the truth is not always disagreeable."

"Would n't the monotony of candor appal us?" urged Palmerston. "Is n't it possible that our deceptions are all the individuality we have?"

"Heaven forbid!" said his companion, curtly.

They drove on without speaking. The young man was obstinately averse to breaking the silence, which, nevertheless, annoyed him. He had a theory that feminine chatter was disagreeable. Just why he should feel aggrieved that this particular young woman did not talk to him he could not say. No doubt he would have resented with high disdain the suggestion that his vanity had been covertly feeding for years upon the anxiety of young women to make talk for his diversion.

"Do you think my father has closed his agreement with this man of whom you were speaking—this Mr. Dysart?" asked Miss Brownell, returning to the subject as if they had never left it.

"I am very certain he has not; at least, he had not this morning," rejoined Palmerston.

"I wish it might be prevented," she said earnestly, with a note of appeal.

"I have talked with Dysart, but my arguments fail to impress him; perhaps you may be more successful."

Palmerston was aware of responding to her tone rather than to her words. The girl shook her head.

"I can do nothing. People who have only common sense are at a terrible disadvantage when it comes to argument. I know it is all nonsense; but a great many people seem to prefer nonsense. I believe my father would die if he were reduced to bare facts."

"There is something in that," laughed Palmerston. "A theory makes a very comfortable mental garment, if it is roomy enough."

The young woman turned and glanced at him curiously, as if she could not divine what he was laughing at.

"They are like children—such people. My father is like a child. He does not live in the world; he cannot defend himself."

Palmerston's skepticism rushed into his face. The girl looked at him, and the color mounted to her forehead.



Drawn by Mary Hallock Foote. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"SHE TURNED AND WALKED RAPIDLY
TOWARD THE BUGGY"

must we always cover up the facts with a lot of platitudes?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Palmerston, lightly. "I suppose there ought to be a skeleton of truth under all we say, but one does n't need to rattle his bones to prove that he has them."

The girl laughed. Palmerston caught a glimpse of something reassuring in her laugh.

"It might not be cheerful," she admitted,

"You do not believe in him!" she broke out. "It cannot be—you cannot think—you do not know him!"

"I know very little of your father's theories, Miss Brownell," protested Palmerston. "You cannot blame me if I question them; you seem to question them yourself."

"His theories—I loathe them!" She spoke with angry emphasis. "It is not that; it is himself. I cannot bear to think that you—that any one—"

"Pardon me," interrupted Palmerston; "we were speaking of his theories. I have no desire to discuss your father."

He knew his tone was resentful. He found himself wondering whether it was an excess of egotism or of humility that made her ignore his personality.

"Why should we not discuss him?" she asked, turning her straightforward eyes upon him.

"Because"—Palmerston broke into an impatient laugh—"because we are not disembodied spirits; at least, I am not."

The girl gave him a look of puzzled incomprehension, and turned back to her own thoughts. That they were troubled thoughts her face gave abundant evidence. Palmerston waited, curiously eager for some manifestation of social grace, some comment on the scenery which should lead by the winding path of young-ladyism to the Mecca of her personal tastes and preferences; should unveil that sacred estimate of herself which she so gladly shared with others, but which others too often failed to share with her.

"I wish you would tell me all you know about it," she said presently, "this proposition my father has made. He writes me very indefinitely, and sometimes it is hard for me to learn, even when I am with him, just what he is doing. He forgets that he has not told me."

The young man hesitated, weighing the difficulties that would beset him if he should attempt to explain his hesitation, seeing also the more tangible difficulties of evasion if she should turn her clear eyes upon him. It would be better for Dysart if she knew, he said to himself. They had made no secret of the transaction, and sooner or later she must hear of it from others, if not from her father. He yielded to the infection of her candor, and told her what she asked. She listened with knitted brows and an introspective glance.

"Mr. Dysart might lose his work," she commented tentatively.

Palmerston was silent.

The girl turned abruptly. "Could he lose anything else?" The color swept across her face, and her voice had a half-pathetic menace in it.

"Every business arrangement is uncertain, contains a possibility of loss."

Palmerston was defiantly aware that he had not answered her question. He emphasized his defiance by jerking the reins.

"Don't!" said the girl, reproachfully. "I think his mouth is tender."

"You like horses?" inquired the young man, with a sensation of relief.

She shook her head. "No; I think not. I never notice them except when they seem uncomfortable."

"But if you did not like them you would not care."

"Oh, yes, I should. I don't like to see anything uncomfortable."

Palmerston laughed. "You have made me very uncomfortable, and you do not seem to mind. I must conclude that you have not noticed it, and that conclusion hurts my vanity."

The young woman did not turn her head.

"I try to be candid," she said, "and I am always being misunderstood. I think I must be very stupid."

Her companion began to breathe more freely. She was going to talk of herself, after all. He was perfectly at home when it came to that.

"Not at all," he said graciously; "you only make the rest of us appear stupid. We are at a disadvantage when we get what we do not expect, and none of us expect candor."

"But if we tell the truth ourselves, I don't see why we should not expect it from others."

"Oh, yes, if we ourselves tell the truth."

"I think you have been telling me the truth," she said, turning her steadfast eyes upon him.

"Thank you," said Palmerston, lightly. "I hope my evident desire for approval does not suggest a sense of novelty in my position."

Miss Brownell smiled indulgently, and then knitted her brows. "I am glad you have told me," she said; "I may not be able to help it, but it is better for me to know."

They were nearing the Dysart house, and Palmerston remembered that he had no definite instruction concerning the newcomer's destination.

"I think I will take her directly to her father's tent," he reflected, "and let Mrs. Dysart plan her own attack upon the social situation."

When he had done this and returned to his boarding-place, there was a warmth in the greeting of his worthy hostess which suggested a sense of his recent escape from personal danger.

"I'm real glad to see you safe home, Mr. Palmerston," she said amply. "I don't wonder you look fagged; the ride through the dust was hard enough without having all sorts of other things to hatchel you. I do hope you won't have that same kind of a phthisicky ketch in your breath that you had the other night after you overdone. I think it was mostly nervousness, and, dear knows, you've had enough to make you nervous to-day. I told Jawn after you was gone that I'd hate to be answerable for the consequences."

Two days later John Dysart came into Palmerston's tent and drew a camp-stool close to the young man's side.

"I'm in a kind of a fix," he said, seating himself and fastening his eyes on the floor with an air of profound self-commissioner. "You see, this girl of Brownell's she came up where I was mending the flume yesterday, and we got right well acquainted. She seems friendly. She took off her coat and laid it on a boulder, and we set down there in our shirt-sleeves and had quite a talk. I think she means all right, but she's visionary. I can't understand it, living with a practical man like the professor. But you can't always tell. Now, there's Emmeline. Emmeline means well, but she lets her prejudices run away with her judgment. I guess women generally do. But, someway, this girl rather surprised me. When I first saw her I thought she looked kind of reasonable; maybe it was her cravat—I don't know."

John shook his head in a baffled way. He had taken off his hat, and the handkerchief which he had spread over his bald crown to protect it from the flies drooped pathetically about his honest face.

"What did Miss Brownell say?" asked Palmerston, flushing a little.

John looked at him absently from under

his highly colored awning. "The girl? Oh, she don't understand. She wanted me to be careful. I told her I'd been careful all my life, and I was n't likely to rush into anything now. She thinks her father's 'most too sanguine about the water, but she does n't understand the machine—I could see that. She said she was afraid I'd lose something, and she wants me to back out right now. I'm sure I don't know what to do. I want to treat everybody right."

"Including yourself, I hope," suggested Palmerston.

"Yes, of course. I don't feel quite able to give up all my prospects just for a notion; and yet I want to do the square thing by Emmeline. It's queer about women—especially Emmeline. I've often thought if there was only men it would be easier to make up your mind; but still, I suppose we'd ought n't to feel that way. They don't mean any harm."

John drew the protecting drapery from his head, and lashed his bald crown with it softly, as if in punishment for his seeming disloyalty.

"You could withdraw from the contract now without any great loss to Mr. Brownell," suggested Palmerston.

John looked at him blankly. "Why, of course he would n't lose anything; I'd be the loser. But I have n't any notion of doing that. I'm only wondering whether I ought to tell Emmeline about the girl. You see, Emmeline's kind of impulsive, and she's took a dead set against the girl because, you see, she thinks,"—John leaned forward confidentially and shut one eye, as if he were squinting along his recital to see that it was in line with the facts,—"*you see, she thinks—well, I don't know as I'd ought to take it on myself to say just what Emmeline thinks, but I think she thinks—well, I don't know as I'd ought to say what I think she thinks, either; but you'd understand if you'd been married.*"

"Oh, I can understand," asserted the young man. "Mrs. Dysart's position is very natural. But I think you should tell her what Miss Brownell advises. There is no other woman near, and it will prove very uncomfortable for the young lady if your wife remains unfriendly toward her. You certainly don't want to be unjust, Dysart."

John shook his head dolorously over this extension of his moral obligations.

"No," he declared valiantly; "I want to be square with everybody; but I don't want to prejudice Emmeline against the professor, and I'm afraid this would. You see, Emmeline's this way—well, I don't know as I'd ought to say just how Emmeline is, but you know she's an *awful good woman!*"

John leaned forward and gave the last three words a slow funereal emphasis which threatened his companion's gravity.

"Oh, I know," Palmerston broke out quickly; "Mrs. Dysart's a good woman, and she's a very smart woman, too; she has good ideas."

"Yes, yes; Emmeline's smart," John made haste to acquiesce; "she's smart as far as she knows, but when she don't quite understand, then she's prejudiced. I guess women's generally prejudiced about machinery; they can't be expected to see into it; but still, if you think I'd ought to tell her what this Brownell girl says, why, I'm a-going to do it."

John got up with the air of a man harassed but determined, and went out of the tent.

The next afternoon Mrs. Dysart put on her beaded dolman and her best bonnet, and panted through the tar-weed to call upon her new neighbor. Palmerston watched the good woman's departure, and awaited her return, taunting himself remorselessly meanwhile for the curiosity which prompted him to place a decoy-chair near his tent door, and exulting shamefacedly at the success of his ruse when she sank into it with the interrogative glance with which fat people always commit themselves to furniture.

"Well, I've been to see her, and I must say, for a girl that's never found grace, she's about the straightforwardest person I ever came across. I know I was prejudiced." Mrs. Dysart took off her bonnet, a sacred edifice constructed of cotton velvet, frowzy feathers, and red-glass currants, and gazed at it penitentially. "That father of hers is enough to prejudice a saint. But the girl ain't to blame. I think she must have had a prayin' mother, though she says she does n't remember anything about her exceptin' her clothes, which does sound worldly."

Mrs. Dysart straightened out the varnished muslin leaves of her horticultural head-gear, and held the entire structure at

arm's-length with a sigh of gratified sense and troubled spirit.

"I invited her to come to the mothers' meetin' down at Mrs. Stearns's in the wash with me next Thursday afternoon, and I'm goin' to have her over to dinner some day when the old professor's off on a tramp. I try to have Christian grace, but I can't quite go him, though I would like to see the girl brought into the fold."

Palmerston remembered the steadfast eyes of the wanderer, and wondered how they had met all this. His companion replaced the bonnet on her head, where it lurched a little, by reason of insufficient skewering, as she got up.

"Then you were pleased with Miss Brownell?" the young man broke out, rather senselessly, he knew—aware, all at once, of a desire to hear more.

Mrs. Dysart did not sit down.

"Yes," she said judicially; "for a girl without any bringin' up, and with no religious infloences, and no mother and no father to speak of, I think she's full as good as some that's had more chances. I've got to go and start a fire now," she went on, with an air of willingness but inability to continue the subject. "There's Jawn comin' after the milk-pail; I do wish he could be brought to listen to reason."

Palmerston watched the good woman as she labored down the path, her dusty skirts drawn close about her substantial ankles, and the beaded dolman glittering unfeelingly in the sun.

"I hope she has a sense of humor," he said to himself. Then he got up hastily, went into the tent, and brought out a letter, which he read carefully from the beginning to the signature scribbled in the upper corner of the first page—"Your own Bess." After that he sat quite still, letting his glance play with the mists of the valley, until Mrs. Dysart rang the supper-bell.

"If she has a sense of humor, how much she must enjoy her!" he said to himself, with the confusion of pronouns we all allow ourselves and view with such scorn in others.

WHEN a man first awakes to the fact that he is thinking of the wrong woman, it is always with a comfortable sense of certainty that he can change his attitude of mind by a slight effort of the will. If he does not make the effort, it is only because

he is long past the necessity of demonstrating himself to himself, and not from any fickleness of fancy on his own part. It was in this comfortable state of certainty that Sidney Palmerston betook himself, a few days later, to the Brownell tent, armed with a photograph which might have been marked "Exhibit A" in the case which he was trying with himself before his own conscience. If there was in his determination to place himself right with Miss Brownell any trace of solicitude for the young woman, to the credit of his modesty be it said, he had not formulated it. Perhaps there was. A belief in the general overripeness of feminine affection, and a discreet avoidance of shaking the tree upon which it grows, have in some way become a part of masculine morals, and Sidney Palmerston was still young enough to take himself seriously.

Miss Brownell had moved a table outside the tent, and was bending over a map fastened to it by thumb-tacks.

"I am trying to find out what my father is doing," she said, looking straight into Palmerston's eyes without a word of greeting. "I suppose you know they are about to begin work on the tunnel."

The young man was beginning to be a trifle tired of the tunnel. "Dysart mentioned it yesterday," he said. "May I sit down, Miss Brownell?"

She gave a little start, and went into the tent for another chair. When she reappeared, Palmerston met her at the tent door and took the camp-chair from her hand.

"I want to sit here," he said wilfully, turning his back toward the table. "I don't want to talk about the tunnel; I want to turn the conversation upon agreeable things—myself, for instance."

She frowned upon him smilingly, and put her hand to her cheek with a puzzled gesture.

"Have I talked too much about the tunnel?" she asked. "I thought something might be done to stop it."

Palmerston shook his head. "You have done everything in your power. Dysart has been fairly warned. Besides, who knows?" he added rather flippantly. "They may strike a hundred inches of water, as your father predicts."

"I have not been objecting merely to rid myself of responsibility; I have never

felt any. I only wanted—I hoped—" She stopped, aware of the unresponsive chill that always came at mention of her father. "I *know* he is honest."

"Of course," protested Palmerston, with artificial warmth; "and, really, I think the place for the work is well selected. I am not much of an engineer, but I went up the other day and looked about, and there are certainly indications of water. I—" He stopped suddenly, aware of his mistake.

The girl had not noticed it. "I wish I could make people over," she said, curling her fingers about her thumb, and striking the arm of her chair with the soft side of the resultant fist, after the manner of women.

Her companion laughed.

"Not every person, I hope; not this one, at least." He drew the photograph from his breast pocket and held it toward her. She took it from him, and looked at it absently an instant.

"What a pretty girl!" she said, handing it back to him. "Your sister?"

The young man flushed. "No; my fiancée."

She held out her hand and took the card again, looking at it with fresh eyes.

"A *very* pretty girl," she said. "What is her name?"

"Elizabeth Arnold."

"Where does she live?"

Palmerston mentioned a village in Michigan. His companion gave another glance at the picture, and laid it upon the arm of the chair. The young man rescued it from her indifference with a little irritable jerk. She was gazing unconsciously toward the horizon.

"Don't you intend to congratulate me?" he inquired with a nettled laugh.

She turned quickly, flushing to her forehead. "Pardon me. I said she was very pretty—I thought young men found that quite sufficient. I have never heard them talk much of girls in any other way. But perhaps I should have told you: I care very little about photographs, especially of women. They never look like them. They always make me think of paper dolls."

She halted between her sentences with an ungirlish embarrassment which Palmerston was beginning to find dangerously attractive.

"But the women themselves—you find them interesting?"

"Oh, yes; some of them. Mrs. Dysart, for instance. As soon as she learned I had no mother, she invited me to a mothers' meeting. I thought that very interesting."

"Very sensible, too. They are mostly childless mothers, and a sprinkling of motherless children will add zest to the assemblage."

They both laughed, and the young man's laugh ended in a cough. The girl glanced uneasily toward the bank of fog that was sweeping across the valley.

"Mr. Palmerston," she said, "the fog is driving in very fast, and it is growing quite damp and chilly. I think you ought to go home. Wait a minute," she added, hurrying into the tent and returning with a soft gray shawl. "I am afraid you will be cold; let me put this about your shoulders."

She threw it around him and pinned it under his chin, standing in front of him with her forehead on a level with his lips.

"Now hurry!"

A man does not submit to the humiliation of having a shawl pinned about his shoulders without questioning his own sanity, and some consciousness of this fact forced itself upon Palmerston as he made his way along the narrow path through the greasewood. He had removed the obnoxious drapery, of course, and was vindicating his masculinity by becoming very cold and damp in the clammy folds of the fog which had overtaken him; but the shawl hung upon his arm and reminded him of many things—not altogether unpleasant things, he would have been obliged to confess if he had not been busy assuring himself that he had no confession to make. He had done his duty, he said to himself; but there was something else which he did not dare to say even to himself—something which made him dissatisfied with his duty now that it was done. Of course he did not expect her to care about his engagement, but she should have been sympathetic; well-bred women were always sympathetic, he argued, arriving at his conclusion by an unanswerable transposition of adjectives. He turned his light coat-collar up about his throat, and the shawl on his arm brushed his cheek warmly. No man is altogether color-blind to the danger-signals of his own nature. Did he really want her to care, after all? he asked himself angrily. He might have spared himself the trouble of telling her. She was absorbed in herself,

or, what was the same, in that unsavory fraud whom she called father. The young man unfastened the flap of his tent nervously, and took himself in out of the drenching mist, which seemed in some way to have got into his brain. He was angry with himself for his interest in these people, as he styled them in his lofty self-abasement. They were ungrateful, unworthy. His eye fell upon two letters propped up on his table in a manner so conspicuous as to suggest a knowledge of his preoccupation—as if some one were calling him out of his reverie in an offensively loud voice. He turned the address downward, and busied himself in putting to rights the articles which John had piled up to attract his tardy notice. He would read his letters, of course, but not in his present mood: that would be a species of sacrilege, he patronizingly informed his restive conscience.

And he did read them later, after he had carefully folded the gray shawl and placed it out of his range of vision—half a score of closely written pages filled with gentle girlish analysis of the writer's love and its unique manifestations, and ending with a tepid interest in the "queer people" among whom her lover's lot was cast. "It is very hard, my dear," she wrote, "to think of you in that lonely place, cut off from everybody and everything interesting; but we must bear it bravely, since it is to make you strong and well."

Palmerston held the letter in his hand, and looked steadily through the tent window across the sea of fog that had settled over the valley.

"After all, she is not selfish," he reflected; "she has nothing to gain by saving Dysart, except"—he smiled grimly—"her rascally father's good name."

THE rains were late, but they came at last, blowing in soft and warm from the southeast, washing the dust from the patient orange-trees and the dragged bananas, and luring countless green things out of the brown mold of the mesa into the winter sun. Birds fledged in the golden drought of summer went mad over the miracles of rain and grass, and riotously announced their discovery of a new heaven and a new earth to their elders. The leafless poinsettia flaunted its scarlet diadem at Palmerston's tent door, a monarch robbed of

all but his crown, and the acacias west of the Dysart dooryard burst into sunlit yellow in a night.

The rains had not been sufficient to stop work on the tunnel, and John watched its progress with the feverish eagerness of an inexperienced gambler. Now that it was fairly under way, Brownell seemed to lose interest in the result, and wandered, satchel in hand, over the mountain-side, leaving fragments of his linen duster on the thorny chaparral, and devising new schemes for the enrichment of the valley, to which his daughter listened at night in skeptical silence. Now and then his voice fell from some overhanging crag in a torrent of religious rapture, penetrating the cabin walls and trying Mrs. Dysart's pious soul beyond endurance.

"Now listen to that, Emmeline!" said John, exultantly, during one of these vocal inundations. "He's a-singin' the doxology. Now I believe he's a Christian."

Mrs. Dysart averted her face with a sigh of long-suffering patience.

"Singin' is the easiest part of the Christian religion, Jawn. As for that,"—she jerked her head toward the source of vocal supply,—"*'it's soundin' brass; that's what I'd say if I was settin' in judgment, which I thank our heavenly Fawther I'm not.'*"

"Well, there goes Mr. Palmerston and the girl, anyway," said John, with eager irrelevance; "they seem to be gettin' pretty thick."

Mrs. Dysart moved toward the open window with piously restrained curiosity.

"I'm sorry for that girl," she said; "she's got one man more 'n she can manage now, without tacklin' another."

"Oh, well, now, Emmeline, young folks will be young folks, you know." There was in John's voice something dangerously near satisfaction with this well-known peculiarity of youth.

"Yes; and they'll be old folks, too, which most of 'em seems to forget," returned Mrs. Dysart, sending a pessimistic glance after the retreating couple.

Mrs. Dysart was right. Sidney Palmerston and his companion were not thinking of old age that winter day. The mesa stretched a mass of purple lupine at their feet. There was the odor of spring, the warmth of summer, the languor of autumn, in the air. As they neared the cañon the path grew narrow, and the girl walked

ahead, turning now and then, and blocking the way, in the earnestness of her speech. They had long since ceased to talk of the tunnel; Sidney had ceased even to think of it. For weeks he had hardly dared to think at all. There had been at first the keen sense of disappointment in himself which comes to every confident soul as it learns the limitations of its own will; then the determination, so easy to youth's foreshortening view, to keep the letter of his promise and bury the spirit out of his own sight and the sight of the world forever; then the self-pity and the pleading with fate for a little happiness as an advance deposit on the promise of lifelong self-sacrifice; then the perfumed days when thought was lulled and duty became a memory and a hope. Strangely enough, it was always duty, this unholy thing which he meant to do—this payment of a debt in base metal, when the pure gold of love had been promised. But ethics counted for little to-day as he followed a figure clad in blue serge down the path that led from the edge of the cañon to the bed of the stream. Budding willows made a green mist in the depths below them, and the sweet, tarry odors of the upland blew across the tops of the sycamores in the cañon and mingled with the smell of damp leaf-mold and the freshness of growing things.

The girl paused and peered down into the cañon inquiringly.

"Do you think of leaping?" asked Palmerston.

She smiled seriously, still looking down. "No; I was wondering if the rainfall had been as light in the mountains as it has been in the valley, and how the water-supply will hold out through the summer if we have no more."

Palmerston laughed. "Do you always think of practical things?" he asked.

She turned and confronted him with a half-defiant, half-whimsical smile.

"I do not think much about what I think," she said; "I am too busy thinking."

As she spoke she took a step backward and tripped upon some obstacle in the path.

Palmerston sprang forward and caught her upraised arm with both hands.

"I—I—love you!" he said eagerly, tightening his grasp, and then loosening it, and falling back with the startled air of one who hears a voice when he thinks himself alone.

The young woman let her arm fall at her side, and stood still an instant, looking at him with untranslatable eyes.

"You love me?" she repeated with slow questioning. "How can you?"

Palmerston smiled rather miserably. "Far more easily than I can explain why I have told you," he answered.

"If it is true, why should you not tell me?" she asked, still looking at him steadily.

Evasion seemed a drapery of lies before her gaze. Palmerston spoke the naked truth:

"Because I cannot ask you to love me in return—because I have promised to marry another woman, and I must keep my promise."

He made the last avowal with the bitter triumph of one who chooses death where he might easily have chosen dishonor.

His listener turned away a little, and looked through the green haze of the cañon at the snow of San Antonio.

"You say that you love me, and yet you intend to marry this other girl, who loves you, and live a lie?" she asked without looking at him.

"My God! but you make it hard!" groaned Palmerston.

She faced about haughtily.

"I make it hard!" she exclaimed. "I have been afraid of you—not for myself,

but for—for others, about something in which one might be mistaken. And you come to me and tell me this! You would cheat a woman out of her life, a girl who loves you—who promised to marry you because you told her you loved her; who no doubt learned to love you because of your love for her. And this is what men call honor! Do you know what I intend to do? I intend to write to this girl and tell her what you have told me. Then she may marry you if she wishes. But she shall know. You shall not feed her on husks all her life, if I can help it. And because I intend to do this, even if—I loved you, I could never see you again!"

Palmerston knew that he stood aside to let her pass and walk rapidly out of the cañon.

The call of insects and the twitter of linnets seemed to deepen into a roar. A faint "halloo" came from far up the mountain-side, and in the distance men's voices rang across the cañon.

A workman came running down the path, almost stumbling over Palmerston in his haste.

"Where 's the old man—where 's Dy-sart?" he panted, wiping his forehead with his sleeve. "We 've struck a flow that 's washing us into the middle of next week. The old professor made a blamed good guess this time, sure."



LIFE AND DEATH

BY CHARLOTTE FISKE BATES

WHAT man hath looked on either? Yet the twain
Are known to all, through mysteries they do.
A breathing in—a breathing out again:
We *know* no more, and no man ever knew.

"Shadow of God," the Hindu once named Death;
And that it must be, for we feel the night
Wherever he withdraws a human breath;
And where Life brings one, we can feel the Light!

MODERN MUSICAL CELEBRITIES

BY HERMANN KLEIN

I. PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF VERDI, WAGNER, GOUNOD, LISZT, AND TSCHAIKOWSKY

THE present paper is the first of several selected from Mr. Hermann Klein's reminiscences of his thirty years' experiences as a London musical critic, in which position it was his good fortune to meet nearly all the figures prominent in the musical world since 1870. Later papers will treat of other famous singers (among them Mme. Adelina Patti and M. Jean de Reszke), and of the late Sir Augustus Harris and his distinguished services to opera. An interesting feature of the present paper is that it describes a personal meeting with each of the five composers on the occasion of their last visit to London.

EDITOR.

IN May, 1876, I saw Verdi conduct his Manzoni "Requiem" at the Royal Albert Hall. This was generally supposed to be his third visit to London, the previous occasions being when he came over, in 1847, for the production of the opera "I Masnadieri," which he wrote expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre; and again, in 1862 (the Exhibition year), when his "Inno delle Nazioni" was performed at the same theater. But, according to his intimate friend Mr. Randegger, the maestro also ran over from Paris one summer, without letting any one into the secret, for the purpose of hearing for himself what the world-famous Handel Festival was like. Mr. Randegger has told me that his surprise was indescribable when he came across Verdi at the Crystal Palace, with a score of "Israel in Egypt" tucked under his arm. He insisted, however, upon his presence being kept unknown, and seems to have returned to Paris as mysteriously as he came.

At the period of the "Requiem" visit there happened to be residing in London an elderly Italian musician named Deliguoro, upon whom Fortune had not smiled very kindly, and who frequently enjoyed the hospitality of my parents' house. An admirable contrapuntist, stuffed full of musical learning, he had the technic of

composition at his fingers' ends; but of individual or fresh ideas his brain was utterly devoid. Like most disappointed geniuses, he was unable to perceive his own lack of originality. Once he played me a melody in mazurka rhythm,—a commonplace Neapolitan tune enough,—which he fondly regarded as an inspiration; and I shall never forget the old gentleman's horror when, a day or two afterward, he caught me strumming his piece by ear upon the piano. I had to swear by all his own particular saints that I would never even hum his tune again. "Some one would be sure to steal it." He was utterly oblivious to the fact that he had virtually stolen it himself.

The announcement of Verdi's coming was a great event for Deliguoro, inasmuch as the master and he had been fellow-students at Milan, under Lavigna (1831-1833). This was just after the preposterous refusal of the authorities of the Milan Conservatory to admit Verdi as a pupil at that institution because they thought he did not display sufficient promise of talent. Deliguoro's delight at the prospect of meeting his old friend knew no bounds. He had not seen him for quite thirty years. "Giuseppe and I were like brothers. We ate, drank, and worked together the whole of the time. His harmony exercises always

had more mistakes than mine, and he could never master the art of writing a really good fugue. I wonder whether he has dared to put one into his 'Requiem.' We shall see; for I am going to write and ask him for a ticket to hear it."

In due course tickets arrived for the rehearsal and the concert, and Deliguoro showed them to me with the utmost pride. Most of the distinguished musical folk in London were present at the "grand rehearsal"; and yet the vast auditorium, capable of holding ten thousand persons comfortably, looked comparatively deserted. I sat with Deliguoro not far from the orchestra. He was so excited that I had the utmost difficulty in restraining him from climbing over the barrier and taking Verdi in his arms there and then. Nor were my own feelings altogether calm as I gazed for the first time upon the man who had composed the "Traviata," "Rigoletto," and "Aïda." He was then sixty-three years of age, and his closely cut beard was fast turning gray; but he was as active and robust as a youth, his eyes were keen and bright, and his clear, penetrating voice, when he addressed the choir (in French or Italian, I forget which), could be heard all over the hall.

At the end of the fugal chorus "Quam olim Abrahae" (which my neighbor declared to be more scholarly than anything he had anticipated), Verdi came round to speak to his friends among the select audience, and before long I could see that he was staring in an uncertain way at Deliguoro. Then, all of a sudden, he appeared to make up his mind, and took a bee-line over the stall chairs to the spot where we were standing. "Tu sei Deliguoro, non è ver?" exclaimed the maestro. "Si, si, son Deliguoro," replied his old friend, his eyes brimming over with tears. And then followed a long and close embrace that I thought would never end. It would be hard to say which of the two former classmates evinced the fuller measure of joy.

But in the midst of the excitement I was not forgotten. Deliguoro presented me to Verdi as "the son of the best friends he had in London, and a youthful but modest

musical critic." I added that I had been indebted to Signor Deliguoro for much good teaching and advice in the study of the art. "And you could not do better," said Verdi, in French, as he shook me by the hand. "Deliguoro is not only a Colossus of counterpoint, but he has a great heart, and I feel personally grateful to any one who is kind to him."

Nor did the great man, who was the soul of generosity, forget his own duty in the matter; for, prior to leaving London, he sent a substantial money gift to the less fortunate friend of his youth, who was destined to survive only a year or two longer.

Surely none who heard that magnificent performance of the Manzoni "Requiem" can have ever forgotten the combined effect of the beautiful music, the superb singing of the Albert Hall choir (trained by Barnby), the wonderful voices of the soloists, and, pervading all, the subtle magnetic influence induced by the presence and personal guidance of the composer. The solo artists included three members of the original quartet, namely, Mme. Stolz, Mme. Waldmann, and Signor Masini. All possessed noble voices, and the famous tenor, who has never been heard in opera in England, was then quite at his best. But the undoubted gem of the whole performance was the "Agnus Dei," with its octave unison phrases for the two women's voices, sung by Stolz and Waldmann with a delicacy and charm of simply ethereal loveliness. Nor shall I forget the pains that Verdi took at rehearsal to obtain from his chorus and orchestra of eight hundred a pianissimo fitting in proportion to the exquisite tone of these singers.

Just a year later Richard Wagner came to London to take part in the series of Wagner Festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, which had been arranged with a view to paying off the debt on the new theater at Bayreuth.¹ The events of this visit are briefly narrated in "Grove" by Mr. Edward Dannreuther, at whose house in Bayswater Wagner stayed from April 30 to June 4. Evidently, however, Mr. Dannreuther

¹ It will be remembered that there was a deficit of something like 140,000 marks (\$35,000) after the opening season of 1876, when "Der Ring des Nibelungen" was performed for the first time in its entirety. London, however, did little toward liquidating this debt. It was ultimately paid off with the gross receipts of some cycles of "The Ring" at Munich, for which the performers all gave their services gratuitously.

had no desire to dwell in detail upon the incidents of this London episode. He was even a trifle ashamed that his name should have been associated with it in Glasenapp's biography of Wagner "and elsewhere"; and he expressly states that he "had *nothing whatever* to do with the planning of the 'festival,' nor with the business arrangements." All he did was to "attend to the completion of the orchestra with regard to the 'extra' wind-instruments, and at Wagner's request to conduct the preliminary rehearsals."

No doubt such was the case. But thus to disclaim all connection with the enterprise has always sounded to me rather like a slur upon the good intentions of those whose devotion to Wagner's cause had led to the inception and organization of this affair. That Wagner himself was annoyed at certain things which occurred, and that he went away, on the whole, extremely disappointed, may be safely assumed, if only from what was subsequently said by his native champions of the press in Bavaria and elsewhere. A great many of those statements, however, were either untrue or grossly exaggerated. The true facts have never been related, and as I happened to be behind the scenes more or less throughout the Wagner Festival of 1877, it may be interesting to my readers if I now endeavor, as concisely as possible, to tell the story.

To make matters clear, I must premise that the adversaries and supporters of Wagnerian art in London were then ranged in three distinct camps. There were, first, those who refused to accept his music under any conditions; secondly, those who would accept all he had written down to "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin"; and, thirdly, those who worshiped both at the temple and from afar, accepting and rejoicing in everything. The first of these sections was gradually dying out, or being absorbed by the second, as the beauty of Wagner's operas slowly but surely forced its way into the heart and understanding of the people. The prejudice against the later works still prevailed, however, and to such an extent that no London impresario yet

dreamed of mounting "Tristan," or "Die Walküre," or "Die Meistersinger," despite the success those works were then meeting with in many Continental cities. All one could say was that musicians were beginning to display an interest in the preludes and excerpts occasionally performed in the concert-room; while, as a matter of course, the London Wagner Society was constantly growing in numbers and strength, and working a steady propaganda in behalf of the cause.

Among the most popular artists appearing in England at that time was the eminent violinist August Wilhelmj, who was one of Wagner's most ardent disciples and the leader of the first Bayreuth orchestra. He was pretty accurately acquainted with the state of affairs, and he it was who originally conceived the idea of inviting Wagner to conduct a series of concerts upon a festival scale in the British capital. He broached the subject during the autumn of 1876, and at first, I believe, Wagner was utterly disinclined to consider the proposition. Twice already had the master been in England, once in the summer of 1839,¹ and again in 1855, when for a single season he took the baton laid down by Costa as conductor of the Philharmonic Society. His recollections of this second visit cannot have been wholly pleasant; but Wilhelmj showed him how completely the aspect of things had changed, and argued that there was now an immense curiosity to see him, as well as to hear more of his music. Besides, six concerts at the Albert Hall would assuredly result in a net profit of as many thousand pounds. The temptation was too strong to be resisted; Wagner ultimately decided to go.

Wilhelmj, delighted at having secured the master's promise, at once set about finding a responsible manager who would undertake the arrangements and advance the necessary capital for the preliminary outlay. Herein lay the initial mistake. Instead of employing some well-known concert agent, the violinist placed the whole business in the hands of a very respectable but entirely inexperienced firm named Hodge & Essex, London agents for certain

¹ He then stayed only eight days, and lodged, together with his wife, at a boarding-house (since pulled down) in Compton street, Soho. This short visit Wagner made en route for Paris, but he also stopped at Boulogne, where he made the acquaintance of Meyerbeer, and obtained from him the introductions which gave rise to Heine's oft-quoted remark: "Do you know what makes me suspicious of this young man? It is that Meyerbeer recommends him."

American organs, whose place of business was at the Hengler Circus building in Argyll street. I will not deny that Messrs. Hodge & Essex worked hard and did their best; but, unfortunately, both they and Herr Wilhelmj were far too lavish in their expenditure. They engaged Materna and the pick of the Bayreuth artists at big prices. The orchestra, with Wilhelmj as leader, was nearly two hundred strong. The disbursements for advertising, printing, programs, etc., were enormous, and everything was done in the costliest fashion. All this might have been justified had the attendance at the festival reached the expected level; but the prices charged for seats were almost prohibitive, and the public refused to come in anything like the necessary numbers.

On the night after Wagner's arrival in London a dinner was given in his honor by Messrs. Hodge & Essex at their show-rooms in Argyll street. Only recognized friends of the "cause" were invited, and I had the honor of being among the number. Toasts were given and responded to, and Wagner made one of the characteristic little speeches for which he was famous. Late in the evening I was introduced to him. He asked me to sit beside him for a few minutes, and began by asking me in German how old I was.

"Nearly twenty-one," I replied.

"Why, you were not born when I was last here. I suppose you know, though, that your critics did not display any great affection for me then. Do you think they are better inclined toward me now?"

I answered that I fancied he would perceive an improved attitude all round.

"I hope so," said Wagner. "I know that some of my best and truest friends live in London, and sooner or later their influence must begin to tell."

I ventured to remark that I thought his music, in the long run, would suffice to accomplish the desired conversion. He turned his keen glance toward me for a moment, and paused as though wishing to read me through. The inspection appeared to be satisfactory, for a smile suffused his features as he replied:

"Yes; but here they still call it 'music of the future,' and in this land of oratorio, who knows how long they will take to get rid of their prejudices, unless the agitators keep stirring them up? Well, we shall see what happens next week."

Then he turned to speak to Wilhelmj, and the brief chat was at an end. I sat still, however, a minute or two longer, and watched with intense interest the play of facial expression, the eloquent curves of the mouth, the humorous light in the eyes, the quiet, subtle laugh, while he addressed in turn the various friends gathered about him. That evening Wagner was thoroughly happy. He felt himself in a congenial atmosphere, content with the present, and hopeful, nay, sanguine, of the morrow. I was glad to have seen him in that beatific mood, and not a little proud to have spoken with him. What a pity that he was not to bid his final farewell to England in an equally satisfied frame of mind!

The final rehearsal for the opening concert of the festival took place at the Albert Hall on May 5. Wagner had himself chosen the programs. He was to conduct each first part, consisting of selections out of all his operas, from "Rienzi" to "Tristan," while Hans Richter, who now made his first appearance in England, was to direct the excerpts from "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which formed each second part. Most of the preliminary work had been done under Mr. Dannreuther, in whom Wagner reposed great confidence. All that remained was to put on the finishing touches and for the composer-conductor to accustom himself to the vast auditorium and the huge crescent-shaped phalanx of orchestral players spread before him.

From the outset, as it seemed to me, he failed to place himself *en rapport* with either. The abnormal conditions appeared completely to upset him. In a word, he succumbed there and then to a severe attack of Albert Hall stage-fright, an illness familiar to nearly every artist on stepping for the first time upon the platform of that gigantic amphitheater.¹ However, after a glance of astonishment round the empty

¹ Another bad sufferer that day was Frau Materna. I was speaking to her in the artists' room just before she went on to rehearse, and she was positively trembling with excitement and fear

"lest she should be unable to make herself heard in such a huge place." I begged her to sing quite in her usual manner and, above all things, not to force her voice. She afterward thanked me, and said she had been simply amazed to find the hall so easy to sing in.

hall, and a few whispered words to Wilhelmj and a few more to Hans Richter (who, was posted beside the conductor's desk), the great man raised his baton and gave the signal for a start. The inaugural piece was the "Kaisermarsch," and it was well chosen for the purpose. Its pompous and sonorous strains, proceeding with stately, rhythmical movement throughout, were perfectly calculated to show off the imposing volume of the big orchestra in such a building as this. It gave no trouble, and the effect was superb; but unluckily, instead of imbuing Wagner with a little confidence, this preludial essay left him more palpably nervous than before.

The second piece on the list was the overture to "Der Fliegende Holländer." Here, I confess, I looked for something exceptional. I had always understood that Wagner was a fine conductor (at least of works with which he was in true sympathy), and I expected his reading of the "Dutchman" overture to be in the nature of a revelation. Imagine, then, my disappointment and sorrow when it resulted in a complete breakdown! Twice, nay, thrice, did Wagner make a fresh start, while Mr. Dannreuther and Mr. Deichmann, the faithful leader of the second violins, took in turn the task of translating his complaints and instructions to the orchestra. But it was of no avail. He utterly failed either to indicate or obtain what he wanted, and at last, in sheer despair, he threw down his stick and requested Richter to do the work for him. Well do I remember the sharp round of applause with which the band greeted the Viennese conductor as he mounted the rostrum. It was thoughtless, unkind if you will, for it must have smitten with unpleasant sound upon the ears of the sensitive composer; but the overture went without a hitch. It was played as I had never heard it played before.

After this Wagner decided that he would conduct only one or two pieces at each concert, leaving all the rest to Richter. But would the public be satisfied? They were paying to see Wagner as well as to hear his music. The matter was discussed, and it was suggested, as a compromise, that when he was not conducting he should sit upon the platform in an arm-chair facing the audience. This course was actually adopted. At each of the six concerts comprising the festival scheme, after he had

conducted the opening piece and acknowledged a magnificent reception, he sat down in his arm-chair and gazed at the assemblage before him with a Sphinx-like expression of countenance that I shall never forget. He must have felt as though he were being exhibited, like some strange, interesting animal, for all the world to stare at; and his sensations were doubtless in an equivalent degree unenviable.

Obviously it would have been unfair to estimate Wagner's ability as a conductor by what he did at these concerts. Yet I fear some of his critics were not wholly considerate in that respect, for the comments uttered in several quarters showed plainly that no allowances had been made. I quite agree with Mr. Dannreuther, therefore, when he says that "at the Albert Hall Wagner did not do himself justice. His strength was already on the wane. The rehearsals fatigued him, and he was frequently faint in the evening. His memory played him tricks, and his beat was nervous."

To make matters worse, it was quickly perceived that the festival was going to prove a financial failure. Nothing could have been more discouraging than the sight of numerous unoccupied boxes and stalls, and in the cheaper parts "a beggarly array of empty benches." It was determined, just in time, that a couple of extra concerts should be given at reduced prices, the artists and executants accepting half-salary, while all the "plums" of the festival were crowded into the two programs. This move retrieved the fortunes of the venture. A heavy loss was converted into a profit of seven hundred pounds, which sum was duly handed over to Wagner for his Bayreuth fund. But it was a miserable result in comparison with the expected thousands, and, notwithstanding the polite letters of thanks which he afterward wrote to his English friends, I have more than a lingering suspicion that he always looked back upon this eventful visit with mingled feelings of anger and regret.

IN the autumn of 1882 Gounod came to England to conduct the first performance of his fine sacred work "The Redemption." He was no stranger to London. One of the refugees of 1870, he had made a stay there of considerable duration, and among other pieces brought out his cantata

"Gallia," which he conducted at the opening of the Royal Albert Hall in 1871. Even previously to this, however, had he sketched his design for the work which he labeled "Opus vitæ meæ," and there is ample evidence that he spent from first to last upward of a dozen years upon the score of "The Redemption." Having arranged with Messrs. Novello & Co. for its publication (at the highest price ever paid at that time for an oratorio), Gounod arrived late in September to superintend the final rehearsals for its production at the Birmingham Festival. This was the last of the Midland gatherings over which Sir Michael Costa presided, and I owed to him the honor of a personal introduction to the composer of "Faust," who was then sixty-four years of age.

Gounod was one of the most fascinating men I have ever met. His manner had a charm that was irresistible, and his kindly eyes, as soft and melting as a woman's, would light up with a smile now tender, now humorous, that fixed itself ineffaceably upon the memory. He could speak English fairly well, but preferred his own language, in which he was a brilliant conversationalist; and he could use to advantage a fund of keen, ready wit. He was at this time influenced by a recrudescence of that religious mysticism which had strongly characterized his youthful career; but his tone, though earnest and thoughtful when he was dwelling upon his art, could brighten up with the lightness and gaiety of a true Parisian. He was rather upset, on the morning of the London band rehearsal at St. George's Hall, by the numerous mistakes in the parts, which led to frequent stoppages. The trouble reached a climax in the "March to Calvary," where, after about the ninth or tenth stop, Gounod turned to Costa and remarked:

"Seulement ici puis-je pardonner tous ces arrêts, puisqu'ils gâtent ma musique."

"Pourquoi cela?" inquired Sir Michael.

"Parce que," replied Gounod, "à ce point il y a douze 'stations,' et à chaque station il faut naturellement un arrêt."

After all the typographical and other errors had been rectified, the march was tried through again, and went so magnificently as to arouse the master's undisguised admiration, which deepened with astonish-

ment when Costa informed him that the instrumentalists had never seen a note of the music until that morning. He said to me later on: "They are wonderful readers, these English players. There is scarcely a mistake that is due to inaccurate deciphering of the notes. And what makes it even more remarkable is that my work is so full of awkward chromatic progressions."

I ventured to observe that since he was last in London our orchestras had been turning their attention somewhat extensively to Wagner.

Gounod retorted quickly: "Yes, I know that. But you will not tell me that Wagner's four semitones in 'Tristan,' or his slurred runs [*notes coulées*] in 'Tannhäuser,' require more delicate care than my 'framework of the augmented fifth.'"¹ I thought I detected a slight touch of scorn in his voice, and made no attempt to argue the point.

At that same rehearsal Gounod did an unusual amount of singing. The solo vocalists comprised what the new critic of the "Times," Dr. Francis Hueffer, was then fond of describing as the "representative English quartet"—Albani, Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Santley; nor have I forgotten how exquisitely William H. Cummings (now principal of the Guildhall School of Music, London) delivered the touching phrase allotted to the Penitent Thief. But, as a matter of fact, Gounod, with his sympathetic *voix de compositeur*, was singing more or less all through the rehearsal, wisely exercising his rare faculty for impressing his exact ideas upon the interpreters of his music. And what beautiful music it was! What a tremendous effect it created at Birmingham! So deeply was Gounod impressed by his triumph there that, long before "The Redemption" had been produced in Paris, he set about writing his second great sacred work, "Mors et Vita," for the Birmingham Festival of 1885. He was paid an even larger price for this than for its predecessor (I believe the exact sum was twenty thousand dollars), and he fully intended to come over to conduct it. In the meanwhile, however, an action had been brought against him in the English courts by Mrs. Weldon, and, inasmuch as he was mulcted in heavy damages, the composer deemed discretion to be "the

¹ An allusion to the peculiar harmonic structure which the composer had avowedly employed as the predominant feature of the accompanying chords in "The Redemption."

better part of valor," and stayed at home in Paris. He never ventured across the Channel again.

THERE was, for musical dwellers in London, something almost providential about the visit paid by Franz Liszt during the spring of 1886. He had not stood upon British soil for forty-five years. There seemed to be but the remotest likelihood that, at the age of seventy-five, he would ever trouble himself again to travel over land and sea to a country whose attitude toward him and his works had invariably been chilly and unsympathetic. But the persuasions of his pupil and protagonist Walter Bache, who worked so long and lovingly to obtain recognition and appreciation for his master's works, at last proved effectual. On the evening of April 3 he arrived. On the morning of the 20th he departed. Three months later, on the night of July 31, he died at Bayreuth of pneumonia, resulting from a bronchial cold, which he aggravated by attending one of the first performances of "Tristan and Isolde" given at his old friend's Bühnenfestspielhaus.

I was one of a party of guests invited to meet the Abbé Liszt on the night of Saturday, April 3, at Westwood House, Sydenham, where he was to be the guest of Mr. Henry Littleton (then head of the firm of Novello & Co.) during his stay in England. I went early, and was just in time to see him welcomed by his host after a fatiguing journey from Paris. He had been met at Dover by Mr. Alfred Littleton, the eldest son and present head of the house, who gave me an interesting account of the trip. There could be no doubt that Liszt was extremely dubious about our real feelings toward him. In fact, the position was very much akin to that in which Wagner had stood nine years before, only with the important difference that Wagner came "professionally," for the purpose of extracting British gold from British pockets, whereas Liszt came purely in a private capacity, to attend some performances of his works. He was simply nervous, therefore, lest, being no longer a public artist, he should be shining in the reflected light of his past glories as a virtuoso, amid an atmosphere that was uncongenial to him as a creative musician.

An hour after his arrival he entered the

vast oak-paneled apartment which had just been added as a music-room to Westwood House. It was crowded with all the musical notabilities then in London, every one of them anxious to gaze upon the visage of the man who was then perhaps the most interesting musical figure in the world. Dressed in his semi-priestly garb, the venerable abbé walked slowly down the steps leading to the floor of the room, and smiled graciously upon the groups that saluted him as he passed. He looked somewhat tired, and it was remarked by those who knew him that he had aged considerably during the last few years. Still, his yet bright eye, his yet brilliant powers of conversation, his yet industrious habits, precluded the smallest suspicion that the end was so near. His attention that evening was largely monopolized by old friends; but many new ones were brought to his notice, and I had the pleasure of being introduced with a kind word or two by the loyal and indefatigable Walter Bache, who, with others, took part in a program of his compositions.

Liszt himself did not then play, though, when spending other evenings quietly at home in the Littleton family circle, he almost always went to the piano of his own accord and enchanted them with some piece or improvisation of his own. Once he surprised them by extemporizing marvelously upon themes from his oratorio "St. Elizabeth," performances of which he attended both at St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace. The welcome he received everywhere exceeded in warmth and spontaneity the expectations of his most fanatical admirers. Still more did the scenes enacted during his stay astonish this most petted and fêted of septuagenarians, with whom—anywhere outside "cold, unmusical England"—such outbursts of enthusiasm had been the concomitants of a lifetime.

I first heard him play on April 6, when he went to the Royal Academy to hand over to the committee of management the sum of eleven hundred pounds, raised through the efforts of Walter Bache for the foundation of a "Liszt scholarship" at that institution. The howl of joy uttered by the students when he sat down to the piano was something to remember. It was followed by an intense silence. Then the aged but still nimble fingers ran lightly over the keys, and I was listening for the first time in my life

to Franz Liszt. To attempt to describe his playing, after the many well-known Weimar pupils and distinguished writers who have tried to accomplish that task, would be mere presumption on my part. Even at seventy-five Liszt was a pianist whose powers lay beyond the pale to which sober language or calm criticism could reach or be applied. Enough that its greatest charm seemed to me to lie in a perfectly divine touch, and in a tone more remarkable for exquisitely musical quality than volume or dynamic force, aided by a technic still incomparably brilliant and superb.

Two days later Liszt proceeded to Windsor Castle, where he was received with the utmost cordiality by Queen Victoria. He played several pieces to her Majesty, who told him that she cherished a vivid recollection of his playing when he last visited London in 1841. On his return to town in the evening he attended a reception given in his honor at the Grosvenor Gallery by Walter Bache. This was in some respects the most striking function of the series. The gathering was in every sense a representative one, and the famous abbé, as he went chatting from group to group, seemed positively radiant with happiness. To repeat his own words to me, "You have so overwhelmed me with kindness in this country that I shall be quite sorry when the time comes for me to leave you."

The program comprised his "Angelus" for strings, a chorus for female voices, a pianoforte piece, and some songs; and finally, amid a scene of great excitement, he himself played the finale of Schubert's "Divertissement à la Hongroise" and his own Hungarian Rhapsody in A minor. This glorious treat furnished the crowning feature of a memorable evening—doubly memorable because it was the last time but one that Franz Liszt touched his instrument in the presence of a public or quasi-public assemblage.

THE premature decease of the gifted American barytone Eugène Oudin is always associated in my mind with that of Tchaikowsky. The reason lies in a rather curious chain of circumstances. In the

autumn of 1892 the Russian master's opera "Eugény Onégin" was produced in English at the Olympic Theatre, London, under the management of Signor Lago, with Eugène Oudin in the title-part. It met with poor success, and after a few nights was withdrawn.¹ In the June of 1893 Tchaikowsky came to England to receive the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Cambridge University, the same distinction being simultaneously bestowed upon three other celebrated musicians, Camille Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, and Arrigo Boito. By a happy chance I traveled down to Cambridge in the same carriage with Tchaikowsky. I was quite alone in the compartment until the train was actually starting, when the door was opened and an elderly gentleman was unceremoniously lifted in, his luggage being bundled in after him by the porters. A glance told me who it was; I offered him my assistance, and after he had recovered his breath, he graciously recollected that I had been presented to him one night at the Philharmonic. Then followed an hour's delightful conversation.

Tchaikowsky chatted freely about music in Russia. He thought the development of the last twenty-five years had been phenomenal. He attributed it, first, to the intense musical feeling of the people, now coming to the surface; secondly, to the extraordinary wealth and characteristic beauty of the national melodies or folk-songs; and, thirdly, to the splendid work done by the great teaching institutions at St. Petersburg and Moscow. He spoke particularly of his own conservatory at Moscow, and begged that if I ever went to that city I should not fail to pay him a visit.² He then put some questions about England, and inquired specially as to the systems of management and teaching pursued at the Royal Academy and Royal College. I duly explained, and also gave him some information concerning the Guildhall School of Music and its three thousand students. It surprised him to hear that London possessed so gigantic a musical institution.

"I don't know," he added, "whether to consider England an unmusical nation or

¹ The whole undertaking was ill-timed and ill-placed. One of its few creditable features was the début in England of the barytone Mario Ancona, who sang first in "La Favorita" and afterward in "Lohengrin." He was engaged the following season for Covent Garden.

² I did go there in the summer of 1898, and, on presenting my card as an English friend of the lamented master, was received with every attention and token of cordiality.

not. Sometimes I think one thing, sometimes the other. But it is certain that you have audiences for music of every class, and it appears to me probable that before very long the larger section of your public will be for the best class only." Then the recollection of the failure of his "Eugény Onégin" occurred to him, and he asked me to what I attributed that—the music, the libretto, the performance, or what? I replied, without flattery, that it was certainly not the music. It might have been due in some measure to the lack of dramatic fiber in the story, and in a large degree to the inefficiency of the interpretation and the unsuitability of the *locale*. "Remember," I went on, "that Pushkin's poem is not known in this country, and that in opera we like a definite dénouement, not an ending where the hero goes out at one door and the heroine at another. As to the performance, the only figure in it that lives distinctly and pleasantly in my memory is Eugène Oudin's superb embodiment of Onégin."

"I have heard a great deal about Oudin," said Tschaikowsky; and then came a first-rate opportunity for me to descant upon the merits of the American barytone. I aroused the master's interest in him to such good purpose that he promised not to leave England without making his acquaintance.

"And hearing him sing?" I asked.

"Not only hear him sing," was the reply, "but invite him to come to Russia and ask him to sing some of my songs there."

As he said this, the train drew up at the Cambridge platform, and we alighted. Tschaikowsky was to be the guest of the master of Merton, and I offered, with permission, to see him to the college before proceeding to my hotel. Telling the flyman to take a slightly circuitous route, I pointed out the various places of interest as we passed them, and Tschaikowsky seemed thoroughly to enjoy the drive. When we parted at the college he shook me warmly by the hand, and expressed a hope that when he next visited England he might see more of me. Unhappily, that kindly wish was never to be fulfilled.

The group of new musical doctors was to have included Verdi and Grieg, but those composers were unable to accept the invitation of the university. However, the remaining four constituted a sufficiently

illustrious group, and the concert at the Guildhall was of memorable interest. Saint-Saëns played for the first time the brilliant pianoforte fantasia "Africa," which he had lately written at Cairo. Max Bruch directed a choral scene from his "Odysseus." Boito conducted the prologue from "Mefistofele," Georg Henschel singing the solo part. And, finally, Tschaikowsky directed the first performance in England of his fine symphonic poem "Francesca da Rimini," a work depicting with graphic power the tormenting winds wherein Dante beholds Francesca in the "second circle" and hears her recital of her sad story, as described in the fifth canto of the "Inferno." The ovation that greeted each master in turn can be readily imagined.

Tschaikowsky and Eugène Oudin duly met. The latter sang the "Sérénade de Don Juan" and other songs of the Russian master, and so delighted him that the visit to St. Petersburg and Moscow was immediately arranged. Its success and its attendant sorrow are alike set forth in the following letter:

*Hôtel de France, St. Petersburg,
November 8, 1893.*

MY DEAR KLEIN: You have of course read and commented on the terribly sudden demise of Tschaikowsky. You can imagine its effect on me! I missed him in Petersburg on my way to Moscow, and there received his message that he would not fail to be present at my début in the latter city. Instead came a telegram of sudden sickness, danger passed, and hope. This was on Saturday last. On Monday morning a telegram came to speak of—death!

On Wednesday last he was sound and well; he drank a glass of unfiltered water from the Neva, and cholera laid him low! It is awful! The musical societies throughout Russia are in mourning, and the concert which was to have been my début in Petersburg (next Saturday, the 11th) is postponed for a week. It will be made up entirely of works of the dead master. I shall sing the "Arioso" from "Onégin" and some of his romances, and the joint recital will take place the following day.

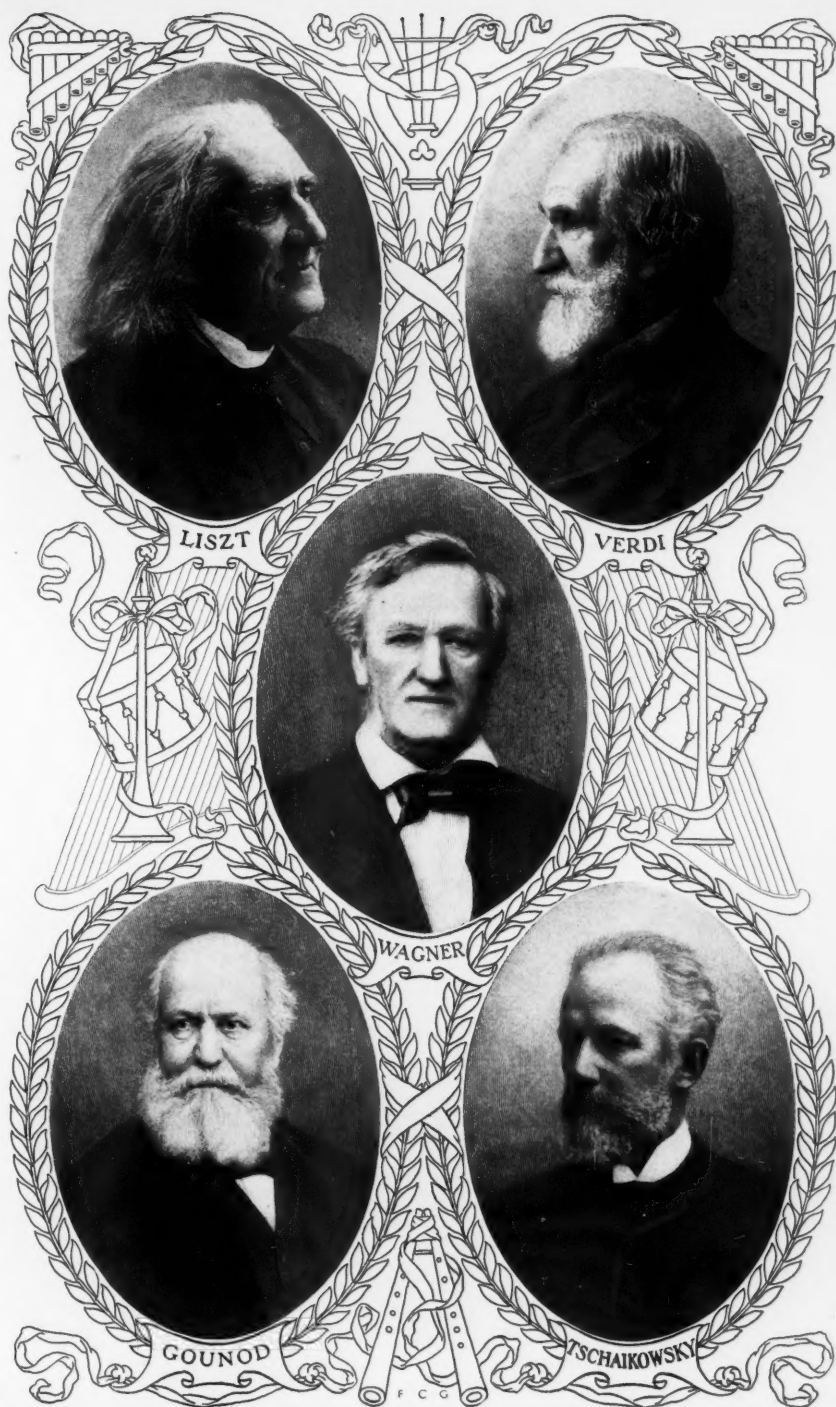
So my visit here is prolonged most unexpectedly.

My début in Moscow was a magnificent success. I was recalled and encored again and again, . . . and the notices are very fine.

Yours in haste, but ever fraternally,

Eugène Oudin.

(To be continued.)



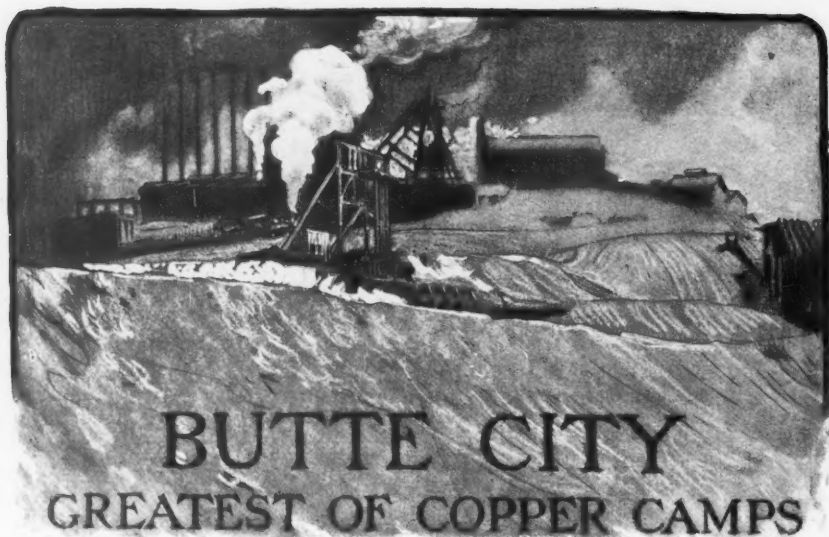
From a photograph by Nadar

From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

From a photograph by Guignoni & Bossi

From a photograph by Boyer

From a photograph by Reutlinger



BY RAY STANNARD BAKER

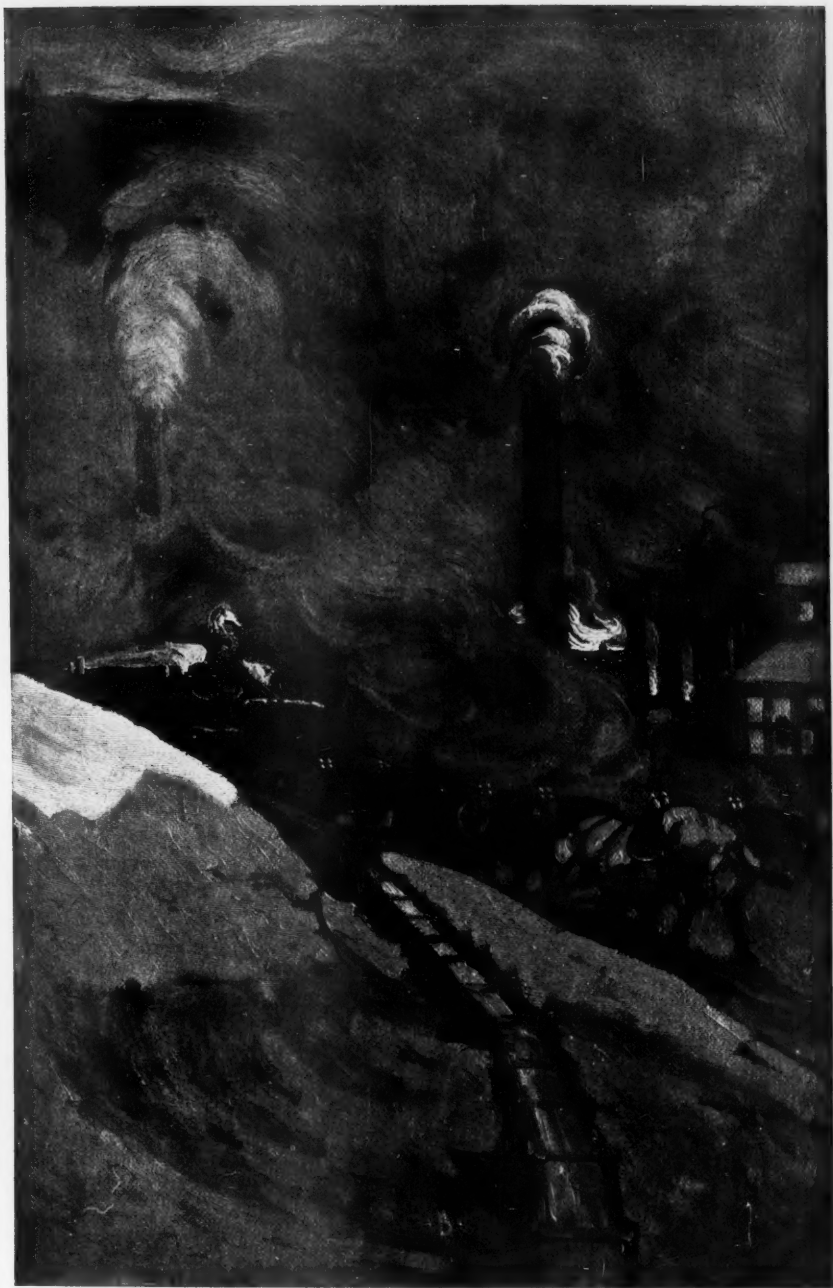
WITH PICTURES BY ERNEST L. BLUMENSCHN

THE West, somehow, has come to be a condition rather than a place. After days in a luxurious train, the casual traveler finds himself in the cities of the Pacific with the feeling that here are not the differences, the strangeness, the Westernness that he had expected. The real West which he has pictured so fondly, the free, the hearty, the fascinating, seems in some degree to have escaped him. And presently he discovers that the condition which we call Western is singularly misplaced in the West; that the most Western of American cities is not Portland or Seattle, but Butte City, six hundred miles to the east of the coast.

It is in the Rocky Mountain States, Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, where the conditions of life—the vast arid plateau, the ore-streaked mountain, and the unawakened desert—have produced types and occupations wholly unfamiliar to the East, that the old West has longest held its own, has, indeed, resisted the very spirit of the East. The old West meant the interminable desert, the rugged mountain trail, the chance of the gold-camp, the wild, free life of the cattle-range. These soon wrought the West upon the spirit of a man, so that he for-

got the way of the East. When the railroad crossed the Rockies the Easterner rushed through, glancing without sympathy at the dusty plains, without touching the old West even with the hem of his garment, passing swiftly onward to the Pacific coast, and there establishing a diminutive East. The Pacific Northwest—Seattle, Tacoma, and especially Portland—is a transplanted East, differing from the parent stock only in its youthful enthusiasm and audacity. The same causes that produced Portland, Maine,—lumber, fishing, agriculture, the advantages of a good harbor,—built up Portland, Oregon. The same tough stock, strongly Anglo-Saxon, has been the instrument of development in each case; there is the same commercial and industrial ambition, the same religion, even the same fashions. After passing a zone of sombreros a thousand miles wide, one finds them wearing silk hats in Portland.

But Butte City grew up hardily out of the bare desert, grew like the natural denizens of that high, rugged, apparently uninhabitable plateau—tough, resistant, of strange aspect, aping no Eastern growth, adapting itself to the rigorous conditions



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

HAULING ORE TO THE SMELTER



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by F. H. Wellington
VIEW OF BUTTE, MONTANA, IN WINTER — MINERS IN THEIR WORKING-CLOTHES

of an unamiable land. By no stretch of imagination would any of the early pioneers, trailing westward with white-topped schooners, have selected this mountain basin of Montana as a site for a city, the future metropolis of a great State. Approachable only by crossing high mountains, almost bare of vegetation, scantily watered by desert streams, with a rugged, unlovely butte rising in the center, the valley seems the last spot in the world that men should choose as a home. But the pioneers who first came here thought nothing of scenery, or ease, or comfort, or homelikeness; they burrowed into the stream-beds, seeking gold. Hundreds of little towns they built in the desert, a few shack houses, saloons, gambling-places, a wild riot of life, to-morrow forgotten. So Butte appeared hardly forty years ago, with no better prospects than scores of other mining-camps, the same rough life, the same law of the six-shooter. But this barren valley was wonderfully favored of nature. For a time the stream-beds gave forth great riches in placer-gold, and when the placers began to fail, and Butte was threatened with the same fate that had swept a hundred other mining-camps into oblivion, there were yet men who had faith in the town. For years they struggled onward in poverty, seeing the camp gradually decreasing in importance and population; and then suddenly silver was discovered, then copper. No mining-camp in the world's history, perhaps, was ever so favored with a succession of great discoveries. Many camps have been famous for gold alone, or silver, or copper; none has ever yielded such enormous wealth in all three. Following the opening of the first bonanza mine,—the Anaconda,—scores of claims were taken up, and it was not long before Butte had risen to its present eminence as the greatest center of copper production in the world.

Most Western towns are creatures of the railroad, located where they are because the railroad found it convenient there to plant a roundhouse or a water-tank; but Butte grew where it would, drawing the railroads to itself, warping them out of their way over difficult mountain passes. It attracted, moreover, a different class of men, especially in its earlier days, than other Western towns. It drew almost exclusively from the older West, from other mining-camps, from California, Nevada, Utah, the

Black Hills, Colorado—schooled Westerners all, who were attracted here not to make homes, not to boom a village into a city, but with the universal spirit of the prospector, to make as much money as possible in as short a time as possible, and get out of the country. Even the most active of the early comers, such men as Marcus Daly and Senator William A. Clark, did not realize the magnitude of the copper deposits which lay beneath the bare hills, or foresee a city that should ever be more than a temporary place for mine-manager and mine-worker. Every energy was applied, prospector fashion, to the mines themselves, and little or no attention was given to the town, which grew up fortuitously, like any mining-camp. Thus it spread out in every direction, haphazard, without design, growing big without knowing it, until to-day it gives one the curious impression of an overgrown mining-camp awakening suddenly to the consciousness that it is a city, putting on the airs and proprieties of the city, and yet often relapsing into the old, fascinating, reckless life of the frontier camp.

Most Western towns seem acutely self-conscious, a sort of municipal precocity that finds expression in the boom pamphlet, the railroad circular, the chamber of commerce, the enthusiasm of every inhabitant over the prospective greatness of the place. But Butte City, like the rough-hewn boy who has his way to make in the world, and goes about it without self-examination, has been so absorbed in its day's work that it has come to bigness with scarcely a thought of itself. As a city Butte has never been advertised; it was always copper first, Butte afterward. There is scarcely a descriptive pamphlet or circular to be had. The town, interesting as it is, has not even been well photographed. Most cities would have been thrown into the ecstasies of self-laudation by such a record of growth as Butte made during the last decade, an increase of over one hundred and eighty-four per cent. in population, the greatest, with one exception, of any city in the country. Butte worked away in its mines and thought nothing of it.

But evidences are not wanting that Butte is finding itself, and it is this changing mood, this evident struggle of the forceful, rough-hewn mining town to take its place among cities, curbing the red blood of its superabundant youth, that makes it a singularly interesting city to visit.



One view in three parts. Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE CONVERTER-ROOM OF A SMELTER — POURING "MATTE." (THE MOLTEN MASS AFTER THE SLAG HAS BEEN DRAWN OFF) INTO THE SMELTER

Few American towns arouse a keener interest in the stranger at first glimpse than Butte City. You behold it afar off, from a mountain-side around which swings the railroad line, seeking advantageous grades into the valley. There it lies spread out rudely at the end of an enormous basin among still ruder mountain-tops, nearly six thousand feet above tide-water. Behind it looms the bare, conical red butte from which the city takes its name. From hundreds of steel chimneys rises the smoke of the smelters, often hanging in thick clouds over the town, sometimes in winter even cloaking streets and buildings with a London-like fog.

A nearer view gives one an impression of tremendous disorder, of colossal energies in play. Here are huge heaps of rocky waste from the mines, with roads and railroads skirting their sides and dust blowing over them, interminable trains of ore-laden skips plying back and forth, and bare, unpainted shack houses set up, as if for the night, where it seems the refuse from the dump-cars has hardly ceased rolling. Here are wide areas of glistening, bright-colored mud from the washeries; here are frowning slag-dumps, streaked red at evening with the blazing offscourings of the smelters; here are the mines with their huge red buildings, their stacks, their trestles, their gallows-frames; and here the town crowding in on every hand, the town seeking to reach out over the dumps, the dumps cutting the town into estuary-like gulches. You soon learn that many of the localities still bear the old mining-camp designations—Yankee Doodle Gulch, Dublin Gulch, and the like. The mines are scattered everywhere, close to three hundred of them in all. Every back yard is a possible "copper proposition"; all the earth underneath the city is honeycombed with stopes and drifts. Even in the heart of the city, prospectors are at work sinking a shaft in the hope of striking a body of ore discovered in digging the foundation of a new hotel.

No considerable city in the country, perhaps, is so exclusively given over to a single commanding industry as Butte. There is virtually nothing here but mining. Every inhabitant is either connected directly with the mines or indirectly by catering to the miners. Most Western towns, even though devoted to mineral interests, are in some

degree centers for the sheep, cattle, or agricultural industries. Butte has none of these interests. Virtually no green thing of any sort grows anywhere in or around Butte; there is hardly a spear of grass in the city, and I do not remember to have seen a tree.¹ This condition is due, in part, to the natural aridity of the soil, in part to the altitude, but chiefly to the fumes from the smelters. Even the trees which once covered the mountains have mostly disappeared, leaving everywhere the rough, scarred, barren earth. I do not think enough natural grass could be found anywhere within miles of Butte to feed a jack-rabbit, let alone a sheep. A gulch in the mountains, some distance from the town, however, has a few remaining trees and a bit of grass, and here, most worthily, a park, known as the Columbia Gardens, has been opened and made accessible by a street-car line. During the summer crowds of people visit this place daily, evidently hungering for the sight of a little natural beauty in the midst of this desert.

But it was the bare earth with its inclosed treasures that brought men first to Butte, and it is for the bare earth that they remain. If there is not beauty, there is something titanic in the aspect of human energy applied to these hills, the almost appalling singleness of purpose with which the very vitals of the mountains are being torn out in search of wealth. And men know that the treasure is here. More wealth is produced in the small area of Butte City every year than in some whole States. The revenue from the mines—some fifty-five million dollars—is equal to the income of the government of Holland. The recent great progress in every department of electrical development has been made possible in large degree by the energy of these men of Butte. For the city and its environs now produce a quarter of the world's entire product of copper, about two fifths that of the United States. A single group of mines in the heart of the city—the Anaconda—yields more than twice as much copper yearly as all Germany. Nor is the treasure confined to copper. Butte is the greatest silver-producing center in the United States, its annual output—some thirteen million dollars—being nearly equal to that of the entire State of Colorado, which, next to Montana, has the largest

¹ Exception must be made to a few gardens some distance out of the city.



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

IN THE "STOPE" OF A COPPER-MINE. THE WORKMEN IN THE FOREGROUND ARE
TIMBERING; IN THE BACKGROUND MINERS ARE USING THE DRILL

production of all the States. And of gold Butte still yields considerably over a million dollars yearly.

All of this vast treasure, a total of over a million dollars every week, pours out of the earth within a radius of a few miles of the center of Butte. No inconsiderable proportion of this great sum goes into the pockets of the people who live in the bare, hilly streets of the town,—mine-owner and mine-worker,—and much of it is spent in its business places, a fact that is essential to a clear understanding of this extraordinary place. Including all the little villages and gulches which cling to its skirts, Butte has a population not exceeding fifty thousand, and yet its workingmen, according to the Montana bureau of labor, receive wages to the amount of two million dollars every month, a total exceeding that of many towns twice its size. Other millions go into the pockets of wealthy mine-owners, bankers, merchants, who make their homes here. For though much of the stock in the mines of Butte is held by Eastern capitalists, a surprisingly large proportion of the money yield of the mines is earned and held by residents—mine-owners and business men. In no town of the United States, perhaps, does money seem so free and every one so prosperous. Nowhere else are ordinary wages for labor so high. Common miners receive three dollars and fifty cents a day, carpenters five dollars, bricklayers six dollars; and no workingman is employed more than eight hours daily, for Butte is the very paradise of the labor-union. I happened to be in Butte on Miners' day, when all the town gave itself over to celebrating the annual holiday of organized labor—a huge parade with music and banners, an extraordinary demonstration of the strength and enthusiasm of these orders of workers. Every sort of industry is fully organized, there being even a dance-callers' union, so that it is wholly impossible for business men to engage in any sort of enterprise without the coöperation and approval of the unions.

Large wages and swift wealth have produced the happy-go-lucky conditions of the mining-camp—free spending, a sort of money-carelessness with opportunities at every hand for risking a chance of sudden wealth, anything from poker to mining-stock. All sorts of commodities are high,

and yet no one seems to mind paying extravagant prices. Groceries, milk, eggs,—in fact, nearly everything sold in the stores,—must be shipped long distances, and the consumer is made to pay all the added expenses. The moment a boot-black sets up his chair in Butte he charges fifteen cents for a shine. No cigar is less than fifteen cents. There is, indeed, no coin in use smaller than a nickel; pennies are never seen except when some innocent Easterner arouses amusement by attempting to spend his coppers.

The visitor is astonished by the size and magnificence of some of the stores, worthy of cities many times the size of this, and displaying all manner of high-priced goods. It is nothing unusual for a miner to buy a fifty-dollar suit of clothing, or a gorgeous set of furniture to put in the veriest unpainted shack. A jeweler, recently from Chicago, told me that he found small demand for the stock of low-priced goods which he had brought West, that his best market was for expensive diamonds and other jewels, it being a custom of many young workmen to invest their surplus in fine diamonds—easily carried, easily hidden, easily realized upon. Similarly, money flows free for dinners, for horse-races, for baseball, for coursing, for dances; and Butte has the full share of the drinking-places that fall to the lot of the prosperous mining-camp. While I was in the city the waiters gave a banquet, called familiarly a "hash-slingers' dinner," costing six dollars a plate. For Butte goes into its pleasures and diversions with the same tremendous zest—the zest and energy of the young man—that it devotes to its work. Butte seems quite as broad awake at midnight as at noon.

Like most mining-camps, Butte is a man's town, though within the last year or two—the years of its growing pretensions as a city—there has been a notable expansion of family life. Nothing more impresses the stranger than this masculinity, rudeness, power, elemental energy. And it is more than a man's town: it is a young man's town. One must here be wary of his judgment concerning the audacity of boys. I met a beardless youth whom I took to be a clerk or a draftsman, seemingly about twenty years old. He showed me through one of the departments of a great smelter, and his knowledge was so extraordinary, and he wore so unmistakably the air of power,



Drawn by Ernest L. Blumenschein. Half-tone plate engraved by H. Davidson

THE SLAG-DUMP

After being submitted to the fierce heat of the furnace for five or six hours the charge of roasted ore melts down, or "smelts": the copper, being heavier, sinks to the bottom, and the waste matter, or "slag," mostly silica and iron, rises to the top. The slag is allowed to run off through holes in the front of the furnace into enormous pots, which are conveyed to the dump, sometimes half a mile distant, where the molten mass flows down the side of the dump, like lava pouring over the rim of a volcano.

that I finally inquired as to his position. "I'm superintendent here," he said. And everywhere you will meet these fine young fellows, many of them out of Yale or Columbia or Chicago. A youth in mine-muddied boots and a brown duck coat turns

out to be a Harvard man, an engineer, who invites you up to his club and inquires, hungrily, what is going on now in old New York.

Surely no city ever knew such extremes, such contrasts of life, as Butte. Here are millionaires democratically rubbing elbows

with out-at-heels hobos; for here opportunity, a gambling chance for wealth, has attracted both success and failure. Here are college graduates, foreign noblemen, Chinamen, Italians, Welshmen, and a dozen other nationalities, with a miserable remnant of the aboriginal Indians, all gathering and fraternizing in this little isolated city. The chief of police has a check-list of six hundred ex-convicts who are residents of the city; but that fact alone is highly misleading. It does injustice to the active better element, for here are no fewer than twenty-eight church organizations, with numerous fine church edifices, the services well supported and well attended. Here are crowding saloons, it is true, but here are also some of the best equipped of schools, housed in unusually fine buildings, a really notable library, a college of mines set on the bleakest of bleak hills without an inch of lawn or a tree anywhere near it.

You will hear of the activities of the Woman's Club and the doings of the Theosophical Society, and there are social gatherings which differ not at all in the proprieties or in resplendence from those of the favored East. On the other hand, you will hear, in the same breath, related with no more surprise, as though it were the most commonplace of incidents, such a story as this, some of the details of which came under my personal observation: Two prominent young society men having differed over a base-ball game, one challenged the other to personal combat. They drove out to a road-house, chose seconds, stripped to the waist in the presence of a considerable company, among which was the father of one of the young men, and fought out their differences with bare fists. Nothing ever seems unexpected in Butte; whatever happens is so much added to the public entertainment.

Do not imagine that because Butte is far-Western, isolated among the mountains, with all the attributes of the mining-camp, it suffers for any of the comforts of modern civilization. When Butte desires anything she buys it, regardless of expense.

Of recent years, desiring to be a fine city, she has provided herself with brilliantly lighted streets, a good car service, the best of water, excellent public buildings. One may go far among Western cities to find a better hotel than the best in Butte, or more excellent newspapers. Here are also magnificent homes, beautiful in architecture and splendid in their furnishings, set out on the bare hillsides in the barest and blindest of streets, with the strange contrast, around the corner, of the poor, unpainted, seemingly almost temporary, wooden houses of the miners. The same extremes exist in the business centers, little old wooden stores side by side with great steel office-buildings equal to those in very much larger cities.

In another particular Butte is quite the equal of many older and more populous towns, in the perfection of its political machines and the astuteness of its bosses. Indeed, the political organizations here have become the weapons in the deadly combat between two gigantic mining corporations, a fight which has had more or less publicity in every part of the country. Even the State government and the courts have been at times swept within the power of these municipal bosses, and the end is not yet. Butte loves a fight of any kind, and this also has been a source of extended entertainment. And yet, in the midst of the political corruption, strangely enough, there exists in Butte a strong movement in favor of better government and the more rigorous enforcement of law. At the time I was there the gambling-houses were mostly closed up, so that there was not more public gambling to be found than in any Eastern city. A famous gambler said of the district attorney, in a tone of injury and astonishment: "Why, we offered to pile twenty-dollar gold pieces around him as high as his head, and he would n't take it; and he's got a mortgage on his home, too."

And so Butte grows and develops, full of splendid energy, a maelstrom of conflicting passions, of good and evil, rising from the crude, unstable mining-camp to the solid, progressive, self-respecting city.





Drawn by Charlotte Harding

VALJEAN

BY LUCY NORVELL CLARK

WITH PICTURES BY CHARLOTTE HARDING

THE name of a new secretary of legation had appeared, for one of the South American countries, in the latest official list of the Department of State. It was Señor Don Carlos Perdido y Villa Verde. There was high-sounding dignity in the printed name, but when, after reading it, one saw for the first time the dapper midget who owned it, one's impression of stateliness and swaggering length dwindled with a shock.

There was a show of the coldest civility when a lodger, lately arrived at "Château Seempson," as Gradiska had dubbed the diplomatic boarding-house, entered the dining-room and was shown to the seat formerly occupied by the sulky Mexican. He was a colleague, of course, but, *ma foi*, were there not colleagues and colleagues, even in the august diplomatic corps at this

capital? There was a general feeling of suppressed indignation that "Mme. Seempson" had not asked if such an arrangement "would be agreeable." The newcomer had been presented to Colonna at the club, the evening before, by the minister to whose legation he was attached. Colonna now, as in courtesy bound, rose, greeted him, and formally made him known to all present. After a meal of unusual stiffness and silence, little Perdido, blushing furiously, but bowing low with deference tempered proudly with self-respect, and muttering a well-accented "Scusez," left the room.

"Rastaquère!" burst out Gradiska, contemptuously, red-hot with recollections of a hateful term of service in Brazil.

Colonna shared strongly Gradiska's Continental prejudice against Spanish-Ameri-

cans, but having found his coffee unusually good, was mischievously glad to take the opposite side of any question. He hastened to speak a friendly word for the *petit gamin*. He was, he declared, *très gentil*. Eyebrows were disparagingly lifted, shoulders protestingly shrugged, lightning glances hurtled toward the table in the alcove where stood perfidious Mme. Seempson's prudently vacant chair. A moment later the scornful stillness was broken by the sound of returning footsteps, accompanied by a soft "pat-pat" down the hall.

"The little monkey is perhaps returning on all fours," grunted Gradiska, savagely, looking toward the door, which his place at table commanded. Immediately his expression radiated delight.

"Ah-h!" he exclaimed, unconsciously rising in recognition of nobility. All turned to see, and, with characteristic extravagance of words, their praise rolled out in a sounding scroll of florid ejaculation.

It was Valjean.

The object of their admiration was a St. Bernard dog, such a specimen of his kind as is rarely seen on this side of the ocean. With one hand on the collar of the dog, Perdido asked permission to pass through the dining-room on his way to the kitchen below. But even before their exclamations could be followed by eager consent, the animal tugged away from the restraining hand of his master, and, swiftly moving to the table, picked up the napkin Gradiska had dropped to the floor. Holding it deftly by one corner, he proffered it to the owner. The upward gaze of his faithful eyes went straight to the heart of the fine old diplomat, reducing his every memory of Brazil to nothingness. The German drew the head of Valjean to his knee, patted him, called him "good friend" and "old fellow." Every vestige of restraint was gone. The group gathered about the dog and his master, asking curious questions of the creature's pedigree, his age, his travels. These same curious questions presently brought out that young Perdido's father had been for years chargé at one of the smaller courts of Europe; that his mother was a Spanish lady of rank. The butler stocked the trays afresh with wax tapers, and, unordered, refilled each cup with coffee, then withdrew. A while later Mme. Seempson, coming in from the pantry, found a gay and congenial party. At the

feet of Gradiska, looking up contentedly, lay Valjean.

"And you will permit him your *pension* also, madame?" they chorused anxiously. To this she replied that "Mr. Perdido and me had calculated to fix the dog a house in the back yard."

All smiled delightedly, and each expressed his gratitude, and hoped that madame had not failed to appear at breakfast because of poor health. Mme. Seempson thanked them, explaining with some reserve that she had taken the meal "with a lady friend."

A month later Perdido and Valjean went to share the residence of the young secretary's bachelor-minister, at a showy legation on the fashionable avenue. There followed in their wake a trail of genuine regret and valuable friendship.

Valjean now became the object of much public admiration as he rested in the shade of the broad legation portico or lazily walked up and down through the neighboring square. Every morning the valet led him to a side entrance and, bidding him be good and play, turned him out. He would shake himself, lie down close to the front door, and wait patiently for his master to join him. Then, with bounds from which Perdido's slight figure protected itself with one arm warningly uplifted, he would bark and lunge and rush until his mood grew calm enough to follow sticks or to jump for a high-held handkerchief. Sometimes, with his master's cane between his jaws, he would gravely precede him down the avenue, scattering the rustling leaves, and now and then pausing to look back. Soon paragraphs in the local newspapers, heralding acquisitions to the season's social market, gave Perdido and his Valjean a turn of compliments, bestowing much space on the vast fortune of the former, the beauty and pedigree of the latter. This unsought advertising enlightened the wary. Valjean was caressed by jeweled and by delicately gloved fingers, and exclaimed over by certain fair ones who knew the axiom, "Love me, love my dog." His master was fairly embarrassed, almost envious. But Perdido had a wise head, for he had been drilled at several capitals by a sophisticated mother to scorn flattery. The dog received these endearments with serious, almost haughty stolidity, occasionally looking up to his master

as if to demand, "Shall I allow them to do it?"

At a short distance from the legation, surrounded by stately mansions, was a small house of cinnamon-tinted brick and sandstone, imposingly built. It was all towers and turrets, gingerbread molding in terracotta, and ironwork bristling with fleurons. The discriminating eyes of Perdido had swept over it with amusement. It ap-

peared a toy model, dropped from the pocket of some ambitious, soaring architect. He marveled fancifully if the place had also a gingerbread chatelaine, whom, perhaps, he might some day behold emerge, robed in velvet with gold-broidered hem and girdle, and—ride off on a bicycle.

Now, as he watched the dog and child, he saw her withdraw her embrace and, run-



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

"PERDIDO SAW ALICE FOR A MOMENT ALONE"

peared a toy model, dropped from the pocket of some ambitious, soaring architect. He marveled fancifully if the place had also a gingerbread chatelaine, whom, perhaps, he might some day behold emerge, robed in velvet with gold-broidered hem and girdle, and—ride off on a bicycle.

Coming up-town one afternoon, accompanied by Colonna, Perdido missed Valjean waiting at the accustomed corner. Nearing home, he saw from a distance, through the hazy atmosphere of Indian summer, a rough white mass against which rested a splotch of scarlet and gold. It might have been an autumn leaf on a snow-drift. He gave a shrill whistle, Val-

jean quickly up the steps, disappear behind the nail-studded door of the turreted house. Valjean, after a benevolent sidelong glance at her retreating figure, resumed his allegiance with a bound.

"*Mon Dieu*, what a voice!" exclaimed Colonna, presently, and their pace slackened, for exquisite music floated from open windows of the house with the turrets. It was full, pure, strong, with youthful, tender intonations, and its melody satisfied the soul. Some one—some young girl—was singing Gounod's "Ave Maria." The men paused until the last note was finished, resuming their way with awkward haste as the spell came to an end.

"There is a saying of Italy—my country—'The angels *they* sing mezzo,'" quoted Colonna. "Surely, *caro* Perdido, your neighborhood is enviable, for"—looking back to get a second glimpse of the shallow building, with its flanking towers—"yonder lies the gate of heaven. It may be she is poor, your angel; for, see, the curtains are cheap."

As he spoke, the voice, charged with mocking merriment, began a lackadaisical ballad. "Love is a sickness full of woes," it lilted teasingly. Perdido flushed, he could never have told why, and his companion had to take longer strides to keep up with him. The sprightly spirit of the song made them both gay.

Perdido watched faithfully for a week, but the singer did not appear. Once or twice he saw go in a stern-looking man, who regarded him in distinctly unfriendly fashion. To Mr. Bennett all foreigners were either "Dagos" or "confounded Dagos," as the case might be. With difficulty Perdido tried to cultivate Pixie, the child in scarlet, who was Valjean's almost constant companion, but she bashfully shunned him.

THE musicale was almost over as Perdido came in gratefully from the crisp chilliness of the late afternoon to the flower-laden atmosphere of Mrs. Dareing's home. He presently joined in encore of a faultlessly executed violin fantasia, and in the audible chorus of "technic," "brilliancy," "expression." At the entrance of the ball-room his hostess greeted him. He apologized for delay, and was told, with mock severity that momentarily mystified him, "If you had been ten minutes later I should never have forgiven you."

There was a ripple of anticipation that broadened into silence as a noted accompanist seated himself at the piano. He struck the opening chords of Gounod's "Ave Maria," and a tall, slender girl pushed aside the portière not far away, and came to the front of the impromptu stage. That instant Perdido felt a thrill in his heart, and he knew that he saw, at last, the owner of the voice that he had heard in the turreted house. No gingerbread chate-laine with gaudy robes of brodered velvet was here. From the crown of her golden head to her slim, slippered feet, she was a modern type of youth and beauty. Simply dressed in glistening white stuff, and with-

out music, but holding in her hands instead a loosely tied cluster of bright carnations, she sang. In the vivid Spanish imagination of her admirer the luster of genius glorified her like a halo.

Noisy, fluttering applause caused fragile bric-à-brac in surrounding rooms to vibrate unsurely. Bowing shyly, a little flushed by praise, but by no means disconcerted, she whispered a word to the accompanist. Archly glancing in the direction of her hostess, "Love is a sickness full of woes," she sang mockingly.

"Carnations!" burst out Perdido, turning toward Mrs. Dareing, contemptuous of the cheap little blossoms the girl carried. "She shall have orchids."

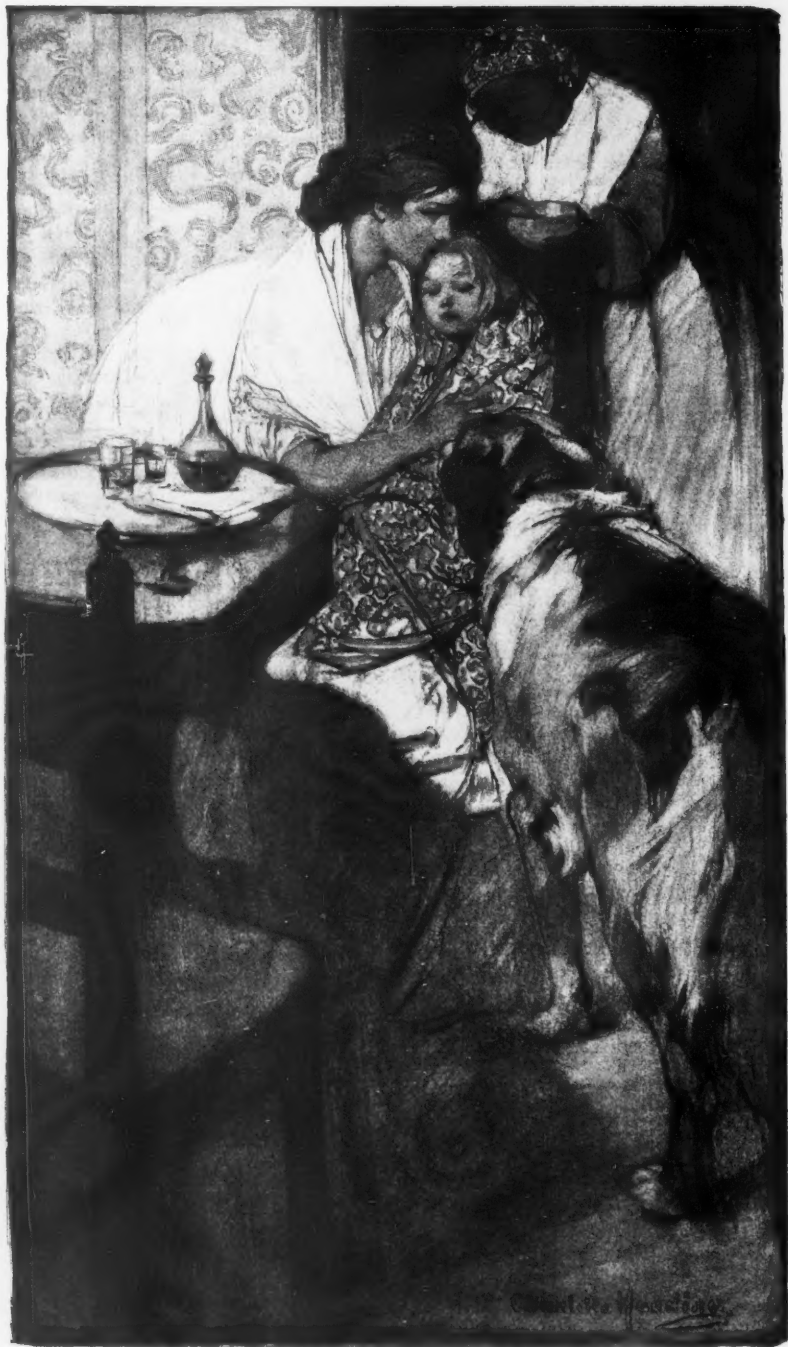
He had barely time to prevail on his hostess to present him to her latest artistic discovery when the singer came through the hall, wrapped in a long, white cloak, with a hood pulled over her fair hair. Alice had seen him before, from her window. A certain streak of grand opera in her fancy, that made her find even villainous-looking Italians of the bandit type, with scarlet neckerchiefs and gold ear-rings, "mighty picturesque," gave this young Southern girl a quick interest in the dark-haired, dark-eyed attaché. Perdido accompanied her to a waiting cab, earning incidentally two or three glances from her blue eyes into his admiring brown ones, and quite a pretty smile of thanks for his praise of her music.

"Miss Van Ness is asking for you, mon cher," said Gradiska, as Perdido turned to go into the house again. There was a wicked, teasing look in the German's eyes as he repeated: "Asking for you, mon cher. Your accent, perhaps, needs attention." It was a well-known fact that the dangerous, charmingly executed service of aiding their struggles with English was rendered generously, by the young woman in question, to highly eligible diplomats.

"Have a care, mon cher," whispered Gradiska, as a parting shot, "that you do not translate her worthy Dutch name into one that is Spanish."

Perdido laughed, and waved his hand to his old colleague.

In the reception-room he found Miss Van Ness, one of a group of girls who, surrounded by men, were serving punch. She was young, rich, accomplished, chic; but these gifts were slight weapons for her present conquest compared with a single



Drawn by Charlotte Harding. Half-tone plate engraved by C. W. Chadwick

"THE CHILD REVIVED WHEN RESTORATIVES WERE GIVEN"

advantage she possessed. As she stood beside Perdido, her eyes looked up a shade to meet his, and made him feel tall. So perfect was her figure, so gracefully gowned always, that no one ever thought of her as lacking symmetry of height. In the eyes of the world she was an "ideal wife" for this vastly rich diplomat. Perdido felt and appreciated the value to his dignity of her lesser inches and her upward glance, he acknowledged her fascination, but—she was the one woman whose caresses Valjean refused to permit, resented fiercely.

Miss Van Ness had missed Perdido from her train of admirers, and through the archway had seen him presented to the girl singer and then disappear with her. For ten minutes she flirted furiously with the second son of an English nobleman, who adored her openly, and whose attentions she permitted when nothing more entertaining offered itself. Now she gave Perdido a glass of punch and a fetching smile, asking:

"You found the fair artist charming?" Her inflection placed Alice outside the social pale, among professionals. Perdido flushed as he replied:

"I found Mees Bennett beautiful also as ees her-r voice."

Realizing that antagonism would only emphasize an already deep interest, Miss Van Ness straightway went into raptures over the compositions of Gounod, resolving that her campaign must be one of indirection. She talked brilliantly, but Perdido, presently becoming aware that he had answered several witty challenges in an absent-minded way, took his leave.

Early next morning he sent an extravagant basket of mauve orchids, tied with yards of mauve ribbon, to the chatelaine of the "gate of heaven." A little white note, full of girlish simplicity and delight, rewarded his attempt to please, but no hint of permission to call was included in it. Many times, during the weeks following the musicale, he walked home with her from the shopping-streets. Twice he accompanied her from church, but she had never yet invited him to enter her home. Finally, at one of Mrs. Dareing's receptions, his sore pride being somewhat soothed by the fact that she wore flowers he had sent, he asked her why the pleasure of visiting her was withheld from him. She told him, with much hesitation and not a little girlish embarrassment, that her

father had forbidden her receiving the men of the legations; told him, further, that he had objected to her accepting his flowers.

"I am so sorry," she said, touching regretfully the blossoms at her belt.

"Oh, here you are," interrupted Mrs. Dareing. She came into the conservatory, followed by a dashing member of the Hunt Club, a strongly built fellow of Anglo-Saxon coloring, towering height, and comfortable fortune, whom she presented. This man promptly fell in love with Alice, and Perdido later had the misery to behold him and a certain lank Southern cousin, whose admiration for the girl gave Mr. Bennett much satisfaction, go in or out from the turreted house, and drive with Alice at will. Meanwhile he was compelled to catch such glimpses of her as he could, at musicales where she sang, on the streets, and occasionally at Mrs. Dareing's afternoons.

GRADISKA was smoking an ugly short pipe in his den at Château Seempson, when Perdido, unable longer to endure without a confidant all the injustice of his situation, burst into the room. The good German, however, was not alone. Garmendia and Ricardos had dropped in to tell him of the betrothal of a colleague of distinguished title and high diplomatic rank to a penniless, pretty widow. Garmendia raved boyishly over the charms of *la belle veuve Américaine*; but Ricardos, sage with the worldliness of twenty-six years, was filled with wrathful contempt.

"Such an alliance!" he was saying. "Here in America, where he could have married millions of dollars! Things, indeed, begin not to be as they were a few years since. *Basta!* We let ourselves go too cheap!"

Perdido's tense manner soon led the others to know that he had come for some unhappy confidence. They went away.

Gradiska guessed the spirit of the young man's errand, and he was in a teasing mood.

"Seat thyself, *caro* Perdido," he said, pointing to a big arm-chair, "and I will tell thee a jest of Colonna. I could not confide it to the feather-brained pair that have only now gone out, but—you appear a serious person—you shall hear."

Perdido looked wretched, but, being ever courteous, gave attention.

"You know"—with thick forefinger up-

lifted—"I have warned Colonna that Mlle. On-Dit is busy with chat of his penchant for Mme. Heathcombe. *Bien*. Yesterday I called about noon *chez* Mme. Heathcombe. That amusing butler she brought over last season opened the door. Madame, he informed me, was 'hat brake-fast, sir.' I turned to leave. 'Ho, don't go, sir,' he said solemnly; 'don't go. Hime sure madame would wish to see you, sir. Ho, no, sir; come in. Hit's not a *formal* brake-fast; ho, no, not at hall, sir. Hit's just—just a leetle family party, sir—Miss Montagne, Mr. Garmendia, Mme. Heathcombe, and Mr. Colonna—just a *leetle family party*, sir.'

"I did not join the 'leetle family party,' and"—with a chuckle—"I fancy, now I have told him this, Colonna will not make one of such soon again. Never, *mon cher* Perdido"—warningly—"never find the wife of another man more than a little—a very little—entertaining."

Perdido, seeing his chance, launched his confidence.

"So," said Gradiska, rallying him, "so it is not the Van Ness? Now, *mon cher*,"—laying down his pipe and speaking in a stage-whisper,—"I acknowledge to selfish despair, for until you came I sometimes feared she would take a fancy to my title. *Ma foi*, again I am in danger."

But Perdido was in no humor for fun, and broke into praise of his sweetheart and abuse of her father's prejudice in voluble Spanish.

Gradiska took up his homely pipe and filled it tenderly.

"Softly, softly, *mon cher*," he interrupted. "Have you a pipe along with you? No? Too bad. What you need now as sauce for my best sympathy is a pipe. Look at this. I call it my poor relation—shabby, always about, grateful of any notice, comforting in times of trouble." He replaced it between his lips, taking long puffs of satisfaction.

Perdido heeded not the German's chatter of his pipe, but raved on in passionate protest. He knew Gradiska's mood. Presently the German turned to him and spoke from a cloud of smoke, slowly, like one inspired.

"If you believe"—with a keen glance at the earnest face of Perdido, yet thinking of the far past—"if you believe it is really love, *mein Junge*,—and why not?—try to keep it,"—dreamily,—"try to keep it."

At a January tea Miss Van Ness taxed Perdido lightly with being "engaged to the pretty singer." He was embarrassed, but did not hasten to deny it.

"You can get a divorce when you tire of vocal music," she continued, laughing a malicious, ill-bred laugh. "Incompatibility of height, you know."

Perdido turned white with anger.

"Eef," he replied—"eef it should be that Señorita Bennett would do me the honor to accept my name, my great pride might, pairhaps, increase my stature. Good afternoon."

SINCE morning snow had been flurrying nastily from a leaden sky. Early in the evening it was almost a blizzard. Night found Pixie still unable to escape the vigilance of Marm' Debby, so that she might deliver a valentine to Valjean. Now she lay fast asleep in her low bed, her face traced with tears, clasping a tumbled crimson heart, frilled with paper lace and printed with verses. Before the open fire the faithful old negress nodded, snoring heavily. Mr. Bennett was out of the house for an hour or two. Alice was away, singing.

It was a gay night at the German embassy despite the storm. The stately residence was *en fête* for a great company. The numerous lackeys were in court livery. Garlands of flowers framed the fine portraits of the emperor and empress. That admirable host, the ambassador, greeted all happily, for before St. Valentine's day his social "chores" had been "done up," and the guests to-night were friends, not merely people who had entertained him and whom, in turn, he must entertain. After dinner the young folks began to assemble for a dance. Alice arrived some time after ten o'clock, having been sent for in the embassy carriage. Her engagement was to sing some quaint St. Valentine ballads before the older dinner-guests left and the cotillion began. She was singing when Perdido entered the house.

In the coat-room were only Gradiska and Ricardos, but Perdido had passed, with exchange of courtesies as he came in, a bent, ascetic-looking man. Ricardos gave a shrug and a nod after the departing figure.

"*Mais, mon cher*," he commented in response to Gradiska's reproving glance, "it

is the gossip of the corps, though"—laughing derisively—"only mentioned in fable. But yesterday the chargé of Belgium said to me, 'Have you not, then, learned the allegory of the Bear and the Snow-bird?' *Caramba*, but the Secretary of State will yet take cognizance of this."

"Calm thyself, Ricardos *mio*," counseled Gradiska, as he adjusted deliberately his loosened tie; "such matters arrange themselves quietly in time. Less spoken of scandal—less scandal."

Perdido was dreaming, sky-high above all interest in the gossip of the corps. He hastened nervously to lay aside his wraps and go where he could see Alice as well as hear her.

"Mon cher, mon cher," called Gradiska, as Perdido started to ascend the wide staircase, "is it a fact, then, that your countrymen waltz also in galoshes?"

Perdido looked down and, smiling foolishly, returned to the coat-room. Having conformed to the conventions, he went up-stairs.

Alice was very lovely in what seemed to him a gown of blue sky with summer clouds along the hem and about the shoulders, and was in charming voice. When her several songs and graciously rendered encores were ended, the ambassador brought her a bunch of roses, and thanked her for the pleasure she had given. Then everybody straightway fell to talking of the great storm. It bade fair to shorten the evening. Perdido saw Alice for a moment alone. His greeting was abrupt:

"You are deevine thees night, as all nights and days." Her drooping lashes filiped his courage. "Mine ees a very cour-rteous country. Eef any possession ther-re one much admires, the answer ees, 'It ees your-rs.' Do you theenk your-r father could be made to theenk like so? Ees it your-r will?" His impetuous foreign accent trembled.

Alice's lips were parted in childlike distress; her heart was beating rapidly.

"If only my father would—like you, too," she confessed with a sigh. There was a world of doubt in her soft voice. His turbulent brain swore Spanish oaths that this should be. He went down with her to the waiting carriage, and his ardent glance kissed her lips good night as he closed the door of the brougham.

Feigning indisposition as excuse to his host,—"Love ees a sickness full of woes,"

he thought as he took his leave,—straightway he followed her carriage with his own. At least, he would be in the same block with her.

As the clock on the mantel struck half-past eleven, Pixie sat up in bed. She rubbed her eyes with her hand, and the tumbled frill of the valentine tickled her nose. She smoothed its edges gently. Her eyes filled with rebellious tears.

"If he does n't get it before to-morrow it's—just—no good," she whispered presently. She adjusted about her neck the ribbon from which the valentine dangled. She was wide awake now. "It's only across the street," said the child, in a low voice. "I will take it to him."

It was her father's boast that, like his own, Pixie's will knew no fear, no time of day or night. Noiselessly slipping to the floor, she put on her shoes. Beside the bed, on a chair, lay her clothes. She drew her scarlet coat over her night-dress and pulled her peaked cap about her ears. Then tiptoeing past the sleeping nurse, with many backward looks, she crept down to the front door and let herself out.

A little later Marm' Debby woke with a start, chilled and frightened, to find Mr. Bennett coming into the room for his customary good night to Pixie. He was very cross, for he had found the front door ajar and the house cold. Crossness vanished in alarm when his child was missed. Every room in the house was searched without avail.

VALJEAN had been unnoticed and restless all day. Pacing the length of the side yard, he heard the muffled sound of bells. Midnight as black as *Othello* was smothering the sleeping world from sight and sound. There were dim heaps everywhere. Near outlines were blurred. At long intervals carriages drawn by plunging horses floundered by. Swishes of sleet lashed and stung his eyes, as he moved back and forth. Now vague terrible happiness seemed to possess him, and he was alive with a great emotion that he did not understand. All his short life had been spent in temperate climes, with snow little heavier than the fragrant falls of blossom-time. To-night the city was at the will of a mighty blizzard. Suddenly he stood as rigid as a statue, his head held high; then, moved by the overwhelm-

ing force of hereditary impulse, he leaped over the low fence, and disappeared in the depths of the storm.

The turreted house was ablaze with light, and Alice hurried in, fearing some one was ill. Alarmed to learn that Pixie was missing, she put together the confused evidence available, and found signs of a child's footprints in the snow close to the railing of the steps at one side, and out toward the big drifts beyond.

Perdido saw the lighted house and the group on the steps and moving about the pavement. Fearing some calamity to Alice, he went to offer neighborly assistance. Mr. Bennett was wild with anxiety over what might have befallen his child, and, quite forgetting that here was a detested foreigner, gratefully accepted his aid. Perdido ran over to the legation, telephoned to the police, and returned. He and Mr. Bennett were searching in the public square, where vague traces of footprints seemed to lead in to a deep drift, when they heard Alice give a cry of joy.

Dragging a burden into the light from the open doorway came Valjean and gently

laid it at Alice's feet. Thus Perdido's favorite fulfilled the traditions of his ancestors of the Alpine hospices.

The child revived when restoratives were given. As soon as she had recovered sufficiently to tell the object of her dangerous expedition, Mr. Bennett chuckled proudly over her "fearlessness" and "strength of purpose." He patted Valjean, almost embraced Perdido. There was an atmosphere of "family gathering" about the occasion that burgeoned with promise for the young attaché's future happiness. As he left, Perdido accepted a hearty invitation from Mr. Bennett to "come over often and see us—and bring your dog."

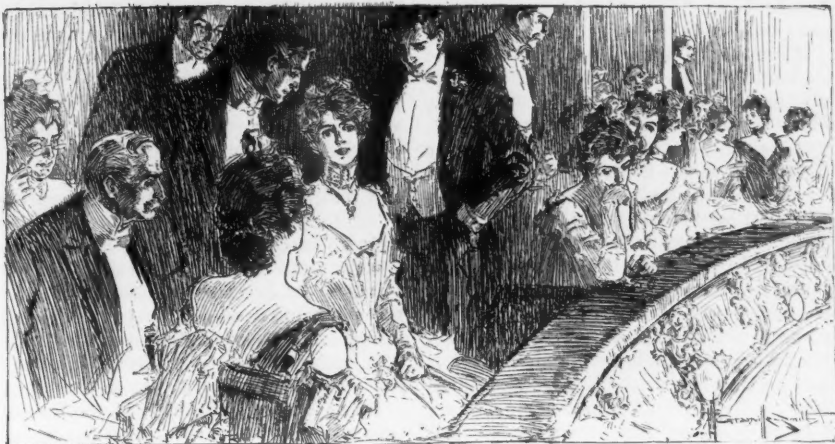
ONE June morning a holiday air pervaded the neighborhood of the little turreted house. Curious groups, gathered at the openings of the awning, drew closer to stare at a young man and girl who hurried down the sheltered steps. A moment later, a big dog, wearing on his collar a huge white wedding favor, eluded two liveried pursuers and, dashing into the avenue, followed the legation carriage at a gallop.

TO A SEA-GULL, SEEN ON THE LAKE OF GRASMERE

BY VIDA D. SCUDDER

STRANGE visitant, why should thy flight molest
These inland waters? Hither dost thou roam,
Upon thy wings the light of ocean's foam,
Within thy voice the cry of seas unblest.
Dark but at peace the mountain lake doth rest,
Girt round with sheltering hills; to this fair home
Of golden-hearted lilies, thou dost come,
Storm-tortured spirit, an unbidden guest.

So, in a life by lofty duties bound,
Free to the sky alone, some fierce estray,
Alien, unsought, will wing its mystic way,
Shrilling of seas afar; and at the sound
A longing stirs in the soul's depths profound
For tumult, and the ocean's tossing spray.



THE YELLOW VAN

BY RICHARD WHITEING

Author of "No. 5 John Street" and "The Island"

XVII

WITHIN a fortnight of that day, so swiftly was it done, George Herion was in London, earning his living at the dock-side.

Thus the blow fell. There was the agent's decree of expulsion, for such it was, and no valid appeal. The duchess, their one friend, was in town, amid the whirl of her first season, as effectually out of reach as Arcturus. If she had been at their door, they might never have dared raise a voice to her. The duke's agent was the duke, the duke was the duchess, in their simple minds. It was all one great machinery of fate which crushed them at their appointed time. To those immortals what were the likes of them?

Yet the mothers counseled submission, after the wont of their kind. "Do 'ee now 'umble yourself," said George's. "Tell un you be sorry-loike if ye ha' done amiss. It's the mother as nussed ye tell ye so. Do, like a good boy."

"I 'll die fust, mammy," said the bad boy, the form of the appeal taking him back to the time when he drew his life

from her breast. "If I went to heel, I 'd only get another kick for my pains. What did Kisbye sack me for? Nothin'. What have I done sence? Nothin' again. Ask Peascod if I ain't always kep' within the act o' Parli'ment."

The poor old things looked at Rose, as though urging her to back them. But she shook her head. It was the second of her two moods, the dogged one. "I 'll stand by what 'e does," was all she said.

"Well, not to 'umble hisself, deary," pleaded her mother. "P'r'aps 'e could get a cottage somewheres else, an' not lose the bezness. He's so cliver. Oh, the bezness, the bezness!" And the two mourners keened in chorus over the good thing dead and gone.

"It's no use," said George. "I could n't get a foothold anywheres within ten mile of Allonby; an' if I did, they 'd hunt me down. With their mark ag'in' you, you're a lost man."

"He's goin' for a sojer, see if he ain't!" cried the old woman. "Oh, cruel, cruel! an' with my gal for 's wife!"

Even the daughter paled.

"I 'm goin' to London," said George,

kissing Rose, "an' my gal 's goin' wi' me. Will that dew?"

"London!" wailed the desperate old creature. "An' what 'll ye make there, ye silly sheep—that I should call you so. What 'll ye make there?"

"Make my fortune, mother. What I 've done once with a bezness I can do again. That 's the place to win the brass. That 's the place where everybody 's free."

The neighbors dropped in to condole. "What I 've noticed all ma little loife," said Job Gurt, "is this: Speak yer mind, an' you get the sack. You don't get it for speakin' yer mind; you get it, that 's all. But it 's just as good as though you got it t' other way. D' ye think they 'll chalk up more beer for 'ee at the Knuckle o' Veal because you 're what 's called a victim? 'T ain't loikely. A would n't do it mysen. Publican 's got to live. My old feyther told me that when I wur a boy, an' I 've found it roight."

An invincible terror of their betters, as beings mighty to hurt, was the note with most of them. There was the life of habit, with all its drawbacks, and how change it without risk? "When ma missus went off for a week last Easter to see her mother, I missed her tongue. A take ma Bible oath on it, so I did. When she 'ad'er say I was payin' as I went on." It was Job still.

"You 'd be a good plucked un, even if you was a leaseholder, young man," said Mr. Grimber. "People can't afford to 'ave so much sperrit when their rates is included in the rent."

Mr. Bascomb slipped two sovereigns into Rose's hand, and then went home, with a sigh, to read "The City of God." Mr. Raif called, as in duty bound, but it was only to shake his head. The domestic chaplain had caught George in the very act of his defiant utterance as to making his fortune in London. He took leave of the outcast meekly, yet as one giving thanks that he was rid of a knave.

The little home was broken up. The mothers took most of the furniture to store for happier times; the rest was sent to town. The business had no selling value, and it was left to perish. The two outcasts went forth quietly. The omens were not all against them. It was a chilling spring, yet the blackthorn flowered; a redstart sang them farewell. But for this they might have lacked attention, the neighbors having

been specially canvassed by Grimber, with a view to a display of masterly inactivity within doors. It was thus, in its lack of publicity, as in other respects, a sort of expulsion from Eden, with Peascod's walking-stick as a poor substitute for the flaming sword. They went forth to keep London the largest of all the cities of the world, and rural England, in a sense, the smallest of all the countries. None but old Spurr came to bear a hand with the traps, which George was himself to wheel to the station for transport by a later train. Few as these were, the little hand-cart would not hold all of them, and George looked round for a lift.

It came at a turn of the road. The yellow van hove in sight, not in marching order at present, but merely bound for the station, itself to take train to a distant center for the opening of the spring campaign. Only a carter's lad was in charge this time. The lecturer, the wife, the baby, the posters were to join at a later stage, and, for the moment, the vehicle looked all forlorn. The driver wanted but a word to induce him to hoist the bundle on the tail-board; and with a "gee up," he took his place behind the little cart. The two old grannies, yet to be, hid their faces with their aprons and ran indoors. The same thought had come to both of them in a flash. It looked exactly like a funeral procession—fourth-class.

They gravitated toward the east end of the great city; and, while waiting to turn himself round, the young fellow took his unskilled strength into the market and found a job at the dock-side. At the sight of their most dismal lodging in dismal Poplar, Rose wavered for a moment in utter heartbreak, and would have written to her august friend. But George sternly forbade, strong in his confidence of righting himself, grim in his disdain. Nobody was to know of this fleeting experience of discomfort; even the mothers were to be spared details. Rose was nothing loath on that point. Her peasant pride revolted at the thought of the admission of even temporary failure. All would come right so very soon, and then she and George would return to Slocum in state, wearing new Sunday clothes.

The duchess heard of it, for all that, if only in the postscript of a belated letter:

Your young friends Rose and George are now your neighbors in town. Herion, I hear,

has rather lost his head with some notion of making his fortune in London, and, on the strength of it, or perhaps we had better say the weakness, has been disrespectful to the agent. Anyhow, he has taken himself off with his pretty little wife.

It was Mary reporting the reports of Mr. Raif. So, notoriously, is history made. But the squire's daughter had enough to think of just now to excuse her from trying to get her information at first hand. In spite of the drawbridge at Liddicot Hall, many worries and anxieties had crossed the moat, and father and daughter agreed that all thought of a season in town was out of the question. With Tom at the front, they lacked the spirit for gaiety. They lacked even the means, after the heavy pecuniary sacrifices entailed by his outfit and departure.

So Augusta read her postscript, not thinking there was very much in it, and went on with her season. It was a sad season,—the shadow of the war was over it,—though the devotees of pleasure managed to pick a bit here and there, like some sick navy at his third helping of rabbit-pie.

Yet even they had their trials. There was always that weekly picture-book of the dead in the illustrated papers, with its portraits of the poor lads who had been laid low on the veldt. The war seemed a monster that devoured youth. There they were in all the smartness of mufti or of uniform, beardless, many of them without the barber's art, clear-eyed, ingenuous, and, for all the manly glory of their sacrifice, sheer mothers' boys. Yet the customary things had to be done, for gaiety is one of the public services, like the water and the gas. When the public courage seemed to faint, the venerable Queen came out and was driven through the cheering streets, guarded, tended, as well as attended, even in her carriage—weary as with the memory of innumerable pageants and with the sense of the vanity of things, almost immobile, bowing, if one may say so, mainly from the eyes.

Incessantly they pitied themselves, especially when they went to bed without a headache, and they left town for Easter with the most sincere conviction that they needed a thorough rest. Strengthened and refreshed, they came back for a great dinner-party at the duke's, a court concert, and a thousand and one nothings which left them thor-

oughly exhausted by Whitsuntide. There were no court balls—for one reason, because, with eight thousand of her Majesty's Guards in South Africa, there were no dancers. There were still enough soldiers left, however, to make a brave show for the trooping of the color for the Queen's birthday, and a braver, if possible, for the regimental dinners of a later stage. The first meet of the coaching club was pretty. The duke had promised to drive his own coach, but at the last moment he had to confide Augusta to another charioteer. He was engaged in finishing a weighty literary deliverance on the causes of the depopulation of rural England, to which he had been urged by the editor of a fashionable review.

A débutante is the imperious need of every season, of such a season above all. Augusta was the nine days' wonder, and, human nature being what it is, that was enough for her. London was new to her; she had but passed through it on her arrival in England. Her self-possession was much admired in the circumstances. The truth is, she found it by not seeking for it, but by a lucky accident. She was so intensely interested in what passed that she was often able to forget her own share in it. She resembled those favored persons on the Elizabethan stage who were at once parts of the audience and parts of the spectacle. Often when she was the real center of attraction in a group she was eagerly and interestedly aware of everybody in it but herself, and so took it with a quiet absorption of curiosity which served her as well as the hardihood bred of a dozen campaigns. Her first drawing-room was a kind of waking dream in which she was mainly busy with the memories of a notable tale of fairyland read years ago by the fire in a ranch.

There were tableaux at the Great Opera House. It was all society under a hat—a big hat, of course. Society filled the bill in every sense; the humblest supers on the stage were personages, so were the very gods in the gallery. Royalty swept the circle from its box. It was a Mask of Peace and War,—something for a charity,—with the colonies offering toffy to mama, and the massed bands of the Guards—the poor Guards were nothing but band, with all the men at the front—blowing "Rule Britannia" toward the universe. Public enthusiasm took its temperature from the evening papers.

There were good telegrams that night, and the house felt good along with them.

After the entertainment came supper at the restaurant. When Augusta saw what a pretty sight it was down-stairs she canceled the order for a private room. A few of the tables were perfect constellations. But it was very mixed, and there were dreadful-looking people here and there, guzzling like trusts at feeding-time, and positively trying to make believe they were hungry. This was finance. Kisbye was among them, and he had the impudence to try to catch the duke's eye! What a mixture it was, and no mixing—home and foreign nobility, South African millionaires, mincing stage misses. Dying is about the only unaffected thing in some lives. Everybody that was anybody in any line—that seemed to be the rule: a collection of "bests," even in depravity. It gave one a sense of power, in a way. Here, at least, were all the people who had found out how to do things—even those who could only talk cleverly about doing them; for the distinguished author was not wanting, as a matter of course. Even authors must eat; and society seethes something better than pottage for the sons of the prophets. The Prince had won the Derby a second time, and the duke was to dine with him at the Jockey Club in honor of the occasion. The duchess received her Majesty's commands for a performance of opera at Windsor Castle.

A letter in which Augusta gave an account of these gaieties had this for its postscript, in answer to Mary's:

I think the Herions have made a mistake, but we shall see. I like his pluck, all the same. Good night, Mary. I'm writing this before turning in. I shall have a surprise for you soon. It will be a surprise visit—a stranger! male sex! There, you must do the rest for yourself. Now get a wink of sleep, if you can.

XVIII

SIR HENRY LIDDICOT is out of sorts this morning, as he sits at breakfast with his daughter in his moated hall. He has had a kind of threatening letter from a money-lender, and not his money-lender, but the other man's. The other man is his son. Tom, it seems, has accepted accommodation to gentlemen about town as generously as it is usually offered in the initial stage. He is

deeply involved, in fact; and the money-lender, who signs himself Claude Vavasour, thinks that the squire may like to know. The squire does not like to know in the least.

"I thought I'd cleared him nicely before he went out," he says. "I call it sly."

"No, no, father—not that!"

"Who is this fellow with a name out of a playbill? And what are we going to do?"

Mary sighs at the thought of another appeal to the family solicitors. It involves a confession of a most embarrassed state of affairs. Messrs. Stallbrass, Stallbrass, Fruhling, Jenkins & Prothero—where do family solicitors get these appalling colloocations?—are a sort of outer conscience for the squire, and he approaches them in his difficulties like a naughty boy. The girl knows what those difficulties are even better than her father. His poor eyesight has long made him dependent on her for clerical work.

"What are you going to do, father?"

"Put the letter in the fire."

"And Tom? Remember he's not here to look after himself."

"I'm tired of looking after him—mess, clubs, turf, life about town—there's no end to it. Why did n't I send him into a marching regiment? What are you huddling up there, Polly?"

It was Tom's little bills for his late equipment for the front as an officer of a crack regiment: luncheon-baskets, cases of wines and spirits, guns, polo-clubs, golf-tools, a truly edifying variety of fancy shirts all consigned as "urgent military stores."

"Ah," he said, as though mollified in some curious way, "it's a dearer trade than it was in my day. March of progress, I suppose." But he said no more.

There was silence for a while, broken only by the chipping of an egg-shell.

"I gave him all he wanted," he added presently, "and ready money, too. I don't see why he should spring all this private debt upon me. The land won't stand it."

You never could answer for the squire's mental machinery as an implement of research. Perhaps somewhere in the background of his mind was an idea of the burdens upon an acre of Liddicot land as they had been accumulated by the slow growth of custom in the course of centuries. So much may be conjectured, for he murmured: "There's you and me, and Tom, and your Aunt Dorothy, and your

Aunt Elizabeth"—and with that he seemed to give it up.

An expert might have followed up the clue in this way: Not only did all the persons named expect to reap and garner the acre for their private needs: there were the poor relatives, as well as the entailed ones—a venerable second cousin or two in foreign boarding-houses to whom the squire was "good." Further claims were represented by the pensioned servants and other dependents, one of them an old fellow in the next cottage to Skett's, who had been surly to all and several for the last fifteen years of bedridden impotence on the strength of his having carried the ferrets in his pocket when the squire went rattling as a boy. Then came the farmer and his laborers, with their respective wives, children, and hangers-on, according to degree, who naturally expected to live by the land. Each claimed his share, big or little. This was only the pure ideal of the arrangement. Some got the share only now and then; others never got it at all. The fractions, as they stood in the scheme of benevolent muddle, always overran the total. The acre would n't go round. The attempt to make it behave itself was the standing puzzle of the patriarch's life. The squire and his son and his daughter of course had to come first. He was sorry for those who came last; and he thought the government ought to be ashamed of itself.

"Could n't we cut down the living expenses, dad?"

"Be reasonable, my dear. We used to be almost a first-class house; we're hardly a third now. How many people have we about the place?"

"Quite fifty."

"Thought as much," he said, with a quiet chuckle. "Cut it down if you can. We're undermanned in stablemen and keepers; we have n't a single warrener. Where are you going to begin—on the home farm?"

"Do we want all those mechanics idling about?"

"All right; sack your bricklayer, carpenter, painter, and wheelwright, and get it jobbed outside. But take care, Polly, or you'll have the moat in the cellars one day, if not the cellars in the moat."

"Still—"

"I gave up the deer-park before you were born," he pleaded. "Reason—that's

all I want. Half our gardeners are boys. We've hardly got anything under glass. But I'm not exactly going to the green-grocer for my peaches, for all that."

"Well, father, but—"

"And I don't think you'd like to put down the laundry, Mary, with all these new-fashioned complaints about. Come, now, let's stick to something or give up the game."

It was his way of looking at life. He had brought up his son on it. Some such thought was in Mary's mind.

"Then I'm afraid Mr. Vavasour is inevitable," was all she said.

"No, no; I don't go so far as that. Sorry I'm a magistrate: I should like to put him in the moat."

"He'd walk still, father. It would only be a second ghost at Liddicot."

"It's Tom's extravagance," he began. But then he thought of his boy at the front, and his anger melted away. Such a good fellow, such a nice, manly sort of lad—a first-class athlete, the best gentleman jockey in the county, so simple and straight with his breezy belief that youth was the season for enjoyment and that the chief business of his elders was to push him on without any exertion on his part! Only wanting everything he had a mind to, and prone to measure himself with the best.

"It's my fault as much as his," he mused. "I ought to go to headquarters and give him a lift. I know one or two at the War Office—used to, at any rate. It's a mischief we can't entertain a bit in town this season. And yet it's nobody's fault, after all. It's the state of the country. What are you to do with a wretched government that won't look after the landed interest?"

He took up a newspaper, but it seemed only a fresh cause of annoyance, for, with the exclamation "Gadflies!" he threw it down again.

Mary caught it as it fell. They were attacking his precious boy, by implication, in a scathing diatribe on "Our Military Dunces," provoked by some fresh blunder at the front. These unfortunate persons, it seemed, had learned nothing of their trade, and consequently they had nothing to forget. The particular insect in question had dipped its sting in a recent report on military education, and it left venom with every wound. Sandhurst was a mere sur-

vival of the practical joke; the cadets at Woolwich took their lessons of application from a muzzle-loading howitzer without a carriage; even Aldershot was nearly as bad. The military geography, in spite of the manuals, was child's play. It was a sleepy hollow everywhere; ignorance was positively worshiped throughout the army.

The poor girl dropped the paper in her turn. A tear trickled down her cheek,—for Tom's sake,—and she wished she could horsewhip somebody. It was a new and ghastly light on the absent hero's contempt of book work, and his amiable derision, a grace in itself, at the expense of the fellow that "swots."

"It's a lie!" thundered the squire. "That lad's education, first and last, cost me seven thousand pound." He was not grumbling now; he was only protesting against the attack. He was proud of the cost. It was part of his duty to his son to give him the best that money could buy; and in this, of course, as in most things, the more you paid the more you had. It was at the root of his philosophy of life.

"A fine sum," he murmured, after a pause, "to be at the mercy of the pull of a trigger from such as them!"

It was the expression of his disgust at the thought of all that invested capital in the graces of mind and station under the rifle of a crouching farmer. It made him realize the cost of the war.

"And they pretend he can't spell, father! Did you ever hear such impertinence?" The same thought was in both their minds. It was all personal to Tom.

"All spite—all newspaperspice," he said. "Some of our little comforts have reached the front, I suppose, and they can't bear the thought of it. Such people never can. Just see what they say about the pursuing column."

It was a mocking account of a so-called flying column, hampered with portable beds, wash-stands, and what not, including tents of a cool green to baffle the sun. The column flew all the same, apparently under the influence of a terrible colonel who could put up with a dog-biscuit for ration, and who sent all the finery to the rear. Tom's regiment was actually named, with the additional fact that at the end of the day the mess still managed to appear in some approach to suitable evening wear.

"That's Tom all over," said the old

man. "He'd be lost without his change at dinner-time. But green's going too far," he added reflectively. "It's a bit foppish, if you ask me."

Some misgiving appeared to enter the girl's mind. She echoed him no more. There was none in the squire's. "I know that sort," he said, harking back to the abstemious colonel. "Promotion from the ranks, eh? All done to curry favor. I suppose he's one of K——'s lot."

The force of manly indignation could no further go. K—— was that tremendous figure, hated of the squire and his kind for his unseemly passion for the rigor of the game of war—a passion that threatened to spoil the army as a good thing for men of family. It was the old ideal of military service perishing under the rude shocks of the new men—the men who were for bringing a gentlemanlike calling back to its old realities of berserker fury and berserker sweat. The fury was all very well in its season. It was so easy to die in that game, as in tiger-shooting, or, for that matter, in riding to hounds; but it was disgusting to think of having to run the risk without the relief of the elementary comforts of home.

Mary was silent still. She thought of a passage in one of Tom's letters in which that amiable youth had related, with such spelling as he could muster, an adventure of his own with the personage in question. A group of officers of Tom's regiment at Cape Town, on easy leave, were laying themselves out for a round of social pleasures while waiting for "another flutter" at the front. The leave had been had for the asking before K—— arrived to take matters in hand, and the distraction of the hour was a game of pool. To the assembled heroes enters suddenly a grim figure in khaki, colossal, with little to distinguish his rank but his commanding port and a something in the solemn glare of his eye that strikes awe into the beholder. It is K—— himself, come down in a night and a day of incessant traveling to whip up stragglers. "What are you doing here, gentlemen?" "On leave, sir, from the front." "Get back to the front by the next train, or home by the next steamer." "Pretty cool, and for a chap in the Engineers, Polly!" said Tom. "Guess how he's loved."

It was not that Tom was a milksop; he could be as hard as nails on occasion. But

he thought the little relaxations were due to his position, and he was hard to balk of them. He shared his father's contempt for the status of the enemy,—mere field-folk who took their coats off to it,—and he'd be hanged if he was going to go dirty just because he was fighting them. He was born to cleanliness, and he was going to have it to his shroud. Had n't he read somewhere that the Spartans prepared for the shock of battle by dressing their hair, and were found so employed just before the shock of Thermopylæ? Tom, after all, was not so exigent. All he wanted was a brush-up when his work was done.

Polly had perhaps taken it that way at first,—certainly the heroic figure had found little more favor in her eyes than in Tom's,—but gradually, in the course of this troubled morning, with its themes of public and of private sorrow, it had been borne in upon her that, after all, here was a man. And looking at the poor old inheritor of a name before her, and thinking of the brother whose faculty and character were the only hope of their house, it had come upon her that what the Liddicots wanted was exactly what the nation, by God's providence, had found—a man once more. Such a feeling must ever weigh heavily on the woman in societies that still compel her to appear only by her champion in the lists of life. Fain would Mary have mounted to the topmost tower of Liddicot to look for such a helper, like a second Sister Anne.

XIX

THAT night's post brought a welcome change of ideas.

Well, Mary, here 's your surprise [wrote Augusta]. My little brother has arrived, and he 's going to see you. If I know him at all, he 'll be at Liddicot about as soon as this. I 'm the big sister. If you see the slightest sign of his forgetting it, let me know. Arthur is his name. He has just left college, after doing pretty well there, and he is looking round to pick up notions of things before making a start. He 'll do for a boy or a man, just as you choose to take him. Was n't it our ambassador here who said that America and England might do worse than swap school-boys, now and then, just to give each other points? Well, here 's our sample, for want of a better. And now what are you going to do about it? He means well, Mary; be as indulgent as you can.

He 'll cheer you up, perhaps: change of per-

sonality is as stimulating as change of air. He will stay at Allonby, of course, and that will bring him within delightfully easy reach of Liddicot. No keeping him in town—impossible. Wild horses could n't do it, and certainly not the tame variety at our disposal. He 's very keen about the country life, and he calls poor London Britannia's case of swelled head. This just to let you know what an impudent young monkey he is. Be a mother to him, Mary, all the same.

Keep him till we all come back, which will be soon, for the season wanes. It will be easy: you have only to let him spend his time with you.

This was the answer:

Delighted to put him up here. Must have him, in fact. Father says you can't begin burying alive again, at Allonby; you 'd be five centuries too late. Not but what there was something to be said, etc.—which I mercifully spare. Who 's to keep off the ghosts from a lone man in your marble halls? And, besides, if he does n't want society, we do. Please, Augusta, lend us the baby out and out. We 'll take such care of him. Just wire the hour of his train.

Within the shortest time possible after that, two figures might have been seen crossing the moat at Liddicot in a dog-cart. One of them was the man in livery with the reins; the other was a stranger, still early in the twenties, who was manifestly an expected guest. He was like the average guest of his years at an English house in being of fair height and of good muscular development; also like him in wearing tweeds and a bowler-hat, and in being scrupulously clean-shaven, so as to give his countenance the full benefit of every Roman line. Beards are only for the ages and races that make futile attempts to rule mankind with a poor chin. He looked uncommonly English of his age and standing; that is to say, uncommonly Greek. The Hermes of Praxiteles might have come straight from Oxford or from Harvard. Mary thought he would do quite nicely as she spied on him from a turret-window. There was barely time to dress for dinner, so she left the squire to receive him.

On coming down she found them both ready for her, and the guest greeted her, yet without a touch of familiarity, as though they had been friends for years. She had but few categories for her fellow-

creatures, and while waiting to examine this one more at leisure she hurriedly tried them, only to find that they would not do. The "thinks so much of himself" pigeon-hole was a wretched fit; he evidently thought so much of her as a woman, and of the squire as his senior and host. He was quietly deferential without fear—the perfect blend. It was the mixed American system, though she did not know that, in one of its happiest results. He had been carefully trained, and from puppyhood had never been allowed to feel shy at the sight of drapery. His manner of retrieving a fallen handkerchief at the very outset left nothing to be desired. Later on he proved simply lynx-eyed for a longing or a need in this finest of all sport, and he worked by the eye of his keeper rather than by the voice. The type was wholly new to the experience of the English girl, and it fluttered her. Being fluttered, she next feared he was going to be of the "cynical and clever" variety, and felt slightly more ill at ease. His youthful candor made that as gross a misfit as the other. It was all done in a moment, so swiftly have we to jump to conclusions about one another at the first go-off. She had only just time to fall back on the merely "self-possessed" when it was time to move. To her great comfort, he seemed to pop into that receptacle without a crease, and, leaving him there, she was free to ask for further news of the party in town as they went downstairs.

He gave it with a measured precision of utterance which was rather disconcerting. It reminded her of something she had read about the speech peculiarity of another of his countrymen. He seemed disposed to extend the principles of the Declaration of Independence to his syllables, and to leave them all free and equal, without a trace of accentuation that might render one the tyrant of the rest. Now she began to wonder if she should not shift him into the "learned and severe." But there was no present opportunity, for by this time they were in the dining-room. The plain truth is, he had the freshness of a boy who happened to have been born a man of the world. Having no pigeonhole for that, she meekly settled down to her soup, while he entertained the squire.

For this was really the way of it: the guest was host. Mr. Arthur Gooding did

the honors of the neighborhood. He gave information, while seeming only to ask for it, about views, soil, proportions of parkland, plowland, and meadow, which, as it affected the district at large, occasionally left his senior at a loss. He was never in that predicament himself. He took everything merely as a new conversational crisis to be dealt with as it arose.

"I am so sorry we have no one to meet you," she said; "but there is hardly a soul in the country just now."

"We may have a host without numbers," replied the young man.

Compliments always troubled Mary. This one, mild as it was, had the rather singular effect of making her wonder whether there was anything wrong with her hair.

She darted a swift glance at him to find out, with, of course, still greater inconsistency, for only a mirror could have served her turn. He was inquiring in a most ingenuous way about some of the magnates of the country-side, whose names he seemed to have at his fingers' ends, and asking how they spent their time.

The squire seemed embarrassed. "Well, let me see. Torold's rather an authority on church restoration; Nethercott keeps the pack; Offley never misses a meeting at quarter-sessions; Rodeland's very keen on model villages. The prime minister, though he does n't belong to this part of the country, is a great man in the Primrose League, and came down to our demonstration the other day."

"Anybody in business?"

The squire winced. "There's no answering for people nowadays. Rodeland's son, I believe, does something in tea."

"Your prime minister must be a very interesting man," said Arthur. "I should like to meet him."

It was the nearest approach to the sense of a joke other than the practical that the squire had ever made in his life. He laughed heartily.

Even Mary felt inclined to transfer her guest to the "cheeky" pigeonhole forthwith. But there was something in his wistful innocence of all idea of presumption that made her hold her hand. It was evident that he had come abroad for useful information, and that he would have sought the Archbishop of Canterbury on the spiritual status of the Peculiar People, or the

lord chancellor on kindred points of interest in British law, without any sense of incongruity. Of mortal man, and that included his "superiors," he knew no fear.

He seemed faintly apprehensive of something wrong, though he still had to feel his way to it. "I want to know everything about your Primrose League," he said. "We've nothing like it on our side. Your prime minister would be the very man." It was said, not in apology, but only as amplifying his phrase.

"You see, he's very high up," said the squire. "People of that sort are rather hard to get at. Besides, they are not expected to take an active part."

"I see, I see," said the young man, sympathetically—"tired."

"Well, perhaps so," said the squire. "They patronize things, you know."

"I think I understand—a mikado sitting motionless on his throne to preserve the peace of the world."

"They've had push enough in their time."

"Of course," he said kindly. "People forget that. Why, you were good Americans centuries before us."

Oh, my dear Augusta [wrote Mary, a few days after], he has been here less than a week, and he knows more about us than some who have been here a lifetime. He has been all the way to dear old Randsford—he calls it "the circus." He has such funny terms of expression, and all without moving a muscle. And what do you think he has found out about it? That all the while they pretended they did n't want the factory, because they thought it would displease the duke, they were dying for it, the artful things! You remember some dreadful London firm offered to bring all its work-people there, and talked of making the fortune of the place, and we only just managed to save them by threatening to cut off the water-power. Well, he has chapter and verse for it to show that they did n't want to be saved. Oh, he is such a person for finding out things! But do you think it can be true?

After telling us that, he just said, "Happy are the sleepy, for they shall soon drop off," and then went on to something else. Father asked him whose clever saying that was, and he said, "Nietzsche,"—hope I've got the spelling right,—meaning some author, you know. Father thought it was the name of a new German chancellor. Oh, it was such a lark!

Then Gurt's wife has told him something about Nopps's thatch that I'm sure you and the duke never heard of before. Dreadful, if it's true; but you know what those people are.

He does bring home such a budget every day! The dinners are so lively now, and father threatens to raise the drawbridge on him and never let him go. It's killing to hear him trying to give the story in the Gurt style. You know he's as careful about his words as you are, and one might print him straight off. So just fancy him struggling with something of this sort!

"When they London work-people come down 'ere for the triumphant arches, old Nopps an' 'is wife think they might earn a trifle by puttin' up a pair of my gentlemen, as the inn was full. Well, the old couple takes the spare room themselves, so as to give the lodgers the best un. Job 'elp the pore things to move, an' we make un as comf'abl' as we can, by puttin' un under the dry corner o' th' thatch. If the rain kep' off, they'd ha' done pretty well, for I lent un a peddykwoat mysel' to plug the hole in the winder. But when the water come in, old Mr. Nopps he moan o' nights, an' she could n't pacify un, though he'd 'a' been three shillin' to the good at the week-end."

It was so funny to hear him trying to shorten Mrs. Gurt's comf'abl'. He could n't do it to save his life, and when I tried to explain to him about clipping his g's (by request), he kept waylaying me all day with absurd challenges to a game of "pin'-pon'." He has the most ridiculous theories about what he calls our revised version of the English language. He pretends to think that the dropped *h*'s began with a natural tendency to move along the line of least resistance in the short spells of hot weather. The only way to meet a climate like this, he says, is to lay aside your coat and your aspirates when the hustle comes. Is n't "hustle" a funny word, Augusta? And he does bring it in so cleverly now and then.

Then he reads us killing little bits out of his American papers. Just listen to this: "The Filipino is treacherous and deceitful. Besides, we want his country." And is n't this a good hit: "Mr. Pierpont Morgan is very fond of the Bible, due probably to the fact that it is a number of books merged into one." We catch it sometimes: "If America had not sold two hundred thousand horses and mules to Great Britain, the Boers would be all on foot by this time!" Father says he can't see the point, but I call it decidedly sly.

I'm afraid he does n't think much of Mr. Raif's model village. He calls it "the penny in the slot." Don't you think that's meant to be rather disrespectful?

And, would you believe it, he has actually met that odious person Kisbye, and has discovered he is not exactly the utter brute we all think him down here. It appears that he's fond of music, and has some beautiful pictures and quite a library. Fancy!

When we heard that, we had Mr. Bascomb to meet him, just to take the taste out of his mouth. A. was perfectly sweet: not a funny saying, not a laugh, but all reverent attention, as if he were at church. The old dear quite bridled under it, and I never saw him look so pleased. When he was gone, A. said it was the most wonderful thing he had "struck" in his travels. That was the expression; I wrote it down.

He does go into the strangest places and meet the strangest people. What *do* you think he did on Tuesday? You remember that dreadful Radical van? Spent the whole day with them, and bought a huge bundle of the trash they call their "literature"! He seems to be quite keen about our country life, knows

all the laboring people, has been to see old Spurr,—just as he might come to see us, you know,—and actually went to a meeting of the parish council and heard a debate on the pumps. He keeps apologizing for staying on, but we are so delighted to have him. Do make him stop till you come back, though it seems like a reason for not wishing for your speedy return.

Keep him just as long as you find him useful [Augusta wrote in reply]. You know I sent him to cheer you up. I'm glad you don't take him too seriously; he's only a boy looking round. But he'll be a man the moment he gives his mind to it. So we think.

(To be continued.)



THE ICE-STORM

BY CECILIA BEAUX

WHAT chill was that which touched thy boughs last night,
 With darkness intertwined to close thee in;
 Cold upon cold, as terror follows fright,
 Piercing as needle-flame thy core to win?

"Sharp to consume my sap, deep drawn from thee,
 Earth-Mother, bit the ravenous cold;
 And all the weight of Winter lay on me,
 More chill than Death enclasping, fold on fold.

"More bitter grew the load each hour that woke:
 No weary fiber spared its frozen woe.
 I did not hear the crashing when I broke,—
 And, when I fell, knew I no keener throe."

Now on thy purpling twigs, no more borne down,
 Spring hangs sweet watery drops of pale relief.
 "Spring know I not, for I have lost my crown:
 Summer no more can bloom on Winter's grief."

THE PROLOGUE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

BY JUSTIN H. SMITH

Professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, Author of "The Troubadours at Home"

V. THE FORTUNE OF WAR

INCRECIBLE though it seem, our army at Quebec found encouraging omens in its fearful sacrifice of December 31. The wounded leader was writhing helplessly on his bed, and the wounded men, stretched in their rags on messes of straw, were wringing their hands and moaning piteously: "Montgomery is dead! Montgomery is dead!" Yet the Americans no more acted beaten than Carleton acted victorious. A bold face was put upon defeat. When the enemy marched out in the direction of the hospital, and the attendants begged Arnold to be carried farther away, he ordered his pistols loaded, his sword laid on the bed, and a musket placed beside each blood-stained pallet. Stragglers, invalids, and the remnant of Lamb's company proved enough to drive the Carletonians home. Fighting Arnold, instead of retreating Campbell, received a unanimous call from the field-officers to command them. Snow ramparts, good for something against bullets, were thrown up. After a brief menace of eclipse, courage and good cheer shone again. Plainly the enemy dared not come out, and of course there must be some way to get in. "Quebec is open overhead," muttered an American officer.

Yet in reality the outlook was very dark. A large part of Arnold's seven or eight hundred men were unreliable Canadians, and often his effectives dwindled to five hundred. Every other night the men stood guard, and when they could lie down at

all they had to lie on their arms. The American mortars had been captured, as well as most of the gunners. With better reason than ever the soldiers could boast they were not hirelings, for no pay worth mention reached their pockets; while Arnold, with only a few Portuguese coins in his military chest, reported that he must "beg, borrow, and squeeze, to get money for subsistence." Never, at this time, could the army feel sure of a breakfast more than ten days ahead; and as for quarters, they were "awful," thought one soldier at least, "such as no page in history can equal." Powder was always a luxury, and lead soon gave out. The commander, barely able to "scrawl" occasional reports and orders, had to resign the leadership to Colonel Clinton for a while. The snow, six feet deep on the 1st of January, piled up to twenty or thirty in many places. Even in Quebec people had to dig themselves out of their houses or use a chamber window for a door, and frequently they went about the streets on snow-shoes. Worse yet was the cold. A soldier was frost-bitten with a fire in the room. "God bless your Honor, I am glad you are come, for I am blind!" murmured a Quebec sentry to the officer of the guard: his eyelids were frozen together. Fearful tempests of snow swept the American camp. "Such a storm, I believe, never was known in New England," wrote a soldier by way of superlative. Prestige had fallen; the Canadians began to draw off; and not even a corporal's guard came

down the St. Lawrence by way of reinforcement for over three weeks.

Pacing to and fro among the drifts on the Heights of Abraham, that New Year's day of 1776, an American sentry, shriveled up with cold and buffeted by a gale from the east, beheld, when the driving snow permitted, a vast expanse of rough, enshrouded country, spattered with leafless trees whistling in the blast, or funereal evergreens bowing before it, scarred with

BOTH SIDES PREPARE

ONE's first impulse is to blame Congress. As Garnier, the French ambassador at London, wrote his chief, even the British public said that the Americans ought to have rushed soldiers into Canada, and made the capture of Quebec a certainty. But the campaign, as we remember, was begun by avowed British subjects as a measure of defense, and there were some

*Toute Personne qui refusera de le recevoir au Coin,
& sans aucun Décompte, sera Considéré comme un
Ennemi des Colonies unies, et traité comme tel.
Donné sous notre signature & le sceau
de nos Armes au Quartier general ce 4^e Mars 1776.
Ben^t. Arnold
Brig^{er} General and
Commanded in Chief
of the Army for India*



From the original belonging to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

CONCLUDING PORTION OF ARNOLD'S PROCLAMATION OF MARCH 4, 1776, ORDERING THE CANADIANS TO ACCEPT CONTINENTAL PAPER MONEY

gray cliffs and a few brown villages, and cut through by the hoary tide of the St. Lawrence, where heaving blocks of ice froze and broke, rose and fell, ebbed and flowed, crushed, ground, and groaned in the aimless melancholy of an arctic winter; while, if he turned his eye to the south, his vision had to travel across the drifts 180 miles to Montreal, 150 more to Ticonderoga, then 100 to Albany, 150 more to New York, and 100 to Philadelphia, where sate the Conscript Fathers in their perplexities under the waiting bell of Independence Hall. All these miles of snow must be tediously paced off before the needs of the struggling soldiers could be told, and again paced off to bring back word that they were not forgotten. For weeks past communication with the colonies had virtually been cut off, and for weeks to come the route would be almost impassable.

in Congress who did not wish it made successful enough to rouse the pride of England or the self-confidence of America. Such feelings, added to the general difficulties and uncertainties, prevented the despatch of reinforcements early in the autumn. Then a committee, with power to raise troops, was directed (November 2) to visit Schuyler, and Congress believed that everything needful would be done. The committee found that a great part of the men who had been serving at the North would not reenlist, and reported, only two days before Christmas, in favor of raising three new regiments. It was thought impossible to forward troops then, for Lake Champlain had a way of turning to ice at the upper end early in December, while it remained water off Burlington for two months more. A week after New Year's, letters from Schuyler and Montgomery knocked at the

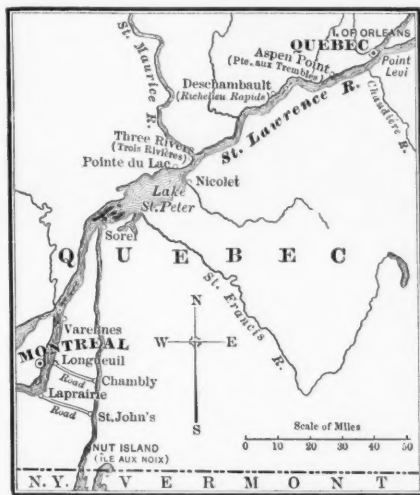
door loudly enough to wake the—extremely busy, and then activity began. Six new regiments were voted Canada that very day; two of them were to march immediately, and the others when recruited; strategic points along the St. Lawrence were to be chosen, and armed boats placed on the river. Soon came the news of Montgomery's death, and then English speech could hardly voice the urgency of Congress. "With all despatch!" "With the greatest possible expedition!" "At once!" "Forthwith"—so read the labels on all Canada business.

But there was activity elsewhere as well. On the third day after Christmas, Lieutenant Pringle of the *Lizard* stepped into the office of Lord George Germain in London with Carleton's despatches, and the grave plight of Quebec was made known. No politics paralyzed the British government, and there was to be no dallying. As Germain informed the lords of the admiralty on January 4, it was the king's intention that "every effort" should be made to relieve the Canadian capital. "I fear the delays commonly attending a large armament," the governor had written, and it was decided to place a few troops in Quebec at the first possible moment, with a solid army to follow. There was now to be a duel, not between leaders, but between nations.

America seemed to have an advantage, for she was nearer the field of battle; but an English pound sterling travels fast, while promises to pay are halted at every pike. Congress could make orders, but orders could not make an army. "We shall want everything," wrote Wooster, and for once he found himself in the fashion. "I have it not in my power to send anything, for I have nothing," moaned Schuyler, and he also had no lack of company. Winter

clothing, camp equipment, guns in repair, and even guns out of repair, had painfully to be achieved. A house-to-house canvass in Philadelphia produced a few blankets, and fifty more were picked up among the Jersey farmers; but that was slow business. Twelve rifles, twenty muskets, and no bayonets at all for five hundred and sixty men, reported Anthony Wayne, and "none to be purchased at any rate." Money, even paper money, kept giving out; and as for

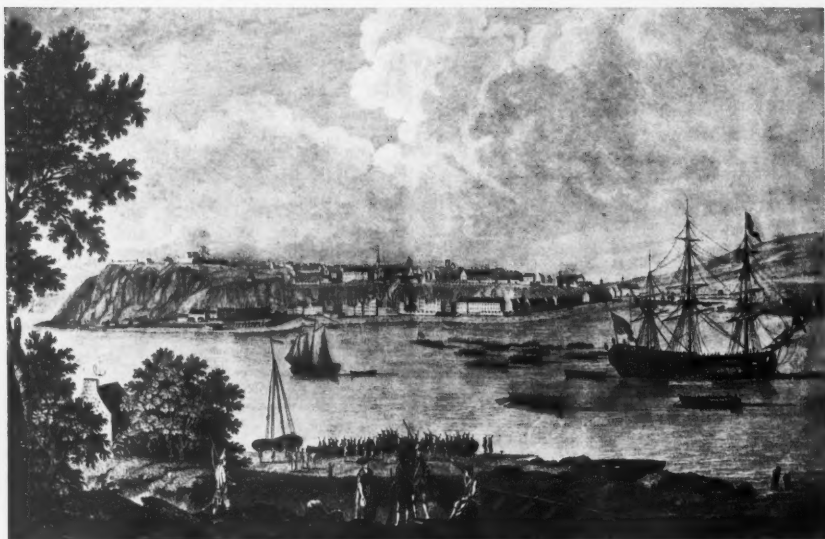
specie,—the only currency recognized by Canadian flour as an equal,—a regular hunt for it had to be organized. Men, too, proved not overplentiful. Somehow, with something in the way of clothes, and something in the way of arms, and something in the way of rations, dribbles began to go on, twenty-five, forty, fifty at a time. January 24 a hundred and forty men from the Montreal garrison entered the cheering camp at



MAP OF THE QUEBEC AND MONTREAL REGION

Quebec, and troops from the colonies were soon arriving. Terribly they suffered on the way, and the smooth white of the lakes was broken with piles of dead; but still they pressed on, "hanging upon the Sleighs like Bees about a Hive," as a spy of Governor Tryon's reported, and standing up on boards, when the south wind blew, to play the part of sails.

Quebec watched and waited. Every now and then hints of another attack would leak into town and keep the garrison awake all night. If an American shell failed to explode, that was the signal-rocket, no doubt. In memory of the Boston massacre, something like a squaw's red blanket, edged with black tape, went up, and Quebecers began shivering one to another: "Le pavillon sanglant!" ("The blood-red flag!") "Will the ice in the river get solid enough to hold the Americans?" asked everybody when the cold grew intense at sunset. The



From a print in the Boston "Athenaeum" of a sketch by Richard Short, 1759

QUEBEC AS SEEN FROM THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE ST. LAWRENCE

The American battery that opened April 3, 1776, was near the point shown in the foreground.

suspicion went abroad that provisions could not last beyond March. Fuel was certainly scarce, and by the 20th of that month King George's wood-yard gave out its last armful. Scarcer even than fuel was reliable news. Now and then a peasant or a Provincial was hoisted in over the wall, but some of these arrivals were plainly spies, and none could be trusted. Attempts were made over and over again to inform General Howe of the situation, but every attempt failed. It was "a close blockade," as Carleton admitted. Quebec was marching in a cul-de-sac, and nobody knew what might be lurking at the farther end.

WHAT WILL THE CANADIANS DO?

UNFORTUNATELY for the Provincials, friction between the Canadians and their "liberators" began to make heat. The records of enemies prove how strictly the American officers tried to prevent improprieties. As an orderly book has it, all disorder was to be "Supresd, as it where in the Verry Bud." With arms in his hands, the patriot soldier was to be denied the necessities of life by fat and insolent enemies, and while battling for liberty must accept a harder discipline than despots ventured to try. It was really too much, and peasants

were made to furnish a meal or lend a hand now and then, or perhaps lend a horse, for small compensation, or sometimes none. The leaders, too, did unpopular things. Driven by hunger, Arnold ordered the people to accept American paper, or be looked upon as enemies (March 4), while Wooster, who commanded in farmer style at Montreal, angered the citizens in more ways than one. "See!" cried the Tories—"see this handful of Americans who rob you and lord it over you under the pretense of breaking your chains! Rise like men, and you can easily drive them home again!"

Now came the time for the priests. A peasant was ticklishly proud when he did a bit of free-thinking; but, after all, as Governor Haldimand said, he found it very hard to part from his creed. Along every main road were huge crosses, often displaying the hammer, nails, and sponge, with a wax figure of Christ or the Virgin set in a square hole behind a bit of glass; and if a driver did not pull off his cap at every one of them, bowing low and muttering a prayer the while, it was only because he stopped his horse, got down, and knelt in the snow for ampler devotions. A few persisted in fidelity to the patriot cause, and slept in graves by the roadside

instead of in consecrated ground; but not many cared to face the beyond without squaring accounts with the church, and the price of absolution was a return to British allegiance.

Gradually the opposition took shape, and about the middle of March the ball was set rolling below Quebec. Nothing less was proposed than to drive the Americans from Point Levi, break the blockade, and then overwhelm the invaders; and this threatening news jarred like a small earthquake all the way to Philadelphia. What if Canada should rise in earnest against its liberators? Already Beaujeu was marching on with three hundred and fifty men, and said as many more were behind. The little force at Point Levi counted nothing like that. But the plan was betrayed by Canadians. Arnold sent brave Dubois down the river with eighty men; Beaujeu's advance-guard was thoroughly ground up, and the whole bugaboo vanished.

UNSEEN FOES

YET the Americans had one enemy that was not remote like England, cautious like the governor, nor fearsome like the Cana-

dians. Night and day, striking down victims in the very midst of them, raged a dreadful scourge—the smallpox. Even before the assault this terrible visitor appeared, for it was common among the natives. Inoculation, which made the disease less fatal, but also made it more prevalent, was forbidden under heavy penalties; yet the soldiers insisted on choosing what they considered the lesser peril, and more and more firmly this unclean vulture fastened itself upon the vitals of the army.

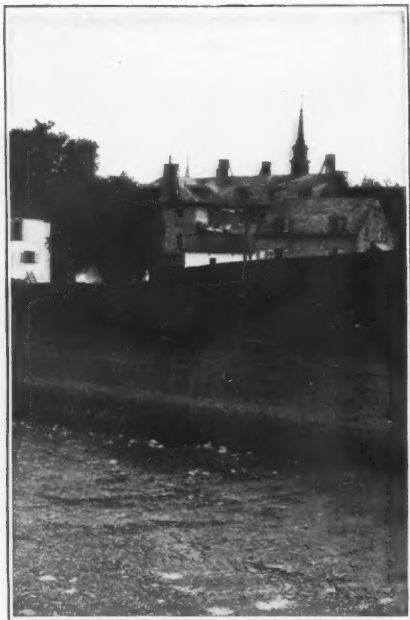
Not so dreadful, but no less dangerous, a foe worked busily at the vitals of Quebec. Shut up in the Dauphin Barracks, more than three hundred of Arnold's daring volunteers longed and plotted for escape. Their officers lay at a distance in the Seminary, but these privates were as good as officers, and appointed leaders for themselves. One day the old ax that split their fire-wood in the basement was somehow lost, and a second and a third ax followed it. A locked door opened, and there lay a quantity of iron hoops, pretty good for sword-blades. Somewhere else old scythes were discovered. Long knives, that had vanished when they surrendered, reappeared now as pike-heads, while ingenious



From a print in the Boston "Athenæum" of a sketch by Richard Short, 1759

THE NORTHWEST PART OF QUEBEC FROM THE ST. CHARLES RIVER

An American battery was planted near this spot in April, 1776.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AS SEEN FROM THE
ST. CHARLES RIVER

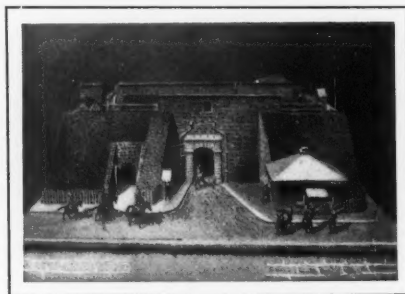
Arnold and other wounded Americans were cared for here.

devices extracted money from their visitors and powder from their jailers.

Across the way could be seen the guard-house, always open, always lighted, the muskets always piled in the same handy corner, and the men always dead asleep on the floor before morning. Three bounds up the oft-counted stairs, and the guards could be nailed to the planks with their own bayonets. One division of the prisoners undertook to do that. Only a few hundred feet away stood St. John Gate, and a second division agreed to overpower the soldiers posted there and open the gate, while the rest of the Americans, including Lamb's artillerymen, would turn the cannon on the city. To inform Arnold of the scheme a bold fellow, provided with a white oversuit, managed to get left in the yard at closing-time one night, scaled the wall and the spikes, bolted to the ramparts, and leaped off. The sentry fired, but there was nothing to aim at; and some of the prisoners, climbing into the garret next day, saw that Arnold understood and accepted their plan: a knot had been tied in the

American flag. Every last detail was minutely arranged by the leaders, and finally the nails were drawn from the hinges of a cellar door opening outward. A foot or so of ice had formed inside against the door, and men were selected to go there in turn by couples at a certain hour, and softly pare it away as fast as possible with knives. Then the rush would be made; each division would play its part; the Americans, waiting for the signals, would pour through the gate; and Quebec would be taken at last—captured by its captives. But the fortune of the Americans had changed its name to fatality. Two lads not in the inner circle discovered the ice, and attacked it with an ax. The sentry outside heard a noise, inquisitive persons visited the barracks, and one of the prisoners, a deserter from the British army, mortally afraid of detection, let out the facts.

It's a poor plot that will not work both ways, and Carleton saw a chance to catch the Americans in their own trap. The next night, when the proper hour came, all the garrison were carefully posted. Bonfires were built near the walls, and then came a hot rattle of musketry, a babel of shouts, and cries of "Liberty forever! Liberty forever!" while two cannon fired blank cartridges toward the town. In short, the whole program of the prisoners was carried out by the British. Now let the audacious Yankees come, and the blockade would quickly be ended to the tune of "God Save the King!" The Americans turned out, paraded, and marched; but they also stopped. The moon shone like a sun that night, and something warned them. At daylight



From a reproduction in wood made by Mr. Thomas O'Leary

ST. JOHN GATE (INSIDE)

At this gate the American prisoners purposed to let their friends in.

both sides broke ranks in wonderment, and each recalled that it was the first day of April.

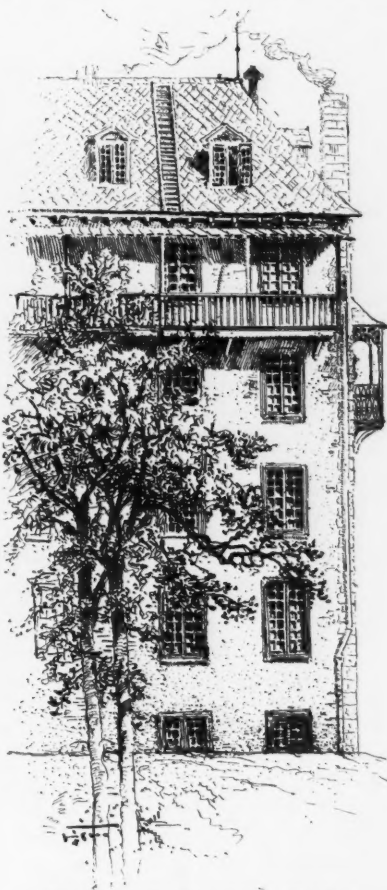
RED-HOT SHOT

ANOTHER fitting event celebrated the day. Over on the Heights an enormous gray periwig alarmed, or at least interested, the garrison. It was General Wooster's. He was going to scale those walls, he said in Montreal, if there were space enough to get through between the ramparts and heaven; and the first day of April smiled more broadly than usual as he reconnoitered the task. That was all he accomplished, yet the Americans were soon doing execution inside the bastions. Two days after Wooster came, just as the fence-posts were growing out of the snow, a battery on the other side of the St. Lawrence began to drop red-hot shot into Quebec. Balls visited the shingled roofs even of the Upper Town, and the Lower Town was nearly destroyed. Pavements were torn up; the shipping was badly hurt; one ball invited itself to a card-party at the castle; and the fashion of cellar drawing-rooms grew constantly in favor. Yet in spite of the "sweet playing" of the guns, that provoking "All's well!" from the ramparts did not cease. Powder was so scant that the Provincial cannon had to be put on allowance; balls from the enemy were counted on for missiles, and all the Americans could do was to wait for a lull in the terrible fire from Quebec, steal into their battery, load, shoot, and run. Later in April two more batteries opened; but still it was few against many, small against great. A number of reinforcements brought some cheer, but one loss took more away: Arnold grew tired of serving under the gray periwig, and got himself transferred to Montreal.

A NEW WAY TO CAPTURE THE PRIZE

HAPPILY about this time a new way to reduce Quebec suggested itself to some one. It was very secret; but of course Father Wooster would not keep so good a thing to himself, and presently everybody in Quebec was talking about the fire-ship. The town certainly felt anxious. A constant watch upstream for the dreaded monster was kept, and any heap of burning brush in that region set the people wild. But nothing came, and finally on the 3d

of May a brigantine rounded the point below. It was evening, nine or ten o'clock; but the welcome visitor could be made out very well in the brilliant moonlight. A glad



Drawn by Harry Fenn from a sketch by the author

A WING OF THE SEMINARY, QUEBEC, WHERE THE CAPTURED AMERICAN OFFICERS WERE CONFINED

They were at the end of the building, in "the fourth story from the ground" (Dearborn).

cry swept through the town: "A vessel from Europe! A vessel from Europe!" All hurried to the bluff and feasted their eyes. Anxiety was ended, for this must be, of course, the van of a British fleet. Congratulations, cheers, caps in the air—the town was jubilant. Some one ran to Carleton with the happy news. "The gunners to their places!" he sternly replied.



Drawn by Sydney Adamson. Half-tone plate engraved by J. W. Evans

"FLAMES BURST OUT OF THE BRIGANTINE, AND RAN SWIFTLY UP HER RIGGING"

Still on she came. The flagstaff on Cape Diamond ran up a blue pennant with a union below it, and five guns were touched off at the battery. Then all awaited the response. But no response came. The stranger was hailed, and made no reply. Again they hailed, and still she was dumb. The deck seemed empty. One more challenge: "Who are you? Answer, or we'll sink you!" But she only moved on in silence, and then the battery spoke. Immediately flames burst out of the brigantine, and ran swiftly up her rigging. Every rope was instantly a line of fire, and a boat put away from her with desperate speed. At once the people took alarm: this was the fire-ship. Two hundred yards more, and the streaming bonfire would reach the shipping; the tarred cordage would catch like tinder; the vessels would all burn; the buildings would blaze; the palisade would probably take fire; and the enemy would certainly attack. Out rang the bells once more; the drums beat; and hither and thither men hurried to their posts. But the ship veered; her burning sails lost the wind; tide and current bore her back; and in all the pomp of gorgeous ruin she drifted slowly down past the city, roaring and crackling, waving her towering flames to and fro athwart the sky, and spurting many a fresh burst of fire, with many a loud report, from exploding shells, grenades, and *pots à feu*, till the flames quenched themselves at the water's edge. Once more Quebec rejoiced and trembled.

WAR EXTRAORDINARY

UNDISCOURAGED, the Americans kept on "fagging it out" before Quebec. But what could they expect? Here stood a powerful fortress with a garrison of eighteen hundred men, well drilled by this time, and a little troop of sick people pretended they were going to take it. Not counting the diseased and the men whose terms of service had expired, May-day saw only seven hundred effectives outside the town, and these were spread over a circuit of twenty-six miles, broken three times by the rivers. Two hundred of them had been inoculated, and soon would be down with the small-pox. Not more than three hundred could be rallied promptly to meet an attack. The batteries pointed about fifteen guns at Quebec, and Quebec pointed one hundred and

forty-eight at the batteries, some of them 42-pounders. The magazine contained only a hundredweight and a half of powder. Even at headquarters, neither intrenchments nor intrenching-tools could be found; and the provisions would not last a week. War this could hardly be called. Yet it was far indeed from opera bouffe. Everybody wished Lord North to understand that Americans were no poltroons, and the thought of retreat was not agreeable. As for Carleton, he could not count the "rebels" outside the gates, nor even those within, and he preferred to take no chances.

But now a fresh tide of strength began to swell from the south. A day or two before the fire-ship sailed, General Thomas reached Quebec. A brave, capable, sterling officer was he. Some troops came with him; several regiments were pressing on behind; four more had passed Albany, and six were embarking at New York. The garrison could see little but crumbs in their larder now. Cramahé had written London "to get here early in May is absolutely necessary." At the very utmost, said Captain Hamilton of the *Lizard*, the provisions could not stretch beyond the middle of the month; and while the Americans had not seen these despatches, they believed what the despatches confessed. As a rule, vessels came up the river between the 4th and the 10th of May; but this year the frost had been sharper than usual, and they were not expected before the 20th. Quebec, the great prize, had not yet been lost.

"GOD BE PRAISED!"

THREE days after the fireworks a frigate rounded the point below (May 6). "Is that another?" queried the guards. Once more the bells rang and the drums beat; once more every man turned out. Again the signal that Quebec was in the king's possession went up the flagstaff on the Cape, and the five guns were fired. This time the stranger spoke: seven puffs of smoke and flame to the leeward, while a red flag, a blue flag, and the union climbed the three masts. Meanwhile the frigate bore away, came about, and finally dropped anchor near the mouth of the St. Charles River. She was the *Surprise*, of his Majesty's navy, and not far behind, with more to follow, came the *Martin*, sloop of war,



From the print in the Dezer collection,
Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN

From the original portrait owned by
Miss Sarah Williams

GENERAL JOHN THOMAS

From the print in the Emmet col-
lection, Lenox Library

GENERAL DAVID WOOSTER

and the fifty-gun ship *Isis*. Quickly the news reached every pillow in town. It was early,—six o'clock in the morning,—and a chilling wind swept keenly up the icy stream; but every soul hurried to the bluff. Some were only half dressed, but that did not matter. "God be praised!"—in that cry went up the glad heart of the city. "At last we can breathe the fresh air of the fields!" came next. Quebec was saved again, and this time saved for good.

Thomas was badly caught. Some time since, a fleet had been reported in the river, and an American council of war had voted the day before (May 5) to remove the cannon and the sick. In fact, notice of retreat was given, and a certain gray periwig moved off with some of the troops. In the evening word came that

fifteen sail were only one hundred and twenty miles distant; but the wind blew downstream, and the St. Lawrence ran full of ice. During the night a northwest wind changed to northeast, and Captain Linzee, mindful of the king's intention, crowded ahead at the risk of sinking. As early as possible after he cast anchor, soldiers and marines landed; and a little before noon Carleton and Maclean marched out by St. Louis and St. John gates, formed six deep in columns, and advanced in order of battle, with cannon, vanguard, and reserves.

A TERRIBLE REVERSE

INSTANTLY the shell of blockade collapsed. Scattered shots were thrown by sentries here and there, and some hundreds of



From the portrait after Gilbert Stuart,
Maryland Hist. Soc'y

CHARLES CARROLL

From the portrait by Gilbert Stuart in
Georgetown College, D. C.

ARCHBISHOP JOHN CARROLL

Americans formed for battle; but a stand could only mean useless bloodshed, and the general ordered a retreat. No stores could be carried away, for when the ships appeared all the Canadian teamsters vanished with their carts. The general's dinner was joyously eaten by Maclean's gaunt Highlanders. The patients in the hospital, be-

Midway between Quebec and Three Rivers, the plateau north of the St. Lawrence turns, thrusts itself into the stream, and faces defiantly toward Quebec, while the river, pinched into a deep channel only three hundred feet wide at the narrowest, pours down through the swift Richelieu Rapids. This is Deschambault, and here,



From a photograph by H. T. Perrault

CHÂTEAU DE RAMEZAY, MONTREAL

lieving they would be massacred, rose and staggered away, falling at every step. The streams, raised by spring floods, were hard to cross; and shells from British vessels added to the fears, if not the losses, of the flight. In search of food, companies had to scatter more and more; and on they hurried in wild confusion, spreading terror and the smallpox wherever they went. Before long an orderly rear-guard took post, but on the second day fugitives were forty-five miles above Quebec. "God of armies, help us!" cried Chaplain Robbins, as he gazed upon their haggard, woe-begone faces. Truly, as Maclean said, there was now "a Glorious Prospect" before the British.

as Montgomery declared, ten thousand men, with artillery and light water-craft, might hold their own "against all the navy and all the military force of Great Britain." In 1759 the French had planted a battery here. All understood the value of the place; why had it not been thoroughly fortified? Because the issue at Quebec swallowed up all the others. Still, some intrenching had been done; and now, planting himself on the lofty cape, in its noble grove of pines, Thomas resolved to make a stand. Putting his eight or nine hundred men on half-rations, he sent off to Montreal for troops, provisions, and armed boats. The northeasters usual at that season did not blow; the British fleet could not advance; the gen-

eral took breath and began to hope. But hope was vain. What he needed failed to come, though Arnold worked like a tiger; and about a week later, with no food left but a little meal, the troops were drawn off to Sorel. The sheet-anchor of the Americans had now been lost. It was indeed a terrible reverse, a crushing defeat; yet, after all, so Garnier noted with a smile, the British had not come near enough the "rebel" army to kill, wound, or capture a single man of it.

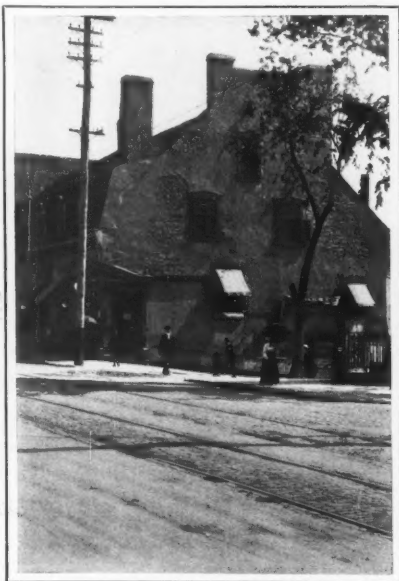
ANOTHER HOPE

BUT a new fountain of hope opened at Montreal just as Thomas was approaching Quebec. At last the commission from Congress that Montgomery begged for had been sent. Clothed with supremepower, these men, seeing everything face to face, would quickly put affairs in order. Arnold met them on the beach, the guns of the citadel boomed, they entered Vaudreuil Gate escorted by all the friends of liberty in Montreal, and then on they passed through many strange sights,—keen fur-traders, reckless *coureurs des bois*, strolling Indians decked out in savage finery, shy nuns, and half-scowling priests,—to the general's headquarters, the Château de Ramezay.

An elegant supper followed. As host sat Arnold, now a brigadier-general, and let us not forget his battle with the wilderness, his courage at the assault, nor his fortitude in defeat. The chairman of the commission, at his right hand, bore a name honored in two hemispheres. Already past threescore years and ten, he felt at Saratoga that probably this rough trip would prove his end, and wrote last farewells to his friends; yet here he found himself with all the statecraft of Benjamin Franklin and all the plain good

sense of Poor Richard. Across the table, Samuel Chase of Maryland, with a solid, well-filled body, a genial, calm, determined face, and massive locks waving down to his broad shoulders, personified good nature, judgment, and resolution. Next him sat a man with gentle but fearless eyes and handsome, sculpturesque features, toned with an air of the highest honor and courtesy. Lord Brougham extolled his learn-

ing, eloquence, character, and grace; yet his arms—two lions rampant holding a naked sword, point up, between them—were equally true to his nature. "There goes half a million at the dash of a pen," whispered a bystander, thinking of failure and confiscations, when his hand unflinchingly signed the Declaration of Independence; for the name it wrote was Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Who could win the Canadians if not such a gentleman, worshipping at their altars and speaking the choicest language of their beloved fatherland? Neither



From a photograph by the author
THOMAS WALKER'S HOUSE, WHERE THE
COMMISSIONERS LODGED

was he to labor unaided. John Carroll, destined to become the first Archbishop of Baltimore, had been invited to join the commissioners. As John Adams wrote Abigail, his wife, everybody looked upon the idea of taking him along as a master stroke, and his learning and ability, his patriotism and Catholic zeal, his noble presence and persuasive French, could bring the clergy around, if that were possible. The outlook was auspicious.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT

BUT the auspices were false. "Chase seems pleased with his trip to Canady," wrote Gunning Bedford; but that was before he went. The first need there was plain, matter-of-

fact, hard money. The commissioners had it not, and they found their mission bankrupt at the start. All the gold and silver forwarded by Congress had been spent, and the friends of liberty were drained dry; yet necessities had still to be purchased, and now there was not only "no cash," but

and Congress itself, less than two years earlier, had pictured the Roman faith as dispersing "impiety, bigotry, persecution, murder, and rebellion through every part of the world." As for Great Britain, said the priests, "allegiance is always due for protection, and the British government has

Montreal 25th May 1776.

Sir

We think it would be proper for you to issue an order to the town Major to wait on the Merchants or others having provisions or merchandize for sale and request a delivery of what our troops are in immediate want (if offering to give a receipt expressing the quantity delivered and engaging) the faith of the united Colonies for payment, and on refusal we think our necessity requires that force should be used to compel a delivery.

Y^r most obed^t hum^t Serv^t
 Samuel Chesebrough
 Ch. Carroll of Carrolltown

Gen. Wooster.

From the original belonging to the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

THE ORDER FOR THE SEIZURE OF PROVISIONS IN MONTREAL

"less credit," as Arnold said. Even a common chaise, "Geered to a small Chunk of a Horse," as a soldier phrased it, could not be hired without pay actually in sight; and instead of grandly welcoming Canada into the union of colonies, the business of the commission was to compare the odors of countless bills thrust under their noses by Canadian fists. Carroll, the priest, had no better fortune. As Lecky has expressed it, the Canadians felt no sympathy with New England character or creed, and they knew just how much the New-Englanders felt for them. Only a few days before, at sight of Catholic worship, a Yankee chaplain had burst out: "Oh, when shall Satan be bound, and Antichrist meet a final overthrow?"

protected us." Against such facts and such convictions eloquence argued in vain, and in two weeks Franklin and John Carroll set out for home.

EVERYTHING DARK

Now came another cruel blow at American prestige. Ogdensburg still remained a British post, and as Captain Forster was reported to be coming down with some regulars, Canadians, and Indians, for a dash at Montreal, Arnold planted a force of Americans at the Cedars, forty-three miles above, where the St. Lawrence, beautified with many an island, sweeps magnificently past in superb rapids. The spot was admirably chosen



From photographs by the author

DESCHAMBAULT, ON THE
ST. LAWRENCE

THE SWAMP AT POINTE DU LAC, IN WHICH
THE AMERICANS WERE CAUGHT

and sufficiently fortified; there were cannon and ammunition and four hundred soldiers eager to fight: but the officer in command insisted on surrendering, and carried down with him a reinforcement almost within sight.

Nobody in the colonies even suspected how badly things were going at the northward, but a week after this affair Chase and Carroll wrote Congress in truthful black: "We cannot find words strong enough to express our miserable situation; you will have a faint idea of it if you figure to yourselves an army broken and disheartened, half of it under inoculation or other diseases; soldiers without pay, without discipline, and altogether reduced to live from hand to mouth, depending on the scanty and precarious supplies of a few half-starved cattle and trifling quantities of flour, which have hitherto been picked up in different parts of the country." At Three Rivers the soldiers had been existing, in great part, on alms; while at Montreal, to prevent wholesale plunder of the people, and then a whole-

sale massacre of the troops, the commissioners ordered provisions to be seized, and paid for with promises not worth a—yes, exactly worth a "continental." Bishop Briand meanwhile was preaching "rage and fury" against "all the malice, all the treachery," of the Provincials; the plots of hostile Canadians made it seem like an enemy's

country; the despair of allies proved still harder to bear; the commissioners were anticipating fresh troubles in the shape of more troops, destined, they foresaw, to starve or feed upon one another; and now General Thomas fell sick of the smallpox, lost his eyesight, and finally died (June 2). "A starving army is actually worse than none," wrote the Iron Duke after Talavera; yet his troops were trained soldiers, inured to hardship, well paid, well clothed, and victorious, and they had felt the pinch of hunger but a little

while. What could be expected of our Provincials? "Only the power of an omnipotent God can preserve us from utter destruction," exclaimed Sergeant Elmer, in despair.



From the original drawing in the Hist. Soc'y of Pa.

GENERAL ANTHONY WAYNE

A BOLD ENTERPRISE

ABOUT four o'clock on the morning of June 8 an officer on one of the British transports at Three Rivers heard the voice of General Fraser calling out: "For God's sake, wake up, and send ashore all the guns you possibly can! The rebels are coming, two or three thousand of them! They're within a mile of the town!" It was true: the "rebels" were coming. General Thompson, who commanded at Sorel after the death of Thomas, found that some of the enemy had taken post at Three Rivers, and sent a force under St. Clair to attack it. Just then, after sailing over Lake Champlain in two hundred bateaux, "something like the Gretion Fleet going to the Siege of Troy," as Captain Lacey opined, and then passing down the Richelieu River between lines of men, women, and children leaping and clapping their hands for joy, General Sullivan arrived at Sorel with six regiments, and dispatched his best troops, with Thompson himself, to join St. Clair. About daylight on the 8th, he could hear serious firing below, and it lasted "off and on" until noon. At one o'clock he began a report: "I am almost Certain that victory has Declared in our favor. I hope soon to follow with more force to maintain the ground." But before the report was forwarded this had to be added: "June 9th, 1776, Eight of Clock in the Evening, a person Returned from General Thompson says he was Defeated and most of his party cut to pieces." It was "a very bold enterprise indeed," as Carleton said; it merited success; it almost did succeed; and it came to ruin.

Under cover of darkness the troops had gone down to Nicolet, pretending to establish a post there; and the next night fifteen hundred of them, crossing in bateaux to Pointe du Lac, marched bravely for Three Rivers. Unfortunately, several facts had not reached them. The whole British army designed for Canada had now arrived; the governor had appointed Three Rivers as the rendezvous; and twenty-five British vessels had come up the evening before. The guides were false; one of them sent word to Fraser, and another led the Americans into a swamp. For three hours the poor fellows waded through mud and water "about mid-deep in general," through woods where they could not see a dozen yards ahead, and over sharp snags that pierced their shoes

and their feet; and it was near eight o'clock when, completely famished and worn out, they reached the edge of the woods. Behold! the plain was covered with regulars, intrenchments, and cannon, and the ships fired heavily on their flank. Retreat, a quick retreat, was in order, especially as troops had landed in their rear, and were pressing on to seize the bateaux and bar escape; but, as one of the enemy declared, these were "the most audacious rascals existing," and nobody would say "Retreat!" before at least making an attempt. The British front was driven back. Wayne led on, and his men, with their white waistcoats and trousers and deep-blue coats plastered over with mud, fought like veterans. Neither were they alone in their courage; but it was fatality once more. Soon, completely shattered, the lines buried themselves again in the swamp and woods, and there they were kept by the British cannon. For thirteen miles,—or perhaps eighteen,—they plowed on, with regulars, Canadians, and Indians waiting on all sides to draw a bead on every man that showed himself. There was nothing to eat, and nothing but swamp water to slake their thirst; and when darkness came on they had to lie down wherever a dry spot could be found. A wretched end looked every one of them in the face; but Carleton finally recalled his troops, in order to prove that King George's mercy still flowed. Pursued, then, only by "Musketoes of a monstrous seize and Innumerable numbers," the Americans passed on, and a few days later reentered Sorel. Thompson had been captured, some three hundred men lost, and another defeat suffered; yet "the King of Prussia never planned better," said one of the British officers, and "had they not lost their road, they must have carried their point."

EVERYTHING AGAINST NOTHING

If the outlook was dark before, what should it be called now? Beaten, broken, penniless, underfed, poorly trained, poorly armed, honeycombed with a dreadful epidemic and the fear of it, and in large part half naked, the American army can only be described in the words of Sullivan himself: "No one thing is right." Out of eight thousand men Arnold reckoned on June 6 that less than five thousand could be mustered, while a little later the effec-

tives were estimated at a third of the total. "Those who were most healthy went about like so many walking apparitions," wrote an officer, and, besides working and fighting, had to care for the sick among them. Worst of all, perhaps, the troops were ignorant of the straits of Congress, and felt themselves "wholly neglected," as Thomas had written. Yet the "little tincture of vanity" that Washington discovered among Sullivan's admirable traits made him imagine vain things, and he vowed he would not retreat so long as a single person would stick by him. Duty reinforced vanity: had not Congress ordered him to "contest every foot of the ground"?

On the British side, though Sullivan scouted the reports of their numbers, ten thousand regulars were now moving on with Carleton, the British troops gay with scarlet, and the Germans actually shining in their blue regimentals with red facings, their broad lace and their silver frogs; and all these troops were fresh, rosy, and eager for a fight. Canadian militia gathered about them, and the Indians were coming in. Vessels laden with choice provisions, a fine train of artillery, and a plenty of war-ships rounded out the force. It was health against sickness, confidence against defeat, plenty against want, gold against paper, four against one; and Sullivan's bravery could only dash itself and the army to pieces.

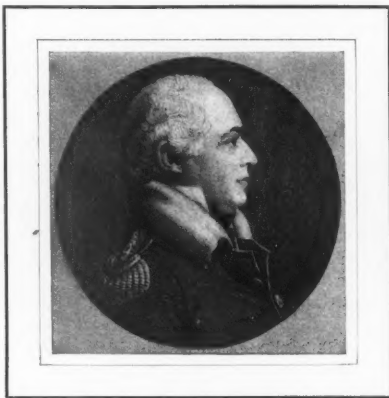
AMERICA AT STAKE

BUT the destruction of an army hardly spelled one syllable of the danger. Let Carleton only reach Longueuil while Sullivan awaited him at Sorel: to Chambly would then be only a dozen miles, a morning stroll, while Sorel was nearly fifty miles away; and Sullivan would be ruined completely. A dozen miles more to St. John's, and Arnold also would be cut off. Then, leaving the Canadians to guard his pris-

oners, Carleton could seize the American bateaux, embark his men, sail to Ticonderoga, march to Albany, march down the Hudson, coöperate with Howe's powerful army, as the British government expected, stamp out Washington, and scatter the Conscript Fathers. The Declaration of Independence would not appear, and the only question would be, how many insurgents to hang? "We can hear the enemy now firing; this will be a hot week," wrote an officer from Sorel on June 13. More than a hundred British vessels were just below, yet Sullivan only planted him-

self the more firmly on the sandy point at the mouth of the Richelieu.

The next morning beheld a strange contrast. Across Lake St. Peter swept the British fleet with a favoring breeze, decks brilliant with fresh uniforms, prows white with shining foam, waves a-sparkle with dancing light, and white villages gleaming back from the dark-green rim of the lake; while at Sorel, behind the breastworks and the



From a print lent by General James Grant Wilson

GENERAL JAMES WILKINSON

abatis of withered pines, dingy and hungry-looking men were hurrying stores and sick people into their water-craft, and pushing off with feverish speed. The protests of Arnold and other officers had at last opened Sullivan's eyes, and all his great powers were now focused on retreat. Yet there was no flight. Everything, even to a spade, went aboard. The works were then abandoned, and an hour later British soldiers took possession.

That night the Americans lay where darkness overtook them, and on the morrow Burgoyne set out in pursuit. But he was not permitted to crowd the fugitives; that would hurry the retreat. General Carleton's mind was on the grand purpose, and as quickly as possible he sailed for Longueuil.

This was the very crisis. The whole future of America depended now—depended on a puff of air.

A WONDERFUL RETREAT

At three o'clock in the afternoon of the 15th, Captain James Wilkinson was going down the St. Lawrence with a message from Arnold to Sullivan, and about fourteen miles below Montreal two cannon-shots were heard. Landing to investigate, he found British troops there, and the river beyond looked snowy with British sails. It was Carleton. Why had he stopped short? The wind had failed him.

That was a wind of destiny, indeed, and it gave the patriot cause a chance of life. Mounting the first horse he could lay hands on, Wilkinson dashed bareback to Longueuil, forced a Canadian at the point of his sword to help him across the river, and gave the alarm to Arnold. But how could the Montreal garrison escape with its baggage across Carleton's advancing front? The British must be delayed; they must be fought; Sullivan must send a force to do it; and Wilkinson rode off in the darkness to carry this message. How absurd! Sullivan had only the debris of an army, sleeping in exhaustion where they could, amid oceans of mud and torrents of rain, with nobody awake but the chief officers, and not even a sentry posted to protect them. Demoralization seemed complete; the army was no more. Yet in less than an hour, when morning dawned, Wayne gathered a corps of cheerful, willing troops, and marched off to fight the governor's legions. Army or not, there were men still. Happily they did not have to be sacrificed. Arnold had already crossed the river, and soon was pressing forward to St. John's in safety.

Sullivan, for his part, managed to gather his forces at Chambly; but there, with two armies in pursuit of him, he found a third enemy squarely in front. Roaring and foaming, the Chambly rapids fall a vertical distance of seventy-five feet, and up that height all his boats must climb. But the general was in earnest. Working day and night, he passed the rapids, burned the fort at Chambly, and hurried on to join Arnold, tearing up the bridges as he went. Burgoyne followed. Toward evening on June 18, the British drew near St. John's, and their van was ordered forward on the run. Two horsemen, some distance ahead, watched the column approach. At last they turned and galloped back to the fort. Every American, sick or well, had em-

barked and left the place. Every musket, every flint, every cannon except three poor ones abandoned at Chambly, had gone, and Fort St. John was in flames. The horsemen dismounted, shot their steeds, and tossed the harness into a waiting boat. One of them, Wilkinson, stepped in, and the other,—it was Arnold,—pushing the boat off, sprang after him. Before they were out of musket-range the British came up. The invasion of Canada had ended.

Carleton was eager to pursue the fugitives, but only a few of the boats that he requested to be sent from England had come, and he found it impossible to build a fleet quickly. The Americans, under Arnold's lead, strained every nerve to place armed vessels on the lake, and almost half of October had gone before the governor defeated them. It was then too late in the season for a new campaign, and he soon retired to winter quarters.

WHAT shall be our verdict on these events? The invasion of Canada seemed unavoidable; it was boldly and shrewdly planned and bravely executed; it missed its aim only by the narrowest of chances. But the sole possible success was to fail, and therefore it succeeded. To have won that country would have required us to defend it; and any serious endeavor to hold Canada against Great Britain would have divided the resources of the colonies, exhausted their strength, and led to their ruin. Yet a determined fight was necessary, and all the benefits of that we gained. It rendered a British invasion from the north impossible in 1775 and 1776; the power of England, instead of America, was divided; Carleton's ill success cost him for a time the king's favor; the invasion of 1777 was intrusted to a far less dangerous man; Bennington and Saratoga allied us with France; and French aid insured our independence.

These campaigns were also a dress-rehearsal for the war. People realized what war meant, and Washington discovered where to look for lieutenants. In Montgomery the patriot cause found not only a worthy martyr, but one able to fire the imaginations and the hearts of men. In the capture of regulars and fortresses, the battle with nature, the struggle for Quebec, and the stubborn retreat, America saw that patriots could improvise victories,

live without food, battle without weapons, and die without regret. On the one hand, this enterprise helped lead the country from the tone of petition to the tone of independence; on the other, our Declaration looks grander than ever, when we realize that a poor, defeated, humiliated people flung it into the face of triumphant power; and

while the inevitable imperfections of humanity showed themselves in these campaigns, yet the lofty patriotism, the keen intelligence, the bold initiative, the dauntless courage, and the sublime fortitude exhibited there, make them not only the prologue of our Revolution, but the prologue of our national career.

THE END



SUSANNA AND I

MY OLD MAID'S CORNER

BY LILLIE HAMILTON FRENCH

Author of "Hezekiah's Wives"

IT has been twenty-five years, has it not? —yes, quite twenty-five, I believe,—in which we have been trying to understand each other, my cousin Susanna and I. Yes, it must be all of twenty-five years, because her eldest son is twenty at the very least.

For twenty-five years, then, we have been stumbling along in our friendship, loving each other all the time, loyal to each other so far as loyalty without understanding can go, and yet always in our relations to each other like two persons

talking with a wall between them, over the top of which only their heads are visible.

And all of this began when my cousin Susanna married Harry Peake, and I remained single. For marriage seems to be a kind of Tower of Babel among women. Each one afterward speaks a different tongue. There were Susanna and I, for instance. We grew up together, went to school and out into the world together, shared every thought and every secret aspiration. Then Susanna married, and lo!

with that Tower of Babel, her marriage, there arose between us the greatest confusion. She could no longer comprehend me. And no wonder, her own vocabulary had so altered. The old familiar words of our girlhood had another color for her now, as wife. Love meant a new thing, friendship no longer the old one. She felt herself to be of a different order, and I sometimes think that because I was a spinster she regarded me as belonging only to some species.

There have been times, for example, when for her benefit I have repeated some of the very words that as young girls we were accustomed to use in discussing our futures and the mistakes of other people—words that in those old days embodied ideals from which, whatever might come after, we, at least, unlike the other people, were never to depart. But when Susanna has heard me repeat them it has been as though she had never heard them before. "You do not know what you are talking about," she has answered. "What you are saying is all nonsense." And then she has added, as if to prove her point: "You have never had children to bring up, nor the tastes of a husband to consider."

At other times, when all her troubles have been turned inside out and upside down for my inspection, and I have ventured on a word of that counsel which she has assured me she came to seek, she has said to me: "You do not understand. Perhaps it is too much to expect that you should, living as you have done, with no one to defer to but yourself."

Then there have been still other moments in which Susanna has appeared to comprehend my speech, but only to evince a certain consternation at what she thinks she has discovered in my words. Then it has been a "How can you?" or a "I thought that you, at least, with your bringing up, would escape the influences of the day." And when Susanna has said "influences of the day," I have been well-nigh convinced of how evil they are, of their being much worse, in fact, than any hitherto encountered by the world. Yet I have always maintained, and I do still maintain, except when Susanna uses that tone to me, that at every stage of man's development there have been influences of the day to consider quite as complex as any which assail us now, and that the race has grown in girth

and stature only according to the choice which the individual made of those influences to which he should have opened his nature. For each of us must make such a choice. It is man's privilege to do so, and his obligation. As he builds his house to catch this breeze or to draw that hour's sunshine to him, so he must build his character in order that from every point of that ever-widening horizon of human thought he can draw to him only those particular influences by which his spirit is to be refreshed and his full growth attained.

Sometimes Susanna comes to challenge me to a discussion by telling me in a roundabout fashion what she thinks wives ought to resent in their husbands, and then I know, of course, that what she has wanted to say is something about what she resents in Harry. I then become roundabout too, because I never like to recognize any difficulty as her own, and I say that it seems to me that most troubles in life would drop from the arduous places if we understood better what generosity meant as a curative factor in life, so that those things, for instance, which were required of us because of some position which we occupied, were made things which we gave freely and gladly and even joyously. Then the very act of giving would lift us as givers above the plane where personal demands and obligations ruled, making even the least of servitors equal with the highest. But Susanna, hearing my answer, doubts me at once, although I have been careful for her sake not to refer in any way to the subject of husbands and wives. She fears, however, that, not understanding her own side, I may be taking that of Harry. "These are hardly subjects for discussion between us. You must know some very queer wives," she will say. Or she will not reply at all, except with a look of pained wonder on her face. For she holds me in never-ending question, as she would one of an alien people. When, as has sometimes happened, I have been led on my own account to tell her what I think love ought to be in its wide, all-embracing quality, she only wonders if I, like many other spinsters, am becoming sentimental or perhaps (and this strikes her as much more alarming) too liberal!

I have only to tell her what kind of man stands for an ideal with me, giving her suggestions which even as an old maid I know

might be of service in the training of her son—I have only to do this to have her become reflective at once, while she tries to decide, with close-drawn eyebrows, what man it is who has affected me so strongly, and whether it can be—and at my age, too—that I, a spinster, mean to do something silly, and marry. As if to marry, indeed, were the very silliest thing of which a spinster could be guilty! No other spinster would think it silly, I am sure; only somebody who is married herself, like Susanna.

She never, however, makes me feel the height and breadth and thickness of the dividing-wall between us, nor myself so much of an alien, an outsider, an anomaly, as when I talk of forgiveness between men and women, and of that love which would mean compassion even for the greatest offender—a compassion which, in its desire to help the one who has sinned, would forgive the injury that love itself had received. To my cousin this is all strange parlance, the language of invidious foes, since love to her means a much simpler and safer and much more domestic affair—nothing more or less, in fact, than a belief in Harry, in Harry's rectitude and Harry's honor. "I could not love my husband," she will say to me, "if I did not respect him, and I could not respect him if he were not all the things that I thought him to be." Then she will add, in a tone that well-nigh overcomes me, and to which I have never yet grown accustomed: "And certainly I would not *want* Harry ever to forgive me if I were the kind of woman who would fail him." When I try to argue further, as on occasions I have had the courage to do, she tells me that I might much better leave the discussion of these subjects alone, for if I had a husband I would feel "quite differently."

Our discussions have always ended in this same way. She has thrust me out of every contest of opinions as the Romans would have thrust some incompetent from an arena. I have not always thought it kind in Susanna, for is there a spinster who lives who could have helped being single? It has seemed hardly fair, either, since most of her own knowledge has come from the study of one man's idiosyncrasies.

And then with what skepticism Susanna regards me when, in reply to something she has said about mothers and children, I tell her that to me the highest mother-

hood seems to be one which concerns itself with the nurturing of ideals, whether in one's own children or in the children of one's neighbor, or even in a man. At my mention of the word "man" she bristles. She is not sure where such views are going to carry me, a spinster. But I go on to tell her that to be filled with the mother spirit one must love all children alike. "What!" she exclaims, "do you mean to tell me that I must love each little ragamuffin whom I see in the street as I love my own children? One's first duty is to one's own. The very idea of it! If you had ever been a mother yourself, you would know." But I go on to tell her—and she cannot argue me out of this—that I think that even as old maids we can have this mother-love, and that, married or single, we fail in it if we talk about the things that other people's children do, making them public as we never would make public the wrong things of which our own children are guilty. And from this I go on to say that all gossip, all parade of our neighbor's peccadillos, is wrong, since the oldest of men and women are but half-grown children, after all, and each is somebody's child, and that therefore those of us who had the right love of ideals, or the mother-love, in us would let those peccadillos be forgotten, while we give the better part of our neighbor's character a chance to grow up.

It is at this point that Susanna invariably folds her hands, and, with earnest eyes and that tightening of the lips which implies the keeping back of much else which she would like to say, she asks me what I think the home would be if the wives and mothers in it grew lax about the morals of those of their neighbors, old or young, whom they admitted to their firesides, or to whom they permitted an intimacy with their children.

This, then, is the way in which Susanna and I have talked for twenty-five years. In all that time the dividing-line has never been down between us, nor has she ever admitted that I too might be a woman, claiming with her the right to certain inheritances bequeathed to us by the primal man, with the privilege of considering even when I could not enjoy them.

Now, however, and all at once, I am no longer an alien in her eyes. She has taken me altogether over to her side. Indeed, she insists that I remain with her, united in everything. For my cousin Susanna has

of late begun to feel the encroachments of middle age, and she has already perceived that no previous conditions either of marriage or of spinsterhood will now avail the woman anything; that alike on us all, without distinction of place, without respect of person, middle age showers whatsoever indignities and surprises it will, on the wife and on the spinster.

It is pathetic to see her helplessness over the situation, and yet her revolt. She asks me if I mean to submit or to stand up against it all. She appeals to me, wanting to know what I think about belts—whether by pulling a belt up or down a better line is given to the figure; and she will let me struggle over hers for an hour while she remains as meek as any child. Only the other day it was about black tulle or velvet for the neck, because somehow, as she said, nothing “went” the same way as it used to, and she did not want Harry to notice. Then she came to consult me about her hair, which had grown too thin over the temples to be curled, and she asked me how I managed about mine. Mine! My hair, indeed, that every one tells me is quite as thick as it ever was! But Susanna leaves me out of nothing on these days, especially the unbecoming symptoms.

She insists upon keeping the door shut when she talks, and she preserves such an air of mystery that one might easily suppose we were girls again and exchanging confidences about valentines. She would not for the world, she tells me, have her children know that she cared, or that she ever discussed such subjects; and with the thought of her children she suddenly assumes a different manner, telling me how undignified the whole question is. But I notice that she always returns to it.

She is always arriving at my corner with remedies for this trouble or that, generally a trouble that has something to do with an increasing avoirdupois or a growing shortness of waist. It is the waist that troubles her most. Sometimes it will be to bring me a prescription or a regimen which has been followed by some pretty woman whose figure is still that of a girl, even with a son at Yale—so much lemon-juice, Susanna informs me, to be taken so many times a day, and hot water after one’s meals. And then it is not lemon-juice or hot water at all, only the going-without-your-breakfast plan. But it is always some other plan.

None of them seems to work, which makes me sorry for my cousin, for I can remember when men who saw her in evening dress used to say that they knew at last who had stolen the lost arms of the Venus of Melos.

She displays the greatest solicitude for me and my condition, as though in all that concerned her I was to be included, which is kind, since I am younger, as every one knows who sees us together. She is always observing me. One day she saw me look in the glass as we were going up a hotel elevator. I was dissatisfied with the fit of my collar, but she thought I was engaged with my chin. “Don’t mind,” she said sympathetically, laying her hand on my arm. “I remember just how I felt when I first discovered mine. Nothing that happens to a woman is so bad as that which happens to her chin after forty.”

When I reached home that night I took a mirror and went to a strong light to see if she could be right; for old friends are so observant, and Susanna is like a sea-captain, with eyes always alert for weather signs: she lets nothing escape her. I shall not, of course, tell her what I saw in the glass!

But her solicitude embarrasses me, she takes such trouble on my account, like pointing out a rather pretty and well-dressed woman on the street, for instance, whose waistband has never been altered as she has grown stouter, and whose shoulders, in consequence, have been lifted until they form nearly a straight line across. “There,” said Susanna. “Now you know why I am so interested in *your* clothes.”

I know, of course, that it is very kind of my cousin, but she perplexes me. She has referred so constantly of late to the subject of my age and the “little things” that she has noticed that not long since I began to notice things for myself, and I drew her attention to a new bunch of wrinkles that I thought might be coming under my eyes, there where the cheek-bone makes a slight descent. I made my reference to them in a gay and light-hearted manner, because she has some wrinkles of her own in that very spot, and I did not want her to suppose that I thought them anything but delightful. Indeed, I am rather fond of wrinkles myself. I would not lose one from the faces of those whom I love—this wrinkle that a kind thought has tracked across the brow, this line about

the mouth that some resolve has deepened, nor those records around the eyes of smiles that have never failed me in encouragement.

It may be that with the "coming of the crow's-feet" there must follow the "backward turn to beaux' feet"; but who minds the feet that turn backward, if ahead there is always a hand held out to you, and you know, besides, that you have a corner to which you are welcomed, and another to which you may invite? So I do not find the subject so dreadful. I take, indeed, quite a cheerful view of wrinkles, since not until they appear does any spinster feel sure of an old maid's corner awaiting her. But Susanna, that day when I referred to those just appearing on my cheek, turned on me suddenly and said: "You ought to make up your mind from this time forth never again to refer to what is inevitable and sad. Whenever you are tempted to do so, remember this story of Mrs. Randolph, the most beautiful woman in America, as you know, even after her sons were quite grown. When she detected her first wrinkles,—and they were those fine wrinkles for which there is no hope, and which cover all of the face,—she determined neither to refer to them herself nor to allow any one to approach her on the subject. She never mentioned the question of age from that day until the day of her death. She bore them as we all must bear great calamities—in silence; and the world respected her dignity."

This speech affected me much at the time, it was uttered with such convincing earnestness; but afterward I wondered whether my cousin's admonitions were not addressed to herself. People have a way of doing such things. I always knew as a child just when a young uncle had overdrawn his account. He never failed to lecture me about getting into debt, even though he knew that I had not a penny of my own to spend.

On another occasion Susanna told me again the story of Mme. Récamier's knowing when her beauty had begun to fade because no one in the street any longer turned to look at her as she passed. "I am only beginning," Susanna said to me, "to know the full tragedy of what she must have felt." In return I told her the story of a spinster I knew who realized when youth and graces had begun to de-

part because one day she found she could sit in the park alone, a kind-hearted policeman even having come up to suggest some bench a little more protected from the wind. But Susanna saw no parallel; she only wondered why the men of the spinster's family let her go to the park alone—Harry had never permitted her to go. I suggested that there were no men in that particular old maid's family to care, but that did not alter Susanna's opinion. Nothing ever alters that.

Sometimes, for Susanna's benefit, I take a cheerful view of middle age and insist upon talking of its advantages, which, indeed, are many and most delightful, when one but considers them. I tell her that I like to be middle-aged, preferring that condition to youth, and I dwell upon the fact of how free and untrammelled it makes us; how it gives us a chance to be ourselves at last, to express our own opinions and our purposes, undeterred by fear of the ignorant interpretations of little minds; that by the time we have reached middle age we have made our records, and the things that we say and do are not measured by alarms for our development, but by the standards according to which men have seen us govern our lives. Then I refer to the fact that we can say and do things never possible in youth, and I tell her how much my sympathies go out to the young girls who express some feeling, only to have it misunderstood. Now and then I talk to Susanna after this fashion:

"Here am I a middle-aged spinster, and now when I like any one or am sorry for any one, even for a young man, and I want to tell him so, I can tell him without his taking fright. That is a thing I could never do as a younger woman, although I used to feel in exactly the same way and mean no more than I mean now." But this view of middle-aged privileges has for Susanna a touch of the scandalous. She cannot see how women can talk about "liking" men in this promiscuous fashion. She never liked any one but Harry.

While in some other mood I will, for Susanna's benefit, dwell upon the dangers of middle age, referring to some wreck I have just witnessed, and I will tell her that I am inclined to believe that not even youth has so many shoals in it or is so full of critical places. For in youth every one is on our side, helping us, warning us of

dangers, opening the way for us to better things. But in middle age everybody thinks that we ought to know for ourselves, that our characters must be formed, that we are weak if we cannot resist. For nobody understands what the loneliness of middle age may do to some, and disappointment to others, nor what the insidious growth of self-esteem may accomplish. For my part, I go on to tell her, I have a greater feeling of respect for men and women who pass the shoals without being swamped than I have for young people who are not overboard almost as soon as they start on their voyage.

But here again Susanna and I are talking with a wall between us.

"What temptations?" she asks in a tone that always puts me on my mettle, so many other questions are implied besides the one she asks.

"Discontent," I answer glibly, as if I knew every snare and pitfall, which I sometimes believe that I do, having had them all presented to me in various forms and places, not only in my own corner, but by the firesides of my friends—"discontent with one's self, or with one's place in life. Discontent with one's children. Discontent without them. Discontent with your husband because he has not proved himself what you supposed him. Discontent with a wife because she has not kept pace with your own developments. For nobody escapes the shoals, Susanna, nor the danger-places. The middle-aged men are no safer than the middle-aged women, my dear. Second childhood is ahead of us all by that time, and the discipline of our nursery days is to be repeated, which made no distinction in favor of either the boy or the girl children. And so for the middle-aged men, as for us, there are the same temptations to confront—those of melancholy; of thinking that nothing is of any more use; of being sure that one is left out of the race or behind in the procession, or that one is misunderstood. And then there are the loss of hope and the loss of courage, grievous temptations these, in which faith and evidence go wrestling. Then there are the settled habits about being too sick to make any effort. And there is vanity. Oh, yes; vanity, Susanna—the vanity which makes us think that people are talking against us, which is as bad as the vanity which makes us think that they are always approving.

Then the being sure that the world is worse than when we grew up, and that our ways of thinking are the only right ways. Then the wanting other people to give their convictions up to ours, and our never wanting to yield a single opinion to them. And oh, I forgot! There are the evil associations which we choose as our daily companions—the suspicions, disappointments, and resentments. Then the blaming other people for our mistakes, and thinking that a God-given quality like virtue any one living can take from the soul of another. But worse than all, there is the being so virtuous ourselves that we make every one else with whom we talk feel wicked."

By this time I am talking to myself, for I know no such persistent temptation for the middle-aged, none so subtle in its nature nor so disastrous in its consequences, as that which makes us like to seem to our juniors not only established in altogether virtuous ways, but as if we had been so established all our lives. It is not, I think, a very courageous attitude to take, especially before the young, who have no means of knowing what rapids we, their elders, have encountered when guiding to a present safety the frail crafts of our character. The young, whose very nature it is to feel the differences that distinguish them as individuals from the rest of mankind, never fancy themselves so isolated as when they witness some of the older ones harbored in quiet ports apparently unassailed by tempests. Then it is that by very contrast the young imagine themselves as controlled by an adverse fate which has sent them adrift and alone on to a sea of wild temptations over which no respectable old person could ever have been sent to sail. Is it right to make them feel so, I ask myself often, gratifying as it may be to us to be venerated? Opulent people are considered ill-bred who make the indigent feel poverty-stricken. It seems to me quite as culpable for the virtuous elderly person to make the young stumbler feel himself a sinner.

Susanna, however, has failed to perceive that my last words were addressed to myself. She has her back toward me as I finish. I feel some overture my duty. I go to her, turn her around so that she faces me, wrinkles and all, and then I say quite gravely, feeling every word:

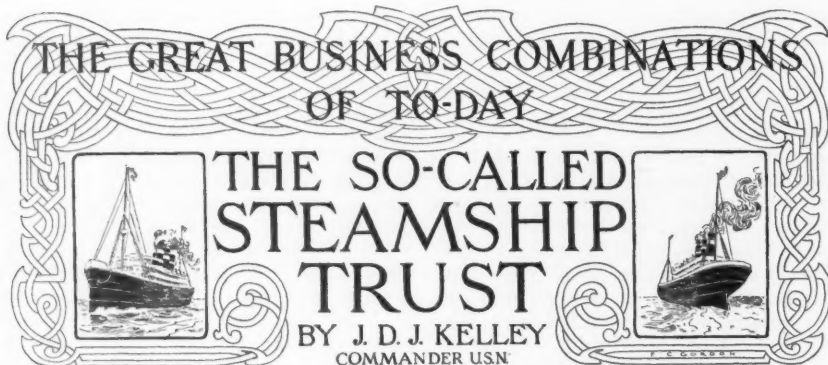
"There is another thing that I have for-

gotten to say about middle age. It is the best thing of all, and can comfort us both. If we let our prejudices fall away, and all our little self-esteem, we can grow as much into wisdom when we are middle-aged as we grew into knowledge when we were young. And there is this which neither of

us must forget—no growing is ever so beautiful as the growing of the old."

Then Susanna kissed me. She never feels quite so near me as when I am pointing out the hopes of middle age.

Poor Susanna! It must be a tragedy—this having been beautiful in one's youth!



THE International Mercantile Marine Company, popularly described as the Steamship Trust, is the largest and most powerful steamship corporation in the world. Its fleet numbers 141 steamers, many of them of good speed, fine displacement, and effective equipment; its holdings reach the enormous total of 1,103,739 gross tons. Never before, in the history of maritime adventure, has any one organization been able to boast of such an "enumeration of the ships." It is, indeed, impossible to furnish a true idea of this fleet by unrelated figures or trite adjectives. Its magnitude may, perhaps, be revealed by the official statement that its combined ocean-going tonnage surpasses that of any maritime nation, Great Britain and Germany alone excepted, and that the American steam merchant marine registered for foreign commerce is less by 700,000 tons.

The company is organized under American laws, is controlled by American capital, is managed by a general directory of which the majority is American, and has its principal offices in the United States. The aggregation of ships and tonnage, the

secured good-will, and the concentrated interests constitute, therefore, a revolution not only in the carrying trade, but in the nationality of the main contributory energies. It is true that only sixteen of the ships have the right to fly our flag, and that even fewer than this number have been built in home yards. While this incompleteness of achievement will deny us another notable illustration of our steady progress toward commercial supremacy, still the promise is so great that even the limited performance should contribute to the national satisfaction. In truth, this appreciation might fairly become a declared enthusiasm if it were more generally understood how much the consolidation promises to raise our rank as a sea-trading power. On June 1, 1901, the merchant marine of the United States—ocean-going and domestic, registered and enrolled—comprised 24,057 vessels of 5,524,218 tons. And yet only 8.2 per cent. of the enormous commerce of the country was during the same fiscal year carried by ships included in this category. An inconsiderable increment to our freight money was, it is true, contributed by other vessels that

are owned in this country and are sailed under foreign flags. At a minimum of expectation the combination should at once increase, through both these agencies, the earnings to which we are legitimately entitled.

The new effort is, therefore, a brave beginning in a better direction, and while its possibilities lie largely in the lap of the future, we can indulge the hope that it may prove to be the most influential factor in reasserting American commercial power on the high seas, since the great American shipyards were called into existence by the recreation of the navy.

II

THIS shipping combination is by no means the greatest thus far projected or effected by the business theories of the day, but it may be doubted if any other has so much touched the imagination of the trading nations. The boldness of the conception evokes by its quick success the admiring envy of the keenest rivals in the field. It is something novel and untried, something where the scope of endeavor is international and the zone of essay is supposed to be prohibitive. The industries of three nations—Great Britain, the United States, and Belgium—are directly concerned, and those of Germany are closely associated through the trade alliance of its two great steamship companies.

Many fanciful reasons have been urged in explanation of this attempt to establish at sea the community of interests hitherto limited to the land. The misinterpretation of motives and the exaggeration of intentions have run the usual gamut, and the bad side rather than the good was, in the beginning, industriously exploited. One immediate consequence was an unreasoning distrust in British political and commercial circles. This was fostered so splenetically, or so ignorantly, by jeremiads of the press and of the competing industries that at one time nothing less than the destruction of the empire's bulwarks was prophesied. But all this has proved to be sheer folly.

The syndicate undoubtedly realized that if it was to live in a competition where monopoly could not enter, it must build up, not wreck. It must have known that a promising business offered, provided the conditions should respond to remedies that had been and are successful ashore. It was will-

ing, evidently, to risk this chance, because it recognized that the evils of the situation were preventable and not inherent. It was held, for example, that the low Atlantic freight rates for the past year were due to many causes, some natural, some artificial, but in the main to the destructive competition that resulted from a diminished volume of oversea cargoes and from a great increase in the number of vessels seeking this trade. The Boer war had stimulated ship-building, and its termination released a large amount of tonnage, which perforce crowded the transatlantic market. Coincident with this, the failure of the corn crop of 1901 reduced the volume of our normal export trade. The inevitable had occurred: business had slackened, and in some trades had almost disappeared, because of a ruinous policy. As the complex situation grew more serious, and the losses or diminished profits multiplied, offsetting and unwise economies were enforced, with the result that the public service deteriorated and dividends dropped below the rate to which the capital invested and the national value of the industry were entitled.

Favorite steamers still earned a fair and steady income, but the returns from the general freight and passenger traffic were unremunerative. Important vessels were kept on particular routes, even when unprofitable, because the alternative of withdrawal could be adopted only with a loss of prestige that in the end might spell disaster.

Luckily there had always been a way out, but it had not been followed. Indeed, it had been ridiculed as the unrealizable dream of men whose ambitions in oversea transportation were not limited by the money rewards or by the hope of monopoly. Then, too, there were others—men of action—who were occupied with the great question of production, interchange, and transportation, and whose theories, equally scoffed at in the beginning, had been realized. Both groups believed that the true solution of the problems vexing trade and minimizing effort lay in the concentration, consolidation, and centralization of the energies. Both finally coalesced through their common faith in "the capitalization of waste."

It was accepted, first of all, that the problem must be reduced to its simplest terms by combining the interests of certain im-

portant lines, and by securing a substantial control of their stock without any disturbance of their separate managements. The great advantages of this arrangement rested on the fact that the companies thus united by a common interest of ownership would be able, through harmonious operation and coordination of management, to utilize one another's facilities and to minimize one another's deficiencies. Under the existing system one company, or, indeed, all the companies, might deem it vital to occupy unprofitable channels of transportation merely to maintain a barnacled tradition or to bolster up a hardly won prestige; but with centralization it was possible to assign vessels to the particular work for which they were best adapted.

The practicability of such arrangements in conflicting spheres of influence had already been demonstrated, in one instance, by an agreement between the North German Lloyd and the Hamburg-American lines, in trades external to transatlantic waters; and in another by the agreement between certain British and German lines, under which the former withdrew from the trade route between Germany and South America, and the latter from the route between the United States and South America.

A more familiar example may perhaps make clearer this theory of elimination. One of the greatest difficulties in ocean transportation is the necessity of despatching steamers from important ports on regular sailing dates; that is, irrespective of other considerations, a number of vessels are compelled to sail on two or three of the five days to which the Friday superstition and the Sunday observance confine the departures, if not the arrivals, of sea-going vessels. Under this hard-and-fast rule several ships are forced to leave on the same day, usually on the same tide, often with small, unprofitable cargoes, and despite the fact that the expenses of the voyage are just as great as if the holds and cargo spaces were jammed.

In order to live—and even transportation lines believe in a modest right to live—steamship managements began to whittle expenses and to introduce economies, most of which were so petty and so rigorous that the comfort of the passenger and the interests of the shipper were affected. The usual traveler has on shipboard little more

than his own entity to bother about, and this cheese-paring annoyed him. Afloat small annoyances easily become real hardships. As economies multiplied, passengers saw in them not only a contemptuous denial of individual rights, but a stupid failure to foster vital interests of the great commercial nations. Then, too, luxury ashore had spoiled the public for anything less at sea than the postal facilities afforded by transcontinental railway lines. At last it began to be asked why governments and managements could not organize a daily mail service between the great markets of the world. Nor was this demand unreasonable.

Its satisfaction was, however, impossible except through some coöperation that could make the public service a private profit. It is gratifying to know that this is now possible—that it is among the good things promised by the new company. Instead of two or three half-filled steamers leaving on the same day, with no successors for a wasted period of two or more days, a fast vessel is to be despatched daily across that western ocean which travelers usually, bucolic and jocose, are fond of calling the "herring-pond."

It is expected by the syndicate that the economies of combination can be carried farther and fare well. It is customary, in estimating the net earnings of steamship companies, to deduct first the proportionate amounts for depreciation and insurance charges. But with coöperating lines this external insuring is unnecessary, as they can protect themselves at a lower rate than any outside company can afford to offer. It may be added as an *obiter dictum* that one of the great British corporations, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, has for a number of years entirely neglected the ordinary insurance provisions, and has found it profitable to pay losses out of its current revenues. Even the economies of self-insurance may, it is hoped, be surpassed by wise provisions for depreciation. The amount should relatively be smaller in a company of great size than in one of moderate extent, as machine-shops, technical staff, all the outfits and plants, may be minimized. By these means the International Company hopes to save not less than \$2,500,000 annually. It is also hoped that the characteristic savings of well-managed and honest trusts may surely

be depended on, and the duplication of offices, agencies, and soliciting agents be easily avoided without affecting the autonomy of the several lines.

But these economies are not sufficient in themselves, and it is agreed that the combination must depend for success mainly on commercial extension, and that its principal aim must be to foster and to encourage commerce between England and America, by furnishing the best service at the most reasonable rates. Nor can any expectation of a trade monopoly enter into its calculations. The ocean, like the air, is free to all, so uncontrolled and unrestricted that no right of way can be acquired by one as against another. It is not difficult to understand that a monopoly in sea trade can exist only when it extends over the complete terminal facilities of a maritime nation, and when it controls the transportation lines that bring the natural traffic to the seaboard. But the numerous and widely distributed harbors of our coast would alone forbid such a monopoly, even if the ports of the nations were not open on terms of equality to the shipping of all flags. Summed up, the theory underlying the combination seems to be based upon the well-known axiom that extravagance in any business must ultimately be borne by the consumer, and that expenditures avoided on that account must result in equal advantage to producer and consumer. To put it in a phrase, the combination hopes to live and to prosper by its capitalization of waste and by its recognition of individual rights. With the monopoly possibility excluded, these aims should commend the effort to a people tired of our decadence afloat.

III

THE first step of the syndicate was the purchase of the Leyland Line, a company so much increased by a previous consolidation of various interests that in 1901 it owned one of the largest steam tonnages registered in the British ocean-going trade. Its vessels were not remarkable for great size or extraordinary speed, but they were highly rated because of their good displacement, fine average speed, and large and profitable carrying capacity. It is reported that Mr. Morgan paid £14 10s. for each £10 Leyland share, an amount which represents a bonus of forty-five per cent.

for the control of the stock. This price was, at the time, deemed to be justified neither by the normal dividends nor by the earnings taken as the ratio of valuation. The purchasers seem, however, to be satisfied, probably on the theory that a man going into a campaign should have a good battle-horse. The sale was hedged about by mutual agreements that were supposed to increase its value: the chairman of the Leyland Line consented to withdraw, directly and indirectly, for fourteen years from the shipping trade in the North Atlantic (except in a particular line between Antwerp and Montreal), and from that carried on between the United Kingdom and the Continent, provided the purchaser sold him the Mediterranean, the Portugal, and the Montreal divisions of the fleet.

When the deal was made one influential American newspaper predicted a sharp competition between the Morgan and the American lines. It insisted, further, that the buyers' assumed intention to purchase the Atlantic Transport Company could affect the general trade situation only so far as this might depend upon the railroads and corporations controlled by the Morgan interests. An expected subsidy was also supposed to be a factor of prime importance. With such misapprehension at home, the stupefying surprise abroad when it was learned that the American, the Red Star, and the Atlantic Transport lines had been combined with the Leyland, need not be looked upon as extraordinary. Some consolation was found in England by the knowledge that three of the companies were American in fact, if not in flag; but this satisfaction was shattered by the announcement that the White Star Line had been purchased, and that the Cunard Line alone remained—thanks to a building and an increased postal subvention promised by the government. The Dominion Line and others of less importance were subsequently added.

In its final form the new incorporation took the shape of an amendment to the perpetual charter of the International Navigation Company of New Jersey. This superseded American company owned a good-sized fleet, composed in the main of foreign-built ships. These were, of course, registered abroad, to a large degree in a subsidiary Liverpool corporation, the stock of which was owned in this country.

The new fleet mustered by the combination is exhibited concisely in the following table. Here appear the number and size of the ships, grouped by differentiations of tonnage, and special attention is directed to those above 6000 tons, as this displacement is now the minimum that can profitably be employed in the great freight routes:

Company includes 141 steamers aggregating 1,103,739 gross tons, with a working capacity increased nearly one third by the available German tonnage. It will, of course, require a great trade to keep this plant going; but the organizing syndicate seems to have no doubt that it will secure an appropriate and a profitable share.

In the year ending June 30, 1902, 2122

	INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION CO.		ATLANTIC TRANSPORT CO.		WHITE STAR LINE		DOMINION LINE		LEYLAND LINE		TOTAL	
	No.	Gross Tons	No.	Gross Tons	No.	Gross Tons	No.	Gross Tons	No.	Gross Tons	No.	Gross Tons
Over 20,000 tons					2	41,894					2	41,894
15,000 to 20,000 tons					1	17,274					1	17,274
10,000 to 15,000 tons	10	117,179	6	80,402	10	121,295	3	38,291	5	56,573	34	413,740
8,000 to 9,999 tons	2	17,276	6	48,005	4	36,523	3	27,862	9	79,186	24	208,852
6,000 to 7,999 tons	1	6,409	4	27,658	2	14,358	2	12,984	5	31,973	14	93,382
4,000 to 5,999 tons	2	10,858	3	14,672	7	34,796	6	30,975	18	88,572	36	179,873
2,000 to 3,999 tons	9	28,917	4	12,123					12	38,829	25	79,869
¹ Total	24	180,639	23	182,860	26	266,140	14	110,112	49	295,133	136	1,034,884

¹ Three steamers originally laid down by the White Star Company, and not included in the table, are each above 20,000 gross tons.

The officers of the company are: president, Clement A. Griscom; vice-president, in Great Britain, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, and in the United States, P. A. S. Franklin, president of the Atlantic Transport Line; directors, C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, B. N. Baker, John I. Waterbury, George W. Perkins, E. J. Berwind, James H. Hyde, Charles Steele, the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, J. Bruce Ismay, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins, Henry Wilding, Charles F. Torrey; executive and finance committee, C. A. Griscom, P. A. B. Widener, George W. Perkins, Edward J. Berwind, Charles Steele; British committee, Sir Clinton E. Dawkins (chairman), the Right Hon. W. J. Pirrie, J. Bruce Ismay, Henry Wilding, Charles F. Torrey.

The next largest steamship corporation is the Hamburg-American, which owns 127 steamers of 630,091 gross tons. Should this, for the purpose of illustration, be combined with the North German Lloyd fleet, totals of 202 steamers and of 1,106,000 tons are reached. This aggregation would be slightly greater than that of the International Company, but many of the vessels are, it must be remembered, not employed in the transatlantic trade. With the additions since the purchase of the Leyland Line, the total fleet of the International

steamers of considerably more than 7,000,000 gross tons were employed in the general foreign trade that entered the seaports of the United States. Of this total, 700 steamers aggregating 3,200,000 gross tons were required for the export, import, and passenger traffic between the United States and Europe. A closer analysis of these statistics shows that the International Company's tonnage is large enough to satisfy at least one third of the present transatlantic requirements, and with the 500,000 German tons it can control half the tonnage required for the traffic between Europe and the United States. When the superior efficiency of its individual steamers, the economic advantages due to its highly developed and centralized organization, and its probable connection with the great trunk-railway systems are considered, it should be able to handle and to seek, not fifty, but sixty, per cent. of the whole trade.

A business of such magnitude is a matter of international interest, now that commercial affairs have become the most potent influences in the councils of the world. It has a special significance, not for our seaports alone, but for the whole country. "The problem of improved transportation facilities to foreign markets is of greater importance to the inland producing

States of the Union than to our seaboard commercial cities." We must not forget that our productions contribute the most valuable freights, and that it is our duty to handle them from the growing of the blades and the mining of the ore to their transportation on every sea.

The combination followed so closely other great industrial organizations that it excited distrust and alarm, notably in Great Britain. Indeed, the declaration of a cabinet minister was needed to allay the fear that the merger was intended primarily to injure British commerce. Mr. Gerald Balfour, president of the British Board of Trade, declared that in his opinion "no such desire ever entered into the mind of Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The proof is the readiness with which he has met the government on all the points wherein the British interests seem to be most endangered by the fact that the shipping combination had been called into existence. We have made an agreement with Mr. Morgan, and its general effect is to secure that the British companies in the combination shall remain British, not merely nominally, but in reality."

Amplifying a point which seemed to be of the keenest interest to his audience, Mr. Balfour pointed out that each of the British companies is to be kept alive and to be managed by directors the majority of whom are to be British subjects; that the purchased ships and half the ships to be built hereafter are to be British ships, to fly the British flag, to be officered by British officers, and to be manned in reasonable proportions by British crews. On its side, the government undertook, for a period of twenty years, to treat the British companies in the combination on an equality in all services—postal, naval, or military—that might be required of the British mercantile marine. Should the combination pursue a policy hostile to the British shipping or trade, the government reserved the right to terminate the agreement.

"In judging of these agreements," continued Mr. Balfour, "let me ask you to remember this: the interests of the mercantile marine and the carrying trade are among the greatest of all British interests; but we cannot exclude everybody else from the carrying trade. In particular, it would be most unreasonable to expect that our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic

should not claim a fair and due share of the Atlantic trade. I would ask you to consider the direction and volume of the trade. The goods America sends to this country are, in point of value, three to one. We are sending to America, if measured not in value but in bulk, something more than that figure. In these circumstances it is impossible to expect that the Americans should be permanently content to remain without a considerable share in that trade. But it is desirable that this inevitable development should take place with the least possible friction between the two peoples."

In the United States, as abroad, many men saw in the combinations an obvious scheme to secure an American subsidy. It is undoubted that the originators of the merger did hope, and probably are still hoping, to receive a subsidy; but, looked at fairly, this could not have been the intention inspiring the formation of the trust. Otherwise, when the Subsidy Bill was known early in the negotiations to be doomed, the project, like so many others born untimely, would have been abandoned.

"Opinion was divided among the promoters of the scheme on the other side," declared Mr. Pirrie, before a parliamentary committee, "as to the probable effect of the Subsidy Bill, and also as to the desirability of waiting until its effect was known; but, broadly speaking, the effect of the Subsidy Bill mattered little one way or another." Evidently what did matter was this: "A dangerous situation," he continued, "was approaching, but by the establishment of this community of interests the future in British shipping and ship-building is assured, or, at any rate, these two great national industries would be in a much more secure position than they ever were before." It would be interesting to know what relation this "dangerous situation" bore to the threatening report that the syndicate controlled or was able to fix the through rates over American trunk railways.

An influential section of the British press declined to accept these explanations, mainly because, like the British public, it had not approved the transfer of the White Star Line. The best steamers of this company are enrolled in the auxiliary naval defense of Great Britain, and many of the officers and men belong to the Royal Naval Reserve. The blow to national pride was, therefore, severe. The dissidents re-

fused also to accept Mr. Balfour's somewhat jaunty definition of their rights in this particular matter, and insisted that various questions should be asked in Parliament. They wished to know, for example, in case there was a chance of war in which Great Britain might be involved, whether the eight American and five English directors would have the power to order ships of the International Company to remain in New York harbor or in any other port where they might happen to be; or, to put a still stronger case, would they have the power to concentrate these ships at points where they might easily be seized by a probable enemy to Great Britain? One need not imagine war imminent between Great Britain and America to see how the seriousness of such a menace must appeal to Englishmen. They recognized that ship-owners and ship-builders of different nationalities have always been ready enough to drive a bargain with a prospective belligerent so long as the shadowy rules of neutrality are not overstepped, and as both Great Britain and the United States had always been in the forefront in this respect, the former could hardly demand satisfaction from American ship-owners for anything done until war had been declared.

Then, too, the malcontents insisted that while the British flag may be shown on these vessels, it could not be said that a ship is British when it is owned by a corporation registered in a foreign country, when it is controlled by a board with a foreign president, and when a large majority of its personnel is foreign. "We all respect the flag so long as it is a true flag," declared one writer, "but when it is flown by the ships of the International Mercantile Marine Company, why, then it is simply a misleading symbol." This was the note sounded with direful iteration; and when you come to think of it, all this is natural and honest enough.

Other speakers and writers desired to be informed how the introduction of "combined tactics" would, apart from its naval aspect, affect the British carrying trade. This, they believed, was a matter upon which speculation might be hazarded from various standpoints. "In the United States trusts and combinations in some branches of manufacture have strongly influenced the course of industry, doubtless for good as well as for evil. But in venturing on the

ocean the trust organizer embarks on a new element. Outside the ring-fence of production a fresh set of conditions have to be faced. On the sea the race is for the strong, and if the new company shows more enterprise, commands more capital, has better organization, and owns better ships, then it will do much to wrest from us any sea supremacy we yet hold. Any subventions Parliament is likely to award will not stave off the evil day, nor can government cossetting keep alive a dying industry."

IV

THE adjustment of the compensation to the owners of the several lines evidently presented a difficult financial problem. It was finally solved by Messrs. J. P. Morgan & Co. somewhat on the lines so successfully followed in merging the several properties now included in the United States Steel Corporation. In the steel merger, however, the shares of each company were merely exchanged for shares of the big corporation, whereas in the steamship combination the deal was complicated by the partial or total payments in cash demanded by the various interests.

It is rather difficult to reconcile the various financial agreements and subagreements entered into with the various companies, or to discover what they really mean. It is officially announced that the authorized capitalization of the International Mercantile Marine Company is \$60,000,000 of six per cent. cumulative preferred stock, \$60,000,000 of common stock, and \$75,000,000 of four and a half per cent. twenty-year gold bonds. These stocks have not been sold to the public, but were given in exchange for the old stocks. In other words, the original owners were paid something in cash but mainly in stocks of the new company, and, by thus changing the form of their investment, have remained stockholders in the new enterprise. This applies to all of the companies except the Leyland, which had been purchased before the organization of the International Company. Fifty million dollars of the bonds were bought by the syndicate for \$50,000,000 in cash, and no portion of the remaining \$25,000,000 has been issued. After all requirements have been satisfied, it is said there will be available for treasury purposes about \$8,000,000 of preferred stock and from \$11,000,000 to

\$12,000,000 of common stock. The greater part of the cash provided is for the purchase of the tonnage under construction and to be constructed, and the remainder has been applied to the purchase of the Leyland Line shares and as part of the payment for the White Star and Dominion properties.

The syndicate, in the beginning, was sure of the two lines owned by American capital—the Atlantic Transport and the International, the latter including the Red Star. The first move was to secure by a cash payment the control of the Leyland Line; the next was to gain possession of one or more British passenger lines. It was a matter of common belief in England a year ago that the American and Leyland lines had received very advantageous terms from the trust and railway interests of this country. The slackening of freight that followed the tonnage boom caused by the South African War was at that time perceptible, and it was publicly charged that for some reason the Leyland Line secured more cargo than its British competitors. Whether this belief that American railway interests could control transatlantic tonnage was or was not well founded, it is supposed to have influenced the owners of the White Star and Dominion lines in their acceptance of the syndicate proposals. It may be added that the business and goodwill of the two firms that had been acting as managers and agents of the British vendors were also made a part of the agreement.

The press has criticized the amounts paid for the various lines, but to some extent without a true apprehension of the facts. For example, much criticism has been caused by the statement that the White Star Line shareholders have received, in new shares and cash, nearly ten times the par value of their original shares. This is substantially true, but the critics have failed to mention that the capital or the par value of the shares of the White Star Line was nominal, aggregating in all only £750,000, or something less than the actual cost of the *Oceanic*, a single steamer of the line. The press has failed also to state that the actual value of the property of the White Star Line bore no relation to its nominal capital.

The syndicate insists that the valuation of the various properties was fixed on a conservative basis, and was determined

partly by the value of the actual properties owned, and partly by the earnings of the properties on a ten-per-cent. basis, after deducting the charges for operation, insurance, and depreciation. It must be kept in mind, the managers claim, that the International Company now owns a tonnage exceeding 1,100,000 tons, and that the value of this plant makes its capitalization moderate.

There are several ways of viewing this presentation of an assumed fact. The fleet is a good one, and if the capitalization be considered solely in connection with the purchase of the ships, the cost appears to be \$155 per steamer ton. This average cost is, when taken alone, high compared with the price for which new and better ships, with later devices for handling cargo and saving coal, can be built abroad and possibly in this country. Various methods are used in estimating the cost of ships that are standard in design, material, and workmanship. Employing the one that is based on gross tonnage, the average cost in the United States for efficient steamers (not tramps) is from \$70 to \$110 per ton for freighters, and from \$110 to \$200 per ton for fast craft. "Liners" of exceptional speed and equipment will of course cost more than this maximum. It may be noted that the average cost per ton of the International Company fleet is a reasonable mean between the limits set down for fast steamers, while the composite fleet is, to a definite degree, made up of types entitled to more modest classifications. The company has in service seven steamers of twenty knots, three of seventeen knots, and eleven of sixteen knots, or twenty-one, in all, above the sixteen-knot rate.

In his testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Ships and Shipping (1900), Mr. C. A. Griscom asserted that in a well-balanced fleet a certain number of very fast vessels are needed for the swift and safe carriage of mails, passengers, and perishable cargoes. "It is a correct parallel," he declared, "to cite the great trunk-lines which run 'limited trains' at high speed to protect and care for a certain public demand; but every one knows that the earnings of any one of these great systems are derived from the enormous volume of freight and passengers carried at moderate cost. It is precisely the same with the steamship service. It is the 'beast of bur-

den' which has to move the great bulk of everything we have to export."

The new company is so well equipped in this respect that, in determining its total value, other aspects must be considered. It should not be forgotten, for example, that when the combination was formed the advantage of owning at once a large number of ships, engaged and favorably known in the trade routes to be exploited, must have loomed large. It was out of the question to construct, within a reasonable period, a fleet of equal size, because the building facilities did not exist, even if the claims of other steamship companies or the demand of other economic conditions did not interfere. To build up by yearly additions, even by large yearly additions, would have defeated one leading intention of the merger. Many years would have elapsed before a fleet of similar strength and earning capacity could be put afloat, and in the interval the old destructive rivalry would have continued. In the final estimate, therefore, of the ratio between capitalization and industrial plant, proper allowance should be made for this readiness to engage in trade, for the facility with which the necessary replacements can be ordered, and for the acquired goodwill of managers and agents and the retained experience of a personnel especially trained in the trade routes followed. Hence the direct and indirect, the material and the moral, value of the fleet may fairly be set down as equal to the capitalization.

v

WHAT, it may be asked, is to be the influence of this combination of wealth, skill, and experience on our oversea carrying trade, on ship-building, and on the allied industries? At this stage of the development it is impossible to deal with more than probabilities. We know the low plane to which our registered merchant marine has fallen, and we may accept with a smiling pessimism the consolation that no policy of the International Company can work further harm. Whatever it may do must, at this turning-point, be in the direction of advance.

Nor should the effect upon ship-building be less beneficent, if the declarations made are to be taken seriously. The Harlan & Wolff Company of Belfast, Ireland, is by agreement to build such of the Interna-

tional Company's ships as may be ordered in Great Britain; but, by agreement also, this does not forbid the syndicate placing orders for vessels in the United States. Indeed, the International Company is actually completing eight steamers in this country, most of which had been laid down by the Atlantic Transport Company previous to the merger. It is now hinted that the higher cost of the home-built vessels may—not *must*, let it be noted—compel future contracts to be placed abroad. There seems no good reason for this action. Even assuming that the cost is greater at home,—some put this at twenty per cent.,—the advantages of American registry must compensate owners for the differences in price. Furthermore, if we may believe in the sincerity of various experts, we ought to turn out ships better in quality and as low in price as foreign ship-builders. Our coal and ore are cheaper, our working week, freed from blue Mondays, is more productive, and our labor-saving devices nearly counterbalance the higher wages of the more intelligent and industrious American mechanic. It has been officially stated that in one great shipyard the labor-saving appliances enable seventy-five mechanics to perform work that formerly demanded one hundred and twenty-five. The resultant difference of wages must be reckoned with in all estimates of comparative cost.

Ten years ago Mr. Charles H. Cramp, in the "North American Review," declared that "if the current policy of naval construction be pursued another decade [until 1902], coupled with a vigorous and consistent execution of the measures recently enacted in behalf of the merchant marine, the question which forms the subject of this paper ["The First Cost of Ships"] will be asked no more, unless, indeed, its point should be reversed and Englishmen be asking one another, 'Can we build ships as economically as they can in the United States?'" In 1900, Mr. Andrew Carnegie insisted that the cheapest steel made the cheapest ships, and predicted that "the future field of ship-building has been found, not on the shores of Britain, but upon the Atlantic seaboard." It is known that battle-ships can now be built more cheaply in this country than abroad. This is so freely conceded that, as the same causes operate, we may well

wonder why merchant steamers, which require less skill, should cost—as alleged—from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. more than in Great Britain.

Foreign opinion indorses all this. An eminent German constructor, detailed by his government, in 1901, to report on the ship-building interests of this country, could not conceal his astonishment at the progress made in our yards. He warned his countrymen that the Americans are striving to surpass the new ship-building plants of Germany, and to compete successfully with the old establishments of Great Britain. He found that the materials used in construction of steel ships were lower in price here than in Germany, though they were subjected to unwarranted fluctuations that temporarily confused competition. American wages are, he reported, forty per cent. higher, but this initial disadvantage in any international struggle is more than offset by our use of superior tools and our employment of economical processes unknown abroad. As a consequence of this better equipment and superior organization, we can, in his opinion, build freight-steamers for oversea and similar trades as cheaply as British constructors may hope to do with dearer coal and steel, less skilled artisans, and more wasteful organizations. The initial cost of running ships has always been greater with us, but the enterprise, energy, and economy due to higher intelligence overcame this in the past when we challenged England's sea supremacy with such inspiring success.

Nor must the merger's probable influence on naval efficiency be forgotten. It has been wisely said that a merchant marine is an economical necessity of every seaboard country. It enriches in seasons of general peace, and instils the respect born of healthy and successful competition. When neutral nations are at war it secures safe transmission for the property of its citizens, and relieves them from a harassing dependence on the ships of nations liable to capture and confiscation. On the other hand, this merchant marine must be protected in the best sense; it must be safe from interference, from detention, search, insult, capture, and destruction. War-ships and crews are needed for this encouragement and defense. The government can provide the fighting ships and the skilled men of the fighting crews; but

it must look to merchant service for the great body of its reserve. Should a navigating naval reserve be created by Congress, its units can be fitted for such immediate duty on board fighting ships that the gain in efficiency will be very great. In the old days of sail the different environment made it possible to draft merchant sailors into war-ships, and the trading marine was indeed the nursery of the navy. But other days, other manners. Now we have to deal, not with smooth-bore guns and bellying topsails, but with complex batteries and intricate machines which presuppose a special training. For one side of such duty the engine-room force and the artificers of commercial ships constitute a volunteer reserve of great potentiality. From the sailors of merchant crews we may not, in the beginning, expect quite so much, though even in these changed seasons there are many duties, outside the batteries and special armaments, that such recruits can perform with an efficiency equal to that of the regular blue-jackets. Hence, while it is no longer true that the merchant marine is the training-school of the naval service, its power for good, notably at the first shock of sudden war, multiplies the war energies of the nation.

Vice-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R.N., a former opponent, but now an earnest advocate of the merger, believes that the combination must have a salutary influence on the peace of nations. He holds that the United States and Great Britain can form an actual, if not a nominal, alliance by part-ownership and by profit-sharing in great trading combinations that will "place them in so powerful a position that the other great powers would hesitate before attacking either of them." Nor does Senator Hoar see in this industrial centralization a menace to the public good. "Some of the evils in these combinations of capital," he said, "would be more than counterbalanced by corresponding advantages. I confess I like to see Mr. Pierpont Morgan buying up great lines of ocean steamships. We need great strength. We need great individual power if we are to rival foreign nations. But it will be a bad bargain if we buy the domain of the continent or the empire of the sea at the cost of American local spirit."

And this seems to be the crux of the question.

A PICTURESQUE POLITICIAN OF JEFFERSON'S TIME

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF COLONEL MATTHEW LYON

BY J. FAIRFAX McLAUGHLIN



AT Eddyville, Kentucky, in a sequestered graveyard on the Cumberland River, is the tomb of Matthew Lyon, who was a romantic figure in the politics of a century ago. He was born in Wicklow County, Ireland, July 14, 1750. Placed, when a little boy, at a classical school in Dublin by a devoted mother, he remained there till his thirteenth year, when he entered a printing-office; but soon tiring of this occupation, he set sail for America as an indentured servant when fourteen years of age, and arrived at the port of New York in 1765, the year of the odious Stamp Act. Here the young redemptioner was put on the block and knocked down to Jabez Bacon, a wealthy country-store-keeper with Tory proclivities, of Ancient Woodbury, Connecticut. Lyon became a fiery Whig, and Bacon began to repent of his bargain. Tradition says they quarreled. Before long Bacon took him over to Litchfield, and swapped him for a pair of stags to one Hugh Hannah of that place. "By the two bulls that redeemed me!" was afterward a favorite exclamation of his.

Other redemptioners had risen to eminence, including Daniel Dulany the elder, attorney-general of Maryland, and George Taylor of Pennsylvania, a member of the Continental Congress and one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Before the term of his indentures was completed Lyon had made enough money to buy his freedom, and had become one of the most respected young men at Litchfield, even then a place of much intellectual

activity. Among his friends were numbered such men as Thomas Chittenden, Ethan Allen, Remember Baker, and Seth Warner, the future founders of Vermont. A niece of Ethan Allen, Miss Hosford, became his wife when he was twenty-one. Twelve years later, and two years after his first wife's death, he married the Widow Galusha, the daughter of Thomas Chittenden, first governor of Vermont.

In the spring of 1774 Thomas Chittenden and Matthew Lyon set out for the valley of Lake Champlain, and took up their homes in the new country, the former at Williston, and the latter at Wallingford, about thirty miles from Ticonderoga. Lyon became an active partizan of Ethan Allen in the predatory conflicts then raging between Yorkers and Green Mountain Boys. But the mightier war soon began, and Allen presently gathered his minute-men for the most splendid dash of the Revolution. Lyon raised a company of twenty or thirty patriots at Wallingford, hired an old soldier of the French wars to instruct them in military evolutions, and marched his command to the camp of Ethan Allen. Suddenly the bolt fell, and Ticonderoga, the strongest English fortress in America, was surrendered. The young Irish redemptioner scaled the heights by the side of his leader, who demanded the place "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress."

At the opening of the campaign in 1776, Gates ordered a company, of which Lyon was second lieutenant, to Jericho, sixty miles north of the base of his army's operations. The company, after reaching the

exposed point, mutinied, and Jonathan Fassett, the captain, joined them in the retreat. Lyon refused to do so, and denounced their conduct as insubordination. They marched off and left him behind. He returned to headquarters and reported the news. General Gates denounced them all as a band of cowards. The officers were arrested, tried by court martial, and dismissed from the army; and although Lyon proved by competent witnesses the facts here stated, he, too, was broken and cashiered. But Governor Chittenden and the Green Mountain Boys rallied to his side. He was immediately elected to the Dorset Convention, and was made a member of that celebrated body, the Old Council of Safety, by the wisdom and courage of which Vermont was piloted safely through the storms and calamities that beset her on all sides. Burgoyne now marched down from Canada against the Americans, while Howe and Clinton started northward from the city of New York, in the attempt to unite forces with Burgoyne at Albany. St. Clair, then occupying Ticonderoga, was driven out and pursued with vigor by Burgoyne. The retreat was through a wilderness, and Warner's rear was overtaken at Hubbardton and defeated with great loss. The main army under St. Clair was hotly pursued, and for the want of maps and guides made their way with difficulty, not knowing whether the British were before or behind them. It was at this critical moment, as General Wilkinson informs us, that a young man came up with the retreating column and demanded to be taken immediately to General St. Clair. The young man was Lyon, who had hastened to offer his services as a guide. His offer was eagerly accepted, and he conducted the column in safety to Fort Edward, and thence to the army of Schuyler. Thus this important wing of the Continental army was rescued by Lyon from capture by the overwhelming forces of Burgoyne. General Schuyler at once restored him to the Continental line, and promoted him to the rank of captain. He made him quartermaster to Warner's regiment, and gave him four thousand dollars to provide for the immediate needs of the Green Mountain troops. The stigma which Gates had inflicted was wiped out, and Lyon took his place once more in the army of the Revolution. He fought under Stark and Warner

on the glorious field of Bennington, and took part in the momentous battle of Saratoga.

In practical business affairs and executive ability, Matthew Lyon was easily the first man in Vermont at that period. In 1783 he came with a caravan of wagons along the winding hills from Arlington, and began a settlement on Poultney River. Thus the town of Fair Haven leaped into being under the hand of Matthew Lyon, its founder and chief constructor.

Scarcely was the war over before the formation of two great opposing parties began. Hamilton and Jefferson were the leaders, the one a Nationalist to the verge of centralization, the other a Republican to the verge of radical democracy. Perhaps the most uncompromising Republican in New England was Matthew Lyon of Fair Haven. He established a magazine called "The Farmers' Library" and a newspaper called "The Scourge of Aristocracy"; cast the type in his own foundry, manufactured the paper out of basswood,—thus anticipating ex-Senator Miller by a hundred years in the use of wood-pulp,—and wrote the editorials for his home-made newspaper and review. Nominated, but defeated, three times for Congress, at the fourth election he was chosen by a handsome majority. He entered the House in 1797, in the heyday of the Federalism of John Adams. Andrew Jackson took his seat in the Senate from Tennessee at the same time that Lyon entered the House from Vermont. A friendship between the two men then and there began, which grew into a lifelong affection.

It was then the custom for congressmen to march in a body to deliver their answer personally to the President's message. Lyon was the first member to combat this monarchical procedure. He asked to be excused from attendance at the street pageant. Ironical laughter greeted his remarks, and a member moved that Lyon be gladly excused, as his presence would be more objectionable than his absence. The House, with hilarious levity, voted to excuse him; but the incident got into the newspapers, and the people showed their sympathy with Lyon and their opposition to the custom. At the next session Lyon again protested, and asked to be excused from attendance. This time the fun was not so high, and a motion that the member

from Vermont be not excused was carried by a solid vote of the Federalists. In less than three years more, Jefferson, on becoming President, made it his very first step to abolish the ridiculous custom absolutely.

The Federalists now began to hound Lyon in earnest. "Is there," exclaimed John Adams, "no pride in American bosoms? Can their hearts endure that Callendar, Duane, Cooper, and Lyon should be the most influential men in the country, all foreigners and all degraded characters?"

Senator Chipman of Vermont, who once had a personal collision with Colonel Lyon, began a petty warfare against him. He whispered to congressmen, with fictitious embellishments about a wooden sword and the rogue's march, the story of Lyon's dismissal from the service by General Gates, but forgot to tell the sequel of his reinstatement and promotion in the Continental line by Gates's successor, General Schuyler. Lyon denounced Chipman for this cowardly stab at his character. On January 30, 1798, during a conversation between Speaker Dayton and Colonel Lyon, Roger Griswold of Connecticut became involved in a quarrel with Lyon. Finally Griswold asked: "Will you wear your wooden sword when you come into Connecticut?" Lyon heard the insult, but as he was in the House, he restrained his indignation, and turning away, continued his conversation with the Speaker. But the infuriated Griswold was not to be denied. He declared that if Lyon had not heard him he would make him hear him, and, rising from his seat, walked up to him, roughly put his hand on his arm, and repeated the same insulting language. Thereupon Lyon spat in his face. Griswold seemed about to retaliate, but changed his mind, and walked away. An effort to expel Lyon from Congress was made. A long investigation took place, and a report recommending his expulsion was submitted by the committee. But the Republican members rallied solidly to his defense, and the resolution of expulsion, although carried by fifty-two yeas to forty-four nays, failed of the constitutional two-thirds vote required to expel a member.

On the morning of February 15, Griswold, armed with a heavy stick, entered the House at half-past eleven. Lyon had

already arrived, and sat at his desk occupied with letters and papers. Griswold hung his cloak on the wall near the Speaker's desk, and proceeded with rapid strides in the direction of Lyon. At the next instant he made a furious assault with his stick on the defenseless Vermonter, who found himself trammelled by desks in his attempt to rise and repel the assailant. Freeing himself with difficulty, Lyon tried to close with Griswold, who retreated before the onset, and continued to use the stick with savage effect as he fell back. Unable to grapple, and beaten about the head at every step, Lyon now rushed for the tongs at the fireplace, and immediately returned to renew the battle on fairer terms than before. The combatants soon closed and fell to the floor, where they continued the fierce fight until separated by members. The men, having been separated, shortly after came together again near the water-cooler, but members now rushed between the infuriated pair, and the Speaker rapped and called to order with a vigor quite in contrast with his supineness during the earlier stages of the fight. Thus ended the first battle royal between two members of Congress. Preston S. Brooks's assault upon Charles Sumner in the Senate, over half a century later, presents the only parallel to Griswold's assault on Lyon. The indignation aroused throughout the country against Brooks indicated an advance in our civilization.

John Adams now resolved at every cost to get Lyon out of the way. The alien and sedition laws were passed, whereby free speech and the liberty of the press were struck down, and the person of the President was hedged round about by that species of divine right of kings which enabled him to send any citizen to a dungeon, with fines and penalties superadded, who might utter or publish a word of unfavorable criticism of the President. Lyon declared that he most probably was to be singled out as the first victim. He had written a letter fourteen days before the passage of the sedition act in which he expressed dignified dissent from the policy of the administration. Although written before the act became a law, this letter was procured by enemies of Lyon and published afterward. For this manufactured offense he was indicted, tried, convicted, and sentenced to four months'

imprisonment and to pay a fine of one thousand dollars. Fitch, the United States marshal, subjected the prisoner to no little brutality.

Benjamin Franklin once described John Adams as often a wise man, but sometimes wholly out of his senses. His conduct in this case justified the remark. Justice Paterson became both prosecutor and judge, a packed jury convicted, and the victim was put into a filthy dungeon, along with thieves, forgers, and runaway negroes. A great multitude of the hardy yeomanry of the Green Mountain State gathered about the jail to tear it down and set their representative free. Colonel Lyon addressed his excited constituents, and told them that obedience to law was the first duty of every citizen. The forms of law had been followed by the President in putting him in prison, and the forms of law must be followed by his friends in getting him out. "He succeeded," says the learned Mr. Wharton, in his "State Trials of the United States," "in suppressing the popular rising, and, in fact, his whole demeanor was marked with great prudence and tact. His wife, with her sisters, the daughters of Governor Chittenden, having one day visited him, the usual barrier to their entrance was removed, and his wife was permitted to enter the cell. At this moment some less prudent friend intimated that now was the chance to escape. 'That he shall not do,' said the prisoner's wife, 'if I stand sentinel myself.'"

The whole country was inflamed by the conviction, on so flimsy a charge, of an active opposition member of the House of Representatives, where the strength of the two great parties was almost equally balanced, and the withdrawal of the Vermonter might become a matter of national political consequence.

Matthew Lyon, in his Vergennes cell, was now a more powerful factor in American politics than John Adams in the Executive Mansion. "So awkward," says Mr. Wharton, "did Lyon's position become to the administration that the cabinet panted for an excuse to liberate him." A delegation of prominent Vermonters, headed by Mr. Ogden, petitioned for his release; but the President's reply, "Repentance must precede mercy," not only exasperated the Vermonters, but did much to carry their State finally out of the Federal party, and

contributed largely to the defeat of Mr. Adams for reëlection.

A vast multitude assembled at the jail on the day of the expiration of Lyon's term of imprisonment, and among them came a distinguished stranger on horseback, with a pair of saddle-bags thrown across the saddle. This was General Stevens Thomson Mason, senator from Virginia, who had ridden on horseback all the way from that distant State. Senator Mason carried his saddle-bags into the jail, and drew out one thousand and sixty dollars in gold, with which the fine and costs against Colonel Lyon were promptly paid. It was feared that Fitch would refuse to discharge him unless payment was made in gold. A large sleigh, drawn by four spirited horses and decorated with appropriate national emblems, was driven up to the jail, and Colonel Lyon came forward and took a seat by the side of his wife, and was immediately driven away on his long journey back to Congress.

It was a memorable day when Lyon again entered the House of Representatives, and the people all over the Union hailed him as a martyr to liberty. His enemies, blinded with fury, instantly renewed their attacks. James A. Bayard offered a resolution to expel him, but it failed. The victim of the alien and sedition laws had become their Nemesis.

Aaron Burr, candidate for Vice-President, received not a single vote for President. But the Constitution, by a clumsy oversight, then rendered the two highest candidates for either office, if their votes were equal, eligible to the Presidency. The election devolved on Congress. Burr had the same vote in the electoral colleges that Jefferson received — seventy-three. The choice was therefore thrown into the House, and the Federalists resolved to defeat Jefferson and elect Burr. Alexander Hamilton deserves unqualified praise for his opposition to this scheme. He urged the Federalists to vote against Burr, but not one of them followed his advice. The country was thrown into a fever of excitement. Members of Congress went armed to the Capitol.

Eight States voted for Jefferson, six for Burr, and two, Maryland and Vermont, were divided. Thirty-five ballots were cast without a single change from these figures, and the struggle went on without inter-

mission during six days. Civil war was imminent.

A few years ago, in a college address, the late Thomas A. Bayard claimed the credit for his grandfather, James A. Bayard, of the election of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency on this memorable occasion. But this claim is unfounded. To Matthew Lyon the credit of giving the vote which decided the election in favor of Jefferson undoubtedly belonged. Bayard declared a bargain had been made between himself and Jefferson, a statement which the latter utterly denied. Much controversy followed. The crucial test would seem to be in Bayard's vote. If a bargain existed, did he support the Republican candidate? On the contrary, Mr. Bayard voted thirty-five times for Aaron Burr, and on the thirty-sixth or last ballot he voted a blank vote. On this last ballot Lyon cast the vote of the State of Vermont for Jefferson, Morris, his colleague, having absented himself, and thus Lyon secured the necessary ninth State which gave to Jefferson the majority and the election.

The four Maryland Federalists, quaking with fear lest they should lose the federal capital, which they had just secured after a desperate struggle, cast their ballots, as did Bayard, blank. Many sound constitutional lawyers hold that blank votes must be counted in ascertaining the result when the contest is remitted to the House. If this opinion is correct, then the blank votes were equivalent to votes against Jefferson. But there is no doubt that he got the vote of Vermont without any blanks or dodging tactics in that State. "Colonel Matthew Lyon," says F. S. Drake in his "Dictionary of American Biography," page 571, "gave the vote that made Jefferson President." Charles Lanman, private secretary of Daniel Webster, says, at page 368 of his "Dictionary of Congress": "The fact of his [Lyon] giving the vote that made Jefferson President is well known."

It was at this interesting moment that Lyon addressed his celebrated valedictory, one of the most caustic letters in our political literature, to his vanquished foe John Adams. "It has availed you little, sir," said he, "to have me fined one thousand dollars, and imprisoned four months, for declaring truth long before the sedition law was passed." The letter bore date one minute after the President's term expired.

In 1801 Colonel Lyon located upon the Cumberland River, in Kentucky, and there founded the town of Eddyville, in what is now Lyon County, so named in honor of his son Chittenden Lyon, a distinguished member of Congress during the days of General Jackson. Only one session intervened before the old Vermont member was again elected to Congress, in 1803, from his new home in the Southwest. The annals of the Eighth, Ninth, Tenth, and Eleventh Congresses, to each of which he was returned from Kentucky, inform us that Lyon had at last become a hero of the House and one of its recognized leaders, where formerly he had to contend against the jeers and insults of the Federalists. His relations with Jefferson were of the most friendly character. He was a frequent guest at the President's table.

Before his retirement from Congress, Lyon declined the commissaryship of the Western army, tendered to him by Jefferson. Burr's schemes of ambition were twice thwarted by Lyon. The defeat of Burr for President was the first and most signal of those services. The second and scarcely less important one was his warning to General Jackson to beware of Burr, whom Old Hickory liked extremely and entertained hospitably at Nashville, while Burr was meditating treason against the United States. That Jackson did not yet suspect Burr is apparent by the trip of the former to Richmond, Virginia, during the latter's trial for treason, where Jackson openly charged Jefferson with being a persecutor of Burr. Lyon thereafter visited Jackson at Nashville, and disclosed to him the true state of affairs. Burr was the master spirit, in Lyon's opinion, and Wilkinson but the tool. That the dismemberment of the American Union was threatened Jackson now began to fear. His letter of the 12th of November, 1806, to Claiborne, governor of the Louisiana Territory, fully shows this. In that letter he says: "Put your town [New Orleans] in a state of defense, keep a watchful eye on our general. . . . I fear there is something rotten in the state of Denmark. . . . I fear there are plans on foot inimical to the Union. Beware the month of December."

When William Cobbett wrote his scurrilous lampoon in "Porcupine's Gazette" of Jefferson, Jackson, and Lyon, in 1797, he brought into juxtaposition for the first

time two of the greatest of America's future Presidents and the incorruptible Matthew Lyon, whose happy fortune it was to serve them well in a great crisis in the life of each.

Lyon's opposition to the War of 1812 and denunciation of congressional caucus nominations for President cost him his seat at the next election, and undermined his popularity for the time being in Kentucky, just as his old antagonist in many a fierce debate upon the floor of the House, John Randolph of Roanoke, for the same reason, was left at home in Virginia. On the very day before the Senate and House met jointly to count the votes and declare Mr. Madison's election, Lyon made a trenchant anti-embargo speech, in which, with characteristic boldness, he attacked the hero of the hour as the "caucus President." "It seems," he said, "that we are to look for all national measures to be first canvassed in those midnight meetings by these self-created caucus gentry. We are, in future, to act the part of Bonaparte's mock parliament. We are to meet to-morrow here to attend the registering of the election of a caucus President; we are to have a caucus army, I understand, a caucus non-intercourse, a caucus loan of ten millions. And all this, not to save the nation, but the embargo party."

A fine vessel belonging to Colonel Lyon was wrecked on the Mississippi about the beginning of the War of 1812, and, with the greater part of the cargo, was lost. His wealth had already been impaired by the first embargo, and this last stroke of adverse fortune reduced him from affluence to comparative poverty. His son Chittenden assumed his liabilities to the amount of twenty-eight thousand dollars, and with his other sons, who were all prosperous, came to a beloved father's assistance. But Colonel Lyon was a proud man, and his high spirit chafed under the restraints of depending even upon those whose delight it was to minister to his wants. For the first time in his life he turned to his old political associates at Washington in quest of official preferment.

In 1820 President Monroe appointed him United States factor to the Cherokee nation in the Territory of Arkansas, and he immediately set out for the frontier plains of the Union west of the Mississippi. The indomitable spirit which blazed a path through the primeval forests of Vermont and Kentucky was not yet quenched, and soon Spadra Bluff, his new home on the Arkansas River, felt the impulse of that energy and enterprise which the founder of the towns of Fair Haven and Eddyville had so surprisingly displayed everywhere throughout his eventful life. The people of Arkansas elected Lyon as their second delegate to the Congress of the United States, a fact which indicates the magnetic character of the man wherever fortune might place him. But he did not live to take his seat. His astonishing activity was as marked now as at any period of his life, and he seemed to disdain all limits upon his vital resources.

At the beginning of 1822 Colonel Lyon built a flatboat at Spadra Bluff and loaded it with furs and Indian commodities, and on February 14 launched it on the Arkansas River, bound under his own charge for New Orleans. The long trip was successfully made, and his cargo was exchanged at New Orleans for factory supplies. The trip was made in the roughest weather of an inclement season, but it did not chill the fires of the old pioneer, for after ascending the Mississippi to the mouth of White River, he there stored his cargo and set out for a flying visit to Kentucky, whence he soon returned, having taken in three months a journey of over three thousand miles. He was then in his seventy-third year.

It was his last long journey, and he died at Spadra Bluff on August 1, 1822, universally lamented by the American people. He was a man of action, a patriot in every fiber, a pioneer along whose pathway Romance walked side by side with History, the one crowding it with adventure, and the other shaping his steps to the uses of his fellow-men, and the service and glory of his adopted country.



SOME MORE HUMORS OF CONGRESS

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

DEFEATS are not pleasant, even for case-hardened congressmen, but they are often turned to humorous uses. Several years ago, when the contest of Representative Joy of Missouri for a seat in the House was hanging between heaven and earth, and only the faintest chance remained for him, he said that all he could think of was the plight in which Colonel Throckmorton, a distinguished Kentuckian, once found himself:

The colonel was a passenger in a wooden sailing-ship, when a frightful storm burst upon them, and she became water-logged. She was pitching and dancing about like a straw in a whirlpool. The passengers were crying and appealing to Heaven for aid. Colonel Throckmorton, with all the gravity of a Kentucky gentleman, viewed the scene with composure. The storm increased in fury. The sailors were running about, the officers were shouting, and everything was in confusion. About this stage of the proceedings the colonel edged over to the side of the captain and said:

"Tell me, is there really any danger?"

"You see what the rest of the passengers are doing," replied the captain; "they are making their peace with God. If you ever do any praying, colonel, you might do so with perfect propriety at this juncture. The vessel can't live five minutes. The next pitch or two will send her to the bottom with all on board."

The colonel straightened himself, lifted his hat, looking up to the scowling sky with reverent mien, and exclaimed:

"Almighty God, if you ever intend to do Colonel Throckmorton of Kentucky a favor, now is your time to do it!"

Representative Hilborn of California, after a vote in the House unseating him, retired to the cloak-room, where he held a levee as friends crowded in with expressions of sympathy and good will.

"Well, Hilborn," said one of them, "you are certain to come back, so you ought not to feel so bad."

"Yes," said Hilborn, in his dry way; "we all cherish the Christian belief in the resurrection, but I don't think that it entirely reconciles us to death."

Unexpected frankness now and then gives a special zest to the humor of a situation in Congress. When "Gabe" Bouck was the representative from the Oshkosh district of Wisconsin, a pension bill came before the House, to his great vexation of spirit; for, while his personal convictions were directly opposed to it, his political interests were strong enough to whip him into line. On the day the bill came up for final disposal a fellow-member met Bouck in the space behind the last row of seats, walking back and forth and gesticulating excitedly, bringing his clenched right fist down into the hollow of his left hand, to the accompaniment of expletives which would hardly look well in print.

"What's the trouble, Gabe?" inquired his friend. "Why all this excitement?"

"Trouble?" snorted the irate lawmaker. "Trouble enough! That pension bill is up, and all the cowardly nincompoops in the House are going to vote for it. It's sure to pass—sure to pass."

"But why don't you get the floor and speak against it—try to stop it?" suggested the other.

"Try to stop it?" echoed Bouck. "Try to stop it? Why, I'm one of the cowardly nincompoops myself!"

Senator Vest's ability as a raconteur is familiar to every newspaper reader. So, perhaps, is his best story; but, for all that, I shall try to reproduce it here. It was told when the two chambers were arrayed

against each other on the tariff of 1894, and the House was insisting that the country would go without any tariff act unless the Senate were prepared to forgo its own schedules and adopt those of the House.

In my younger days, out West, I went into a variety theater one night. It was one of those primitive shows where the stage-manager comes before the footlights without a coat and waistcoat, and with his shirt-sleeves rolled up to the elbows, to announce the next number on the program.

"Miss Bertie Allendale," remarked the stage-manager, "who has entranced two hemispheres with her wonderful vocal powers, will now render, in her inimitable style, that exquisite vocal selection entitled 'Down in the Valley.'"

A gentleman in a red flannel shirt rose in the midst of the audience, and exclaimed in an impressive bass voice: "Oh, thunder! Miss Allendale can't sing for green apples!"

The manager, who had started to leave the stage, halted and turned. An ugly light flashed from the eye which swept the audience and finally rested on the face of the interrupter. Raising one shoulder higher than the other, letting one hand drift significantly toward his hip pocket, and thrusting his nether jaw forward in a savage way, he observed with emphatic deliberateness: "Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Miss Bertie Allendale *will* sing 'Down in the Valley'!"

And she did. So, likewise, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, the Senate schedules will stand.

One of the funny things in congressional oratory is the unfinished story. Mr. Pickler of South Dakota was once trying to illustrate a point by the tale of an Irishman to whom a dying friend had intrusted five thousand dollars to be put into the coffin with him. The dead man was buried, and the trustee bought a house with money which no one supposed he possessed. A priest, who knew of the provision of the will, called Pat to account, asking him if he had really put the five thousand dollars into the coffin as agreed.

"I did, your reverence," answered Pat.

"Then where did you get all that money?" persisted the priest.

"Begorra! your reverence," said Pat, with a chuckle, "you did n't suppose I'd be such a fool as to—"

"The gentleman's time has expired," interrupted the Speaker, and Mr. Pickler sat down. No coaxing could induce him to finish the story, and its conclusion remains

as much a mystery to-day as that of Mr. Stockton's tale, "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

Another case was that of Representative Vandiver of Missouri, who was arguing against the retention of the Philippines on the ground that there was no profit to be got from them. "The gentlemen," said he, "who claim that we shall make anything out of those islands remind me of the way Henry Ward Beecher figured his profit on a hog speculation. He paid two dollars apiece for his pigs, gave them ten dollars' worth of corn each, and then sold them for ten dollars a head. To a friend who twitted him on his loss, he answered: 'You don't understand the principle. I won— not lost; and the way I make it out is—'"

Here the gavel fell. Vandiver asked unanimous consent to speak three minutes more, but objections came from the other side.

"What became of the pigs?" shouted a member at a distance.

"I should like to know first who made that objection," answered Vandiver.

There was a great deal of noise in the hall, and the Speaker tried to quiet it. When it had somewhat subsided Vandiver was found standing. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "a parliamentary inquiry."

"The gentleman will state it," said the chair.

"Am I," asked Mr. Vandiver, "to have the privilege of putting those pigs into the 'Record'?"

There was objection to giving him leave to print, and the story still remains unfinished.

Probably the shortest speech ever delivered in Congress was made by "Ben" Butler of Massachusetts. An Ohio member had fallen afoul of him one day, and poured upon him a torrent of abuse which would have excited general indignation but for an unconsciously ridiculous gesture with which the orator accompanied almost every alternate sentence; this tempered the disgust of his hearers with mirth. He would raise his arms just as high above his head as possible, and then wring his hands as if he were making a delirious attempt to wring them off. Butler sat through the speech with his eyes half closed, not moving a muscle. He rose when his assailant finished, and stood calmly in the aisle. After perhaps a minute of silence he began: "Mr. Speaker!" Another impressive pause, and

expectancy reached nearly the bursting-point. Suddenly raising his arms, Butler reproduced exactly the awful gesture of the Ohio congressman. Then his arms fell to his sides, and for another minute he stood silent.

"That is all, Mr. Speaker," he said finally, and sat down. "I just wanted to answer the gentleman from Ohio."

Of long speeches, and ambitious ones, there are of course a plenty. A strong incentive to prolixity is the practice of reading speeches from manuscript, and even printing speeches which are not delivered at all. But undue expansiveness is not the only fruit of the written speech. Many members who are not rhetorically gifted, but wish to make a respectable showing in the "Record," buy speeches from men who make a trade of writing them, and the custom has not infrequently led to the sale of duplicate speeches to different members, either through accident or malice. This happened not very long ago in the case of two statesmen who were called upon for obituary tributes to a departed colleague.

The first instance of the kind ever discovered, I believe, was in the Thirty-seventh Congress. An agent of the "literary lobby" wrote a speech for Representative William Allen of Ohio, for which he expected seventy-five dollars. When he delivered the manuscript Mr. Allen handed him fifty dollars.

"Twenty-five more," said the hack, sharply.

"Not another blanked cent," was the response.

"Then return the speech," persisted the author.

Allen would neither pay more nor return the manuscript. On April 24, 1862, he appears in the "Congressional Globe" as having delivered his speech, which is printed with the heading "Confiscation of Rebel Property." The author of the speech evidently retained a copy of it, for on a neighboring page it appears again as delivered by Representative R. H. Nugen, also of Ohio. The only differences discoverable are changes of a few words, and the shortening of the version given to Mr. Nugen. History does not relate which of the two statesmen was the angrier when the double-dealing of the literary person was discovered.

Sometimes a clever turn of words or an

apt story comes in the midst of a forensic struggle, to convert wrath into mirth and put combatants into a good humor. When the Fitz-John Porter debate was at its height in the Forty-ninth Congress, and huge maps of the battle-field of Second Bull Run were hoisted in front of the Speaker's desk to illustrate the speeches of Bragg, Steele, Cutcheon, Burrows, and other fiery orators, the war of words became very fierce one day. The debaters fought the battle all over again. Several lost their tempers, and accusations of bad faith were flying in volleys across the House, when Representative Curtin of Pennsylvania obtained the floor. Said he:

These warriors who can never be appeased remind me of a noted character who lived in my town years ago. He was an old fellow. I think he had been a wagon-master in the Revolution. He used to tell a story of his warlike achievements in battle, and he told it so often that he believed it himself. "At the battle of Monmouth," he would say, "although in the light horse, I fought that day on foot. I slashed with my saber, cuts one and two, and a head went off here and a limb went off there until the blood actually ran into my shoes. A pile of dead bodies surrounded me. I was excited, and I was still slashing away, when I felt a touch on my shoulder. I looked up, and there was Washington! I shall never forget the solemnity of his appearance or the gravity of his speech. He gazed at me a moment without speaking, and then he said: 'Young man, restrain your impetuosity! In the name of God, do not make a slaughter-house of a field of battle!'"

Representative Harter of Ohio used to be one of the most earnest and vigorous debaters in the House. In the intensity of an argument he quite forgot his surroundings. One day he was laying down the law in an impassioned way, and telling what ought to be done with a certain public abuse. "We ought to seize it," he cried, "as a terrier does a rat, and shake the life out of it!"

In entire self-oblivion he reached forward and seized Mr. McKaig of Maryland, a rather small, light man, lifted him by his coat, and shook him, suiting action to words. McKaig was so astounded that he quite forgot to struggle, but naturally he was much incensed at the indignity. It took the interference of several friends and the most profuse apologies from Harter to avert hostilities and restore good feeling.

Possibly the best episode of this kind was a passage, in a tariff debate, between Mr. McKinley and Leopold Morse of Boston, who was a clothing merchant in private life. Mr. Morse had been maintaining with considerable warmth that it was impossible, under the heavy rates of a Republican tariff, to get an all-wool suit of clothes in this country for ten dollars. Mr. McKinley, with a series of questions, lured him on till he was induced to make the bald statement that any one who professed to sell such goods for such money in the United States must be an impostor; then the protectionist champion quietly lifted his desk-lid and drew forth a suit bought at Mr. Morse's own store, and still bearing his price-mark for ten dollars, with the customary "All Wool" certificate attached. Mr. Morse took the matter good-naturedly, but the House did not get over roaring at it for several minutes; and every allusion to the woolen schedule during the rest of the debate brought out a renewal of the merriment.

The political term "cuckoo" had its origin in the extra session of the Fifty-third Congress, when the South and West were arrayed against the East in the fiercest of legislative battles over the repeal of the silver-purchase law. In the course of the debate in the Senate, Mr. Morgan of Alabama had had some bitter things to say of what he regarded as the subservience of some of his fellow-senators to the dictation of the President, declaring that whenever snuff was passed at the White House one of the senators sneezed, and when the White House clock struck the hour another would call "Cuckoo!" The simile went the rounds, to the great enjoyment of Mr. Morgan's sympathizers, but no direct application was made of it till, about the close of the session, Representative Tracey of New York delivered a speech in the House congratulating the Democratic members who had followed the victorious lead of the President. As the last words left his lips, there came from a remote corner of the hall a perfect imitation of a cuckoo's double note. The House burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, and the nickname attached itself for the rest of that Congress to every Democrat who voted with the administration. The man who sounded the cuckoo-call was Representative Wilson of Washington.

A "call of the House" is a ceremony often crowded with comicalities. It occurs when the minority resorts to filibustering tactics to defeat or delay legislation. The ringing of all the bells in the House wing having failed to bring a quorum into the hall, the doors are locked, and the sergeant-at-arms, with a posse of deputies, scours the town to arrest unexcused absentees and hale them to the bar of the chamber. This most commonly occurs at night sessions, and is made the occasion for as much horse-play as was ever witnessed in a school-room when the teacher had stepped out. One by one the absentees are brought in, clad in evening dress, or in hunting-costume, or fresh from a barber's chair with lather still clinging to their faces—in any condition, in short, in which their custodians happen to find them. Each offers his excuse, and then the House decides, by a viva voce vote, whether the explanation will suffice, or whether he must pay a fine.

One member creates mock consternation by announcing: "I have been to the hospital to visit a constituent with the small-pox."

Another complains that when he was arrested he was on the way to the hall, but had paused at the restaurant to drink a julep. "I move," shouts a colleague, "that the gentleman's case be referred to the committee on coinage, which has jurisdiction of the mint."

A third declares that he found the sergeant-at-arms before the sergeant found him, and moves to have the sergeant fined.

A fourth excuses his absence on the ground that though he was out of the hall, he was "paired with the gentleman from Yokohama."

"The gentleman will explain," says the Speaker, severely.

"I was dining with the Japanese minister."

An extraordinarily fat member comes rolling in when only two are still needed to complete the number necessary to do business, and somebody moves that he be excused on condition that he will divide, so as to make a quorum.

"I should have been here before," pleads another, "but slipped on the Capitol steps, and bruised myself."

A member in the rear of the hall shouts out: "Was it before or after dinner?"

The member declines to state.

"I move the gentleman be excused," cries another member.

The Speaker puts the question. The member offering the motion responds in a piping voice: "Aye!" All the rest unite in a perfect roar of noes. With entire gravity the Speaker announces: "The ayes seem to have it." A pause. "The ayes have it, and the gentleman is excused."

And so the sport goes on for half the night. It is great "sport for the boys," but death to legislation.

A Vice-President seated in solitary grandeur in the Senate Chamber, while the ceremony of a Presidential inauguration to which he has been invited as an honored guest is going on outside, surely presents a spectacle with an element of humor in it. Few persons know how near Theodore Roosevelt came to playing such a part on the 4th of March, 1901. The Senate stickles so for minor details of etiquette that even a reformer of Mr. Roosevelt's sturdy type would hardly have ventured to transgress its rules, and they require that a formal motion to adjourn shall be put before a day's session can come to an end. After his inauguration as Vice-President in the Senate Chamber, Mr. Roosevelt took the gavel, and when the routine business was finished directed the sergeant-at-arms, as usual, to proceed with the ceremony of inaugurating Mr. McKinley as President. It was then in order for some senator to move an adjournment; but in the confusion nobody seemed to have his wits about him, and the whole assemblage, including the senators, quitted the chamber for the east portico, where the oath was to be administered and the address delivered. In a few minutes the Vice-President found himself alone, with a fair prospect of remaining so until the day's performances were over. But it chanced that Senator Heitfeld missed his hat while passing through the corridor, and came back to look for it. Face to face with the Vice-President, it occurred to the senator that something must be wrong, so with the utmost gravity he moved "that the Senate do now adjourn." Mr. Roosevelt, with equal solemnity, put the motion, declared it carried, and proceeded in Mr. Heitfeld's company to the place on the Presidential stand which had been reserved for him.

Patronage and perquisites furnish count-

less funny incidents in Congress. The doorkeeper of the House of Representatives has perhaps a longer individual roll of fat places in his gift than any of the other officers of either chamber. When the Southern Democrats came back in power in the House during President Grant's administration, the doorkeepership fell to the lot of one Fitzhugh, a Texan, whose head was somewhat turned by the adulation of the office-seekers and the unaccustomed luxury of official station at the capital. His impressions were recorded in a private letter to a friend at home, which through some accident found its way into print and has become a congressional classic:

D. C., Decr. 15, 1875.

DEAR —: I have been trying ever since my election to write to you, but have been besieged from light in the morning until one or two at night, I had one hundred & thirty appointments to make & have had I reckon without exaggeration three thousand applications besides men women & children pulling and jerking me every time I would put my head out of the door of my office. I have had to keep two ushers & two or three clerks ever since the hour of my election in my office, & it is now five O'clock in the morning that I have gotten up to write to you. . . .

I wish you could be here with me, do try & come on, the Govnt furnishes me with a fine turnout & spanking pair of Horses & before & after the house sessions & recess I have exclusive use of them, my coachman comes down every morning for us, that is Fay and myself and after driving around to my breakfast takes me to my office. . . .

Come on christmas for a few days & we will have a glorious time, I have more invitations to frolics with the members & Senators than any man in Washington, I am a bigger man now with the members than old Grant, I cannot put my foot on the floor of the Hall but that they make a break for me & sometimes a dozen begging at me at once for places for some friend, I scarcely ever get out of the Office to go on the floor of the House, I have under me the Folding rooms, Document Rooms, File rooms, all committee rooms, all employees in the South wing of building & entire south wing of capital, I have a Supt and assistants in each department and about a dozen bookkeepers besides my Office clerks, & we do things up in stile. I have a boy to take my hat & coat or I can't turn around without someone at my beck & call, & when I get all my new appointments broken in, I shall have a nice time. . . .

Quite a contrast here & Austin, I can't turn for friends here. I have now fifty letters from

my Southern friends all parts of the South congratulating me, thus wages the world, let a man be prosperous & every man is his friend, must close. . . . write soon to Your Devoted Friend

L. H. FITZHUGH.

For a number of years Congress had an annual wrangle, when the agricultural appropriation bill came up, over the clause providing for the distribution of free seeds, of which a certain quantity is allotted to each member to give to his constituents. Ostensibly, this practice was established for the purpose of facilitating the introduction of new and strange varieties of vegetation, and encouraging experiments in different climates and soils; but it degenerated before long into a mere traffic in favors, a congressman using his share of seeds to keep doubtful rural constituents in line. Of course representatives from city districts have no interest in vegetable seeds, but can make effective use of books and maps; so they arrange with country members for a system of exchange whereby each gets the other's quota of the sort of gratuities which will do most good in his own district.

Every debate over the seed appropriation brings out something funny. A Nebraska member, on one occasion, moved to substitute for the seed clause a paragraph giving to each representative "six horses, six cattle, six dogs, and six chickens annually, all thoroughbred, and distributed as to sex half and half." A Kansas member complained that in his district the women exercised more political influence than the men, and were more interested in roses and dahlias than in turnips and radishes, so he wished to have his garden-seeds changed to flower-seeds, cuttings, and foliage plants. An Ohio member told with mock grief how his constituents had misinterpreted the purpose of the government's largess. A voter whom he dared not offend had come during the late recess into his law office at home and complained that the package of Lima beans received by that morning's mail was not so large as it ought to be. "It ain't enough for a mess," he explained. "I have a large family, and it takes more than a quart of beans to go round." And with that the constituent reached into the store of packages which the congressman had carefully addressed and was about to send to the post-office,

and helped himself to a half-dozen portions more.

An Iowa member read extracts from his correspondence, of which these are fair specimens:

John's influence can't be got with fifteen cents' worth of free seeds, but if you 'll send me a box of hair-pins I 'll look after him.

HIS WIFE.

P.S. I 'd rather not have crooked ones.

If the farmer must be made an object of charity, don't do it with free seeds, but send him a hand-organ and a monkey and start him in the business right.

Free seeds keep the congressman in touch with his constituents; that 's the whole story. Why not let up on seeds for a while and try jack-knives? Everybody can use them, and there would n't be so much waste.

One of the most elaborate missives came from a South Dakota agriculturist. It ran in part:

We want some good, honest Democratic seeds, none of your back numbers—something good enough for old Andrew Jackson or Samuel J. Tilden, or any other Democratic saint.

I would like some seventy-day corn, and if the administration has any new silver seed that will produce standard silver dollars, or even Mexican dollars, in about sixty days, I would like some of that. We would like something that would yield a thousand bushels to the acre and sell for a dollar a bushel.

Some of our friends say German carp is a good crop. We will put in a few acres of carp for a starter if we can get the seed. Some of our kind friends recommend ostriches, but they grow so few in a hill that we will not venture to try them.

There is a small lake near our farm, and my wife is anxious to raise some gondolas. They are an Italian bird, I believe. The climate here is severe, but she thinks she could raise them by keeping them near a hard-coal burner in the winter season.

Mixed farming is talked of a great deal, and some say our farm is just the thing for wool. I do not want Poland, China, or Shorthorn wool-seed. I would prefer Shanghai or Irish setter, that would shear about twelve pounds to the vine.

Some of our advanced thinkers advise me to raise a crop of plug tobacco. In selecting the seed I wish you would send "Spearhead," "Climax," or "Star." The climate is too dry for fine-cut. If the department has anything

new in jack-rabbits I would like a few vines that would bear the second year.

Most of the strictly legislative humors of Congress take the form of "crank bills." Their charm consists in the fact that, grotesque as they may seem, they are sincere. They were especially abundant in the early nineties, when the Populist movement was at its height. Perhaps the most ingenious bill of that era was one providing for the taxation of the public currency instead of the private property of the people. The underlying idea was a system of paper money which, by the declaration printed on its face, was to decrease in debt-paying value steadily ten per cent. every year. This automatic taxation would of course do away with the tedious process of collection; but as the Secretary of the Treasury was empowered in the same act to make as much money as might be desired and distribute it annually at the rate of forty dollars per capita, the necessity of taxing any of it was not apparent.

Another bill of the same period provided for a working-day of four hours, with four dollars' pay, and one year's vacation in every four, for all persons in public employ. Another made it lawful for persons to marry or be divorced in the District of Columbia by the simple process of writing out their own declaration, having it witnessed by four permanent residents, and filing it in the office of the Recorder of Deeds for a fee of fifty cents.

Another, which defined the duties of the several heads of government departments, included among the rest a duty "to instantly resign their positions whenever any considerable number of the patrons or employees of their respective departments shall demand their removal from said offices at the hands of the President." Others provided for the establishment of departments of Public Labor, Public Land, Public Transportation, Public Communication, Public Insurance, Public Periodicals, Public Records, Public Roads, Public Farms, Public Fisheries, Public Forests, Public Fluids, Public Forces, Public Mines, Public Manufactures, Public Products, Public Works, Public Methods, Public Surveying, Public Measures, Public Inventions, Public Science, Public Fairs, Public Lectures, Public Announcements, Public Comfort, Public Hotels, Public

Baths, Public Laundries, and about a dozen others—enough to swell the cabinet by thirty members at least.

Some bills need only to be read by title to enable one to grasp an idea of their character. One which lies before me is a "bill to produce general prosperity"; another is "to increase the army ration by the addition of pure American cheese"; another, "to prevent the multiplication of suicides"; another, "to dispose of idle labor and discourage idle wealth"; another, "to provide for the enlistment and maintenance of an industrial army"; another, "proposing an amendment to the Constitution changing the name of this republic from the United States of America to the United States of the Earth."

General Burnside, when a senator, brought in a bill to which he had probably committed himself before reading. Its purpose, "to introduce moral and social science into the public schools of the District of Columbia," was to be fulfilled as follows:

The school officers shall introduce, as a part of the daily exercises, . . . instruction in the elements of social and moral science, including industry, order, economy, punctuality, patience, self-denial, health, purity, temperance, cleanliness, honesty, truth, justice, politeness, peace, fidelity, philanthropy, patriotism, self-respect, hope, perseverance, cheerfulness, courage, self-reliance, gratitude, pity, mercy, kindness, conscience, reflection, and the will. . . . It shall be the duty of the teachers to give a short oral lesson every day upon one of the topics mentioned . . . and to require each pupil to furnish a thought or other illustration of the same upon the following morning. . . . Emulation shall be cherished between the pupils in accumulating thoughts and facts in regard to the noble traits possible and in illustrating them by their daily conduct.

The preamble is often used as a vehicle for telling a good deal of a story before the kernel of the measure is reached. Thus, a resolution offered by a Virginia member, requesting the President to arrange an itinerary for Prince Henry of Prussia through the South, was introduced by this voluminous "Whereas":

The great Southern routes from the capital city of the nation afford opportunities which no other routes do; passing through the historical State of Virginia, the mother of this

great republic; in sight of where Patrick Henry fired the American heart to liberty; near the home of Washington, the Father of his Country and its first President; in sight of the home of Jefferson, the father of the Declaration of Independence and the third President of the United States; in sight of the home of Madison, fourth President and father of the Constitution; on to Richmond, the central point in the great Civil War and capital of the Confederate States, where rest the remains of Monroe, the fifth President of the United States and father of the Monroe Doctrine,—all distinguished Virginians; passing through the greatest battle-fields of modern times, fields that made the names of Grant and Lee and hosts of others immortal; passing on through the States of North and South Carolina, Georgia, and Tennessee, the homes of the great iron, coal, cotton, tobacco, and rice industries; passing through the great Appalachian chain, "The Land of the Sky," the scenery of which is unequaled east of the Rocky Mountains, embracing a trip to the National Park

of Chickamauga, Georgia; not only the most direct and most pleasant route, but typical of the Southern people, their habits and customs: Therefore— etc.

But perhaps the most cheerful pleasantry ever perpetrated by Congress is the bit of comedy enacted in the Senate nearly every day when the clerk's desk is heaped with bills for private pensions and relief. It may be that only one senator is in his seat, and he reading or writing. One by one the bills are called by title, the presiding officer reciting the usual formula: "The question is, Shall the bill pass? Those in favor will say 'Aye'; those opposed, 'No.' The ayes have it, and the bill is passed." Not another voice is heard, and millions of the people's money is voted away at a single sitting without the sound of an "Aye" or a "No"—the bills floating through on nothing but the silence which is assumed to give consent.

A MATTER OF CONFIDENCE

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER



HERE seemed to be no occasion for laughter, but they all laughed—that is, all except Tom Moulton and Marian Densmore. He wondered, but she knew; still, she did n't laugh, for she was rather sensitive on the subject.

"Won't you go with me for a sail?" he had asked.

Surely there was no humor in that. Sailing is jolly sport for those who like it, but a mere invitation to sail is not a joke. Yet the other young people present laughed boisterously. And when, in some embarrassment, she declined with thanks, they laughed again.

There is an absurdity in preposterous things that is highly diverting. If a young man astride a bucking bronco should invite a young woman to join him, the idea would be ludicrous enough to excite laughter. If a youth about to cross Niagara Falls on a tight-rope should beckon to a girl and say, "Come with me," there would be merri-

ment in that vicinity. And there could be nothing more ridiculous in either of these invitations than there was in an invitation to Marian Densmore to go for a sail. That's why the others laughed. They knew her. They were familiar with her distrust, her fear, of the water. They remembered that she had abandoned a European trip because of her dread of the ocean voyage. Some people are made that way. They can reason it all out, so far as the brain is concerned; they can convince themselves that there is little or no danger: but the heart is beyond control. It is torture to them to be on the water, and they stick to the land. Occasionally Miss Densmore had permitted herself to be paddled about in a rowboat, when the water was like glass; but even then there was no enjoyment in it for her. Moulton, however, did not know this. Sailing had attractions for him, and so had Miss Densmore, and he was naturally anxious to combine the attractions. Later he was told why the others had laughed.

"My boy," said his informant, "you might just as well say to her, 'Do you love me?' as to say, 'Will you sail with me?' Yes to one question would be yes to the other."

"Oh, it would, would it?" retorted Moulton. "Well, that's a good thing to know."

The very next day he extended the same invitation again, and received the same reply. They played tennis and golf together. When the evenings were cool enough they danced, and when it was too hot for dancing they were frequently found tête-à-tête in some quiet corner; but he had to sail alone. Still, he never started for the little cat-rigged boat he had hired for the season without first asking her to go along. In fact, the daily invitation became a joke, and later a matter of absorbing interest. It takes very little to interest the pleasure-seekers of summer. A flirtation will do it, and a serious love-affair is a never-ending delight, especially when there is something novel about it.

"And he's in earnest," one of the party finally announced. "He wants her, and I'll bet he gets her, too."

"How much?" asked another.

"Oh, if you're going to bet," broke in one of the girls, "make it something worth while—for us, I mean. I don't believe in betting, myself,—I think it wrong,—but if you're bound to do it, why, bet candy."

The methods that some girls adopt to discourage betting are truly remarkable, but, as finally arranged, each girl present was sure to win a two-pound box of candy, and one or the other of two young men was doomed to pay for it all. The referee, of course, was to be a girl. A man never would do for such a delicate task. Engagements are not always announced immediately, and a man would have to wait for the announcement before he could give a decision; but a girl can analyze the smile of another girl, and tell what has happened, or, if there is no smile, she can discover the secret in her eyes. So, if there was no engagement before Moulton left, Harry Farson was to pay for the candy; otherwise Will Barkley would settle the bill; and Miss Mildred Claymer was to be the sole judge. After that, it is almost needless to say, the proceedings were watched more closely than ever.

On the evening that Miss Densmore

went rowing with Moulton there was great excitement. True, she had ventured into a rowboat before, but always more or less under protest; and on no previous occasion had she permitted herself to be carried so far from land. It certainly was an indication of progress, although there is a vast difference between a rowboat and a sailboat, especially in the case of any one who fears the water. Then, one day when Moulton was sailing alone, and his boat was seen to careen more than usual, she gave a little scream.

"That settles it," commented Farson. "I have a clear lead now."

The referee smiled knowingly.

"It is not settled," she said. "It takes very little to make some girls scream."

"Which makes me think," put in Barkley, "that if he ever does get her in a sailboat, he will have cause to regret it. Think of trying to sail a boat with a girl who'd lose her head and scream at every puff of wind. Why, she'll have him so rattled that it's ten to one they'll both get a ducking. Remember how she acted when she went rowing with a party of us?"

"Yes," rejoined Farson; "but it was different the time she went out with him."

"Love and confidence," sagely remarked the referee, "go together."

Her two remarks having made the affair more of a puzzle than ever to the disputants, she seemed particularly pleased with herself.

In the days that followed, however, it was noted that Miss Densmore resolutely refused to trust herself again to the rowboat, which naturally raised Barkley's hopes. On the other hand, whenever Moulton was out sailing, she seemed to haunt the bank that gave her the best view of the lake, and sometimes even spent an occasional half-hour on the pier. Farson commented on this with some jubilation, and once he thought it was virtually settled. She was on the pier, and Moulton made a landing there, as if by previous arrangement. He held out his hands to help her into the boat, but she quickly backed away; and when he stepped out on the pier, she actually turned and ran.

"By George, she's afraid of herself!" exclaimed Farson. "She's afraid that she'll go if he insists."

After that, if he came near the pier, she hastily retreated; but he could be plainly

heard cheerily calling out his invitation, "Will you sail with me to-day?" Unquestionably it was love-making, but of a strange and original kind, and the watchers could not help wondering if she understood the question as they did.

"Mark my words," said Farson, at last; "some day when there is n't much wind she 'll go."

That was where Farson was wrong. Moulton seemed to have the same idea, for he took the boat out once when there was hardly a ripple on the lake; but on that occasion she never even went to her favorite spot on the bank to watch him. The following day, however, the wind was strong, and he went out for the mere love of the excitement, leaving her with the rest of the party. As the wind rose she became noticeably anxious, and once or twice seemed on the point of going to the pier, but apparently feared her departure under the circumstances would excite comment.

"Just look at that boat!" the referee suddenly cried as a flaw struck it.

For a moment it looked as if it had gone over, but under the skilful management of Moulton it righted itself promptly and sped away.

"If he stays out long in this wind," commented Farson, "he 'll have to swim ashore. Why, it 's foolhardy!"

"Why don't you signal him to come in?" asked the referee, anxiously.

Farson laughed.

"Why, it 's the danger that makes it exciting and enjoyable," he said. "You could n't lift Moulton out of that boat with a derrick now. He always was a daredevil sailor, but he 's a good one. I guess he 'll come through all right," he added, as he saw how white Miss Densmore had become.

A moment later the girl excused herself and went to her room.

"To conceal her agitation," remarked the referee.

But she reappeared almost instantly, carrying a mackintosh, and proceeded directly to the pier.

"She 's going! By George, she 's going!" cried Farson.

"In this wind?" retorted Barkley. "Preposterous! She 's just going to signal him to come in."

"When a girl loves," said the referee, softly, "she does strange things. There is that which is worse than death."

The other girls nodded, and the members of the party became strangely silent as they watched Miss Densmore hold the mackintosh above her head and let it float out on the wind as a signal-flag. Almost instantly the boat came about and headed for the pier.

There was a short colloquy when the landing was made, and Moulton was seen to shake his head.

"He won't do it," said Barkley.

"Then she will," said the referee, decisively, and, of course, referees are always right. Miss Densmore put on the mackintosh.

"Woman," said Farson, "is the most contradictory, incomprehensible creature that ever was put on this earth."

"Quite the contrary," retorted the referee; "she acts logically always."

"Going!" announced Barkley, as Miss Densmore quickly buttoned her mackintosh. "Going!" he repeated as she took the hand outstretched to help her. "Gone!" She was on the boat.

"It is your privilege," remarked Farson, "to pay for the candy."

"Wait," said the referee; "there is no engagement yet."

The next half-hour was almost as exciting to those on shore as it was to the two in the boat. The watchers secured a field-glass so that they might watch every movement, and there was plenty to keep them interested. The wind was strong, the waves were running high, and the boat really was carrying a good deal of sail for the weather. But, so far as the watchers could see, Miss Densmore never stirred from the place where Moulton had put her; apparently she was as quiet, as cool, and as self-possessed as a veteran sailor.

"Too frightened to move, poor thing!" commented the referee, when it was her turn to use the glass. "Just see how those waves are soaking her!"

Indeed, the mackintosh was very little protection to the girl, but she only laughed when she was doused.

"I think you 'll have to sit back over the coaming," said Moulton, just after a flaw had compelled them to take a bucket or so of water over the lee side. "I 'll have to use you for ballast, you know."

"Good heavens!" cried the referee, "she 's sitting 'way up on the edge of the boat. I would n't do that for the world!"

"A matter of confidence," chuckled Farson. "She'll do whatever he tells her to do. And what was it you said went with confidence, Miss Claymer?"

"THEY told me," said Moulton, on the boat, rather bluntly, "that you were a coward on the water."

"I am—usually," she replied.

"But not now?" he said half inquiringly and half assertively, for he thought he never had seen a girl with such splendid nerve.

"Just now," she returned evasively, "I would rather be here than there," and she pointed toward the shore.

"Why?" he asked.

"Well, somehow, I—I—"

Her embarrassment was such that it was almost a relief to hear a loud crack, and then a ripping, splitting noise as the mast swayed and the boat made a sudden lurch to leeward.

"Down!" he cried as he threw the bow of the boat into the wind. "Quick, now!"

She slipped back to her seat inside the coaming almost instantly. As the boom swung over, sagging so that it struck the deck, he caught it.

"Hold that!" he commanded. "Don't let it swing out again."

He spoke and acted quickly, but with perfect confidence, like one who knew exactly what to do, and even in time of danger a girl can stop to admire a masterful, strong man. He sprang for the hal-yards, the sail rattled down, and he hastily gathered it in, while the mast wobbled from side to side as the boat was pitched about by the waves. She knew that some serious accident had happened, but it was no time for questions, and she asked none. She simply did what she was told to do unquestioningly and trustfully. Her life was in his keeping, and she would not have it otherwise. Oh, the blind, unreasoning faith of woman—in some circumstances!

He was lying flat on the forward deck of the boat now, peering anxiously over the side.

"In another minute of that pounding," he said, "the whole side of the boat would have been ripped out. There's a split board here, as it is. The mast broke the stepping-block, you know."

She did not know a stepping-block from a jib-sheet, but the way the mast swayed told her that it was loose at the foot, and thus she gained a fair idea of what had happened.

"Now," he announced, "I am going to take the mast down. It is beating against the side with every roll of the boat. Do you suppose you can stand on this deck to help me? Stand with your feet apart; give a little as the boat lurches—that's it! steady yourself by holding to me. It's a little too much for me alone."

ON the shore there was wild excitement. At first they thought the boat had capsized; but the field-glass soon told them that that was not the case. Still, it was evident that Moulton and Miss Densmore were in serious trouble of some kind. A steam-launch, however, was already on the way to them, so there was nothing for the watchers to do but wait.

"Has she fainted?" asked one of the party.

"No," replied the referee, who still held the field-glass and positively refused to give it up. "She—she—why, she's balancing herself on the deck and helping him take out the mast!"

"Nonsense!" cried Barkley.

"I tell you she is," insisted the referee. "I can see her. She's holding on to him with one hand, though."

"Why, that kind of a scared-rabbit girl would not have nerve enough to move," asserted Barkley.

"Well, she's doing it, anyway."

"Well, by thunder!" was all Barkley could say.

"Confidence," suggested Farson. "He told her to do it, and she did it."

THEY came ashore in the launch, sitting very close together in the bow; and as they walked up from the landing she was clinging to his arm and smiling very brightly.

"Were you frightened?" the referee called to her.

"Frightened!" put in Moulton, quickly. "She was cooler than I was, and she has more nerve than a veteran."

Farson touched the referee on the arm to attract her attention.

"I never knew," he said to her, "that a girl in a wet gown could look so bright and so entrancing."

The referee gave another glance at the advancing couple.

"Mr. Barkley will pay for the candy," she announced decisively.

WEALTH AND RICHES

A MONOLOGUE

SPEAKER: SONNY'S FATHER

BY RUTH McENERY STUART



"T does do me good, doctor, to have you thess drop in this a-way, an' nobody sick. Shows you really like us. Yas, I think the addition is goin' to improve the place a heap. I like a house thet grows to its needs. Apt to be a snugger fit than them thet's built big to be growed up to. Each addition stands for some event, an' the whole house is a reg'lar history-book. No, we ain't buildin' no new parlor. 'T ain't needed. That one holds the six chairs an' the rocker an' arm-chair an' the center-table, an' when sociables or anything meets out here, why, they can slide open the doors. Yas, we 're puttin' them in; thess for convenience, though, not for grandeur. It 'll open up the house consider'ble, an' often make one fire do in place o' two. Yas, Mary Elizabeth she planned it mainly. She did mean to lower the mantel a foot or two. It 's toler'ble high. But I 've got so used to lookin' up to the row o' daguerreotypes it would n't seem quite proper to bring 'em down even with my eyes. The new room over the dinin'-room, with the glass bulged-out winder, why, that 's for Sonny's study, away f'om the noise o' the child'en, an' it 's to be het with a good log fire; an' the long room they 're puttin' on behind, why, it 'll open up into the very limbs of the oaks, nearly, an' that 's to be give over to the little ones, for rainy days an'—whenever they want to stay there. What 's that you say? Oh, shoo, doctor. Well, I reckon they do say Sonny 's gittin' rich; thess because he 's buyin' mo' land an' addin' a' ell to his house. But I 'd

nachelly hate to have him regarded ez rich. He ain't got no ambition that a-way, an' I despise it. He makes a good income offn his books, an' keeps strong runnin' the farm. That suppo'ts the family comf'table, an' I suppose he 'll be a wealthy man if he lives—an' I hope he will.

How 's that, doctor? You "don't see no difference"? No difference 'twixt wealth an' riches? Well, maybe they ain't—in the dictionaries. An' maybe they 're the same out of it, for all I know; but to my mind they seem two distinc' things. To me wealth seems to stand for prosperity,—like it might be distributed,—but riches they always seem to be confined to a few. When I think o' wealth, I seem to see pastures an' flocks an' herds, an' maybe to hear the buzz of machinery—gin-houses an' factories; but riches, well, that seems to be money stowed away.

A home of wealth ought to be broad an' piazzered round, with big rooms, an' wide front doors with easy-movin' hinges to open to the stranger. But a rich man's residence—why, I don't no more 'n say the word befo' I seem to see cupalows an' towers rise up, an' gingerbread cornishes, an' stiff doors with patent locks an' bolts. To bring it down to few words, wealth always seemed to me to be abundance in use, an' riches superabundance stacked on shelves. Wealth lies in comforts, an' riches is ap' to be cold money. Yas, I 'd like my folks to be wealthy, ef they could without wrongin' anybody, but I 'd be humiliated ef they was ever to allow theirselves to git rich.

I can't say thet I think the bare accu-

mulatin' of too much money is a Christian thing, anyhow. I'm inclined to agree with Scripture on that p'int.

Of co'se we all know that no camel could n't git through the eye of no needle that was n't made a-purpose, even ef he humped hisself worse 'n he 's humped a'-ready; an' they 's mighty few big fortunes in money that ain't in a manner gethered up into humps on their owners' backs, so that they 're too broad for the gate o' the kingdom.

Yas, when a man's money starts to run to cupalows, why, I begin to be anxious about him. 'T ain't that I've got any objection to the cupalow. It 's the manners an' behavior that goes with 'em. It don't take 'em long to git cupalow-minded. I've seen some mighty good people try it, an' the tower would n't be topped hardly befo' they 'd begin to be overbearin' an' want to be classed ez "leadin' citizens" an' all sech ez that. You know that sort o' racket ain't got no Christian sperit to it—not a bit. An' yet, even whilst I 'm a-sayin' this, doctor, my conscience pricks me, for I realize that while I ain't no cupalow-man myself, I've taken pride in the two or three that 's here an' there in the county. Always want to make shore any stranger 'll see 'em. Yas, that could, ez you say, be called State pride, maybe, but I know 't ain't worthy. I suppose a man 'll have to die befo' he gits shet of all folly.

No; my idee of a "leadin' citizen" is the man that leads off in wise counsel an' public benefits; a man that 'll care more to have the children o' the pore learned to read the Holy Scriptures in plain American than to have his own son teachd to talk Philippine or Latin; a man that 'll put his cupalow-money into sidewalks in the back streets his folks don't haf to travel in, an' that 'll lead off in singin' in church 'long with the congregation, instid o' settin' up in his pew, dumb ez a clam, with his ears cocked for choir criticism.

Sir? Oh, don't beg the question, doctor. Of co'se, ef he ain't got no voice, he can't sing, but he can hold one side of his wife's hymn-book an' keep the place. A voiceless man is fo'ced to sing by proxy to that extent, an' I think he 'd be registered ez a singer in Heaven, ef he done it worshipful. No; to my mind, a great part o' the so-called "leadin' citizens" I've known most about have n't been leaders at all. They've

been overriders, that 's what they've been. An' when a good-natured man overrides a community with a passably generous hand, why, it 's hard to turn him down. Takes courage. Oh, I ain't mentionin' no names, but you an' me 've been livin' in the State of Arkansaw sence long befo' the newcomers started to take on new pronunciations an' gingerbread work, an' I reckon we know who 've been some of its leadin' citizens. We'd be thinkin' of the same man in a minute ef I was to ask ef you remembered the old man down at Clay Bottom that planted out shade-trees along the lanes where the niggers had to go to work on the highroads—done it befo' he foun' time to set out any in his own yard. 'Lowd his home folks had time to set down an' fan, an' the roads was b'ilin' hot on man an' beast. Of co'se I knowed you 'd know. Yas, that was him. He did git to be a man o' wealth befo' he died, but he never piled up idle money—not a cent o' it. What? Oh, now, doc, you can't tell me you don't see where the difference is. But I suppose a man can't understand physic an'—why, of co'se, I know he was called rich, an' I suppose maybe in a sense he was. He left a big estate, alive an' workin', every inch of it. He did n't leave no sodden bank-accounts for his sons to draw on, though. They 're the damnation o' half o' the sons of rich men, them interest-bearin' bank-accounts is, to be drawn on in idleness. Sir? Oh, I did n't say it was idle money. The banks 's busy enough. It 's the triffin' inheritors that frets me. Sturdy good man, leadin' citizen ef they ever was one, though I doubt ef he ever owned a coat trimmed off to a waistcoat in front.

Yas, I was sorry, too, about Sally Ann puttin' up that cupalow to her house, but I was n't surprised. Exceptin' for that third little boy o' hers, little Teddy, havin' hip trouble, I 'm afeard she 'd have to be otherwise disciplined, Sally Ann would. Of co'se a woman with mo' discretion would 'a' waited a little while after her second husband's death befo' she started the cupalow; but the remark that 's goin' round that she 's "sendin' up an announcement that she 's open to proposals for number three," why, it 's thess simply malicious, that 's what it is. No; Sally Ann thess started that tower ez quick ez she found out how much money was left her; that 's all. She never give a thought to

how it would look. I take notice she 's been walkin' the streets for a year past with one o' them high spring-out collars on her neck; an' so, ez I say, I 'm not surprised. A cupalow is thess about the next step. A' out-springin' collar like that sets off a slim woman—gives her a sort o' grandeur I like; but a style like that can't be trifled with. Sally Ann don't look nothin' but highy-tighty an' overloaded in hers. I don't know ez I keer for sech fashions much, though, anyway. A thing like that would be a turrible stand-off to a timid, pore person come to ask a favor. Yas, I mean the high-spreadin' sort the queens wear in the pictures—like that 'ne in Sonny's study. You 've seen Sally Ann wear it. Why, that makes half o' her conspicuousity. It would take a heap o' courage to pass up a 'umble petition over a collar like that. Of co'se for queens they 're all right enough. A petition has to go th'ough sev'al hands an' be disinfected befo' it reaches them, anyway, an' the collar thess about expresses it.

Yas, she 's give that top cupalow-room to po' little Teddy, so 's he can amuse hisself lookin' out the winders an' p'intin' out things with his crutch. I don't say but what she was took aback when he asked for it. She had laid out to furnish it for a spare room for conspicuous visitors, same ez the Hyfflers does with theirs.

It 's good Sally Ann ain't a man. She 'd set out to be a leadin' citizen first thing she done, an' she ain't noways fitted for it. Yas, I reckon she does think she 's about the leadin' woman in Simpkinsville to-day, but that 's harmless enough. No-body else don't think so.

My idee of a leader, doctor, it 's one the best people 'll all love to foller—not the one they 're continually obligated to look up to with thanks. A man like that is shore to turn driver some day, an' he 's liable to do it sudden.

Sir? Sonny? Well, hardly. Not yet, anyway. He 's got the right sperit for leadership, but he 's too young yet, an' he 's too occupied with his books. No; Sonny 'll always be ap' to think out things to be done, the way he does now, but he 'll be likely to git other folks interested enough to go on with 'em. Well, that 's so. That is leadin', in a way.

Yas, you 're right there. A number o' our "leadin' men" has left public works

named after 'em. The man that founds a charity an' names it after a member of his own family, well, his heart 's divided, that 's all. An' ef he names it after hisself, why, it 's undivided. An' the more magnificent the edifice is, the more he 's complimentin' hisself. Oh, no, I ain't puttin' in no objection—cert'n'y not. We 're glad to have chapels an' town clocks built an' named after anybody thet ain't a disgrace.

But they 's one thing I 've often thought about, doc, that I hate to see, an' that 's the way human creatures is everlastin'ly buildin' memorials o' their sorrers. I don't see why we should celebrate only when we 're scourged. I 've often thought thet God might enjoy the novelty of havin' a steeple rise up into the sky in joy an' thanksgivin', instid o' which most of 'em is sent up with a wail. Ef houses for orphans is needed,—an' it 's a livin' disgrace thet they are,—but ef they are, why not build one when God sends a little child into a home instid o' when he sees fit to take it away? The lady thet give the "author's readin'" here, she was tellin' us about a little mountain settlement where the young engaged couples paid for the stained-glass winders, ez love come along, to celebrate their happiness—little bright-colored panes to stand for joy an' to fetch the color of it into the worship. Now, that struck me ez purty. I wish't they was more thankfulness brought into our religion, an' less mournin'. Not thet I 'd take out one sweet memorial of the dead. Of co'se, ez we git along further in speritual growth, an' come to realize the unimportance of death an' the importance of life, a number o' these things 'll pass away of theirselves.

Monuments commemoratin' personal sorrers is ap' to be selfish things, to my mind. When they stand for principle, why, that 's different. Sometimes I think the world shows mo' selfishness in sorrer than it does in anything else, anyhow.

Yas, that 's so true. Sonny an' Mary Elizabeth always makes thank-offerin's when the little ones arrive, but I did n't know it was known. You see, babies costs consider'ble, an' to some it might seem the hardest time to give anything; an' ef they spoke of it, it might look like ez ef they meant to reprove others for not doin' it. Givin' in the right sperit, though, with thought an' prudence, never seemed to make anybody any poorer. Them thet

gives that a-way is ap' to spend keerful, an' many a one thet thinks he can't afford it lets his money leak out in driblets. Sech folks ez that rarely saves anything. Sir? Do I believe in savin'? Why, that makes you ask me sech a thing ez that, doctor? Ef I did n't, I 'd be a turrible sinner, for I 've always done it.

Before Sonny arrived, he was always due, —seventeen year,—an' we put by a little, thess in case; an' quick ez he hove in sight, why, this whole gang o' grandchild'en seemed to loom up in the distance. You see, when a man has a child, he takes all the risk they is on grandchild'en. So I bought mo' land ez I was able to work it. I think it 's a man's duty to his feller-men to fix things so thet neither he nor any o' his helpless child'en won't be left on their hands.

But that 's a mighty different thing from hoa'din' away of great stacks of money for money's sake. That, an' the pride of possession which comes with it, is one o' the special pizens thet we 've got to try to keep from our child'en, far ez we can.

Talk about pride of possession, I reckon a certain amount of it is inborn; or, ef it ain't, it 's learned mighty young. Even the little child'en show it. I know one day this spring I was settin' out here on this po'ch, an' happened to overhear the little folks jabberin' out there under the oak. Half a dozen o' the neighbors' child'en was there with 'em. Well, they was talkin' along, one way an' another, when Sally Ann's third girl, last marriage,—little Sall' Ann,—she ups an' says, says she, "We-all 's goin' to have somethin' at our house thet you-all ain't got!" Well, they was silence in a minute, an' she kep' on, "We goin' to have a *cupalow* at our house" (tell the truth, that was the first I 'd heard of it). Of co'se nobody knowed what she meant, more 'n thet "*cupalow*" had a fureign sound. But that was enough for Margie Porter. Do you know, doctor, these peaked-faced lame child'en always seem to be quick-thoughted to me. Pore little crooked Margie was settin' in the swing, her face all eyes. Quick ez Sall' Ann come out with that word "*cupalow*," why, she chirps up: "That ain't anything! *I 've* had the *spilar melingitis*!" An' she give herself a little hitch of superiority ez she cut her eyes around to see the effect. It seemed for a minute thet Margie was

ahead, but purty soon I heerd Mary Blanks's little Jamesie's voice. Them youngsters is so thin their voices is ez dry an' ha'sh ez a katydid's; an' sence I know their mother deprives 'em of butter in Lent, I imagine their th'oats needs 'ilin'. But to go back to this here rivalry.

When I heerd Jamesie pipe up, I chuckled, an' says I to myself, "What on earth is he got to crow over?" "Well," says he, "we 're goin' to have a sheriff's sale over to our farm!" That was a purty heavy piece of artillery, an' they all felt it; but the silence it made was soon broke by who but our little Marthy! Pore little thing! I know she had been sufferin' from the first challenge, an' I half wondered, though I did n't think about it, how she was goin' to make out. Well, doc, an' how do you think she done? You could guess for a month an' I doubt ef you 'd hit what she bragged on—an' it 's right in yo' line, too. When she come out with it, I all but give myself away gigglin' here behind the vines.

Says she, "*We 've* got the moest *child'en*." What do you think o' that, now? Yas; an' not satisfied with that, she started a-tackin' on to it. Says she, "We 've got three boys an' two girls, an'"—an' with that she took a long breath an' she out with it: "An' mama sewin' on little teenchy sleeves, an' I would n't be surpriged ef she 's goin' to get some more purty soon!" Marthy always says "surpriged" for "surprised," an' we let it alone. Sounds cunnin'. Well, they kep' on back an' fo'th, an' I 'lowed thet every one there had had his fling, when I see pore Madge, the Sutton child that Mary Elizabeth an' Sonny 's took to raise. She was layin' down, twistin' a wreath out o' some clovers she had brought in from the fields, but I see her fingers moved purty slow, an' I was wushin' I could put some words in her mouth to brag on—I never like to see an orphan browbeat. But I need n't 've worried. What does she do when she see her chance but set up an' yell out like ez ef she had the best brag o' the lot, "*I 'm* dopted!" An' I don't know but ef I was to git the popular vote now, I 'd find thet they all felt she was ahead. I believe all the child'en at home consider thet she 's somethin' special because she 's adopted. An' it 's a good thing; makes 'em treat her respectful.

What 's that you say, doc? Oh, yas; I

don't doubt a-many a one says it 's ridic'ulous for them to take another child to raise, but I don't see why. Big families is gen'ally the ones where they 's most room. I 've seen many an only child fill up a home ten times this size so tight thet they never seemed to be even room in it for toleration of other child'en. An', besides, a little stranger comin' into a big family, why, it 'll git tied up in numberless little affections; an' then, too, they have the wholesome rough an' tumble of holdin' their own. Oh, it's great! An' I think it's ez good for the other child'en ez it is for the adopted. That 's the way all the orphans 'll be took care of when—when the millennium comes, ez you say. Of co'se the childless, why, they 're the special ones the Lord seemed to send into the world to nurture the fatherless. But they don't often see it so, an' of co'se many a one ain't got no gifts that a-way. What 's that you say? "Thankless"? Well, I don't know. Not more 'n anything else. Besides, who thet helps for helpin's sake thinks of thanks? No, that 's a mistake. I 've known some o' the most ungrateful own child'en on earth to break their parents' hearts; an' more 'n one adopted son or daughter have I seen grow up to be a staff an' a stay. No; that 's the eternal excuse of the world's shirkers—that an' "bein' afeard o' what inheritance they might have to deal with." I always think when I hear sech ez that: "Well, ef I was you, I 'd rather take my chances on any perfect-lookin' little child with a clair eye, an' raise him the best I could, than to know he was the flesh an' blood of folks that was so afeard of makin' a pore investment." An' I think I 'm right.

But I cert'n'y was tickled over Marthy's braggin' on the child'en. Showed they know how they 're valued. You know, I think with child'en it 's often "Held high, act high."

Yas; it is a pity about Mary Blanks's bein' sold out. She means well, but of co'se things lef' to a paid overseer 's ap' to go wrong; an' ever sence she 's been runnin' three clubs, why, this has been in sight. A woman ain't no smarter 'n a man in that respect. Quick ez a man starts to put in too much time at clubs, why, his business suffers.

I 've a funny little notion about Sally Ann's cupalow, doctor, ever sence I 've knew thet it 's a-goin' to cost exac'ly the

amount o' Mis' Blanks's mortgage. You 'd think thet bein' ez Mary Blanks is her own aunt, mother's side—thet—

Of co'se I don't say thet because they 're kin thet her cupalow an' her aunt's mortgage needs to be related, but they might. Ez you say, when the millennium comes—but of co'se they won't be no mortgages then, even ef they 're any widders, which God grant they may not be, or cupalows either.

A widder is always a distress-ed object to me, don't keer what circumstances I seem to see her in. Sally Ann with that high collar on her short neck under that crape veil, with all her toggery, is even more pitiful 'n some I 've seen thet mourned in silence. I think they 're usually honest enough, but they 're so various. That veil o' Sally Ann's is thess ez honest in every one of its deadly creases ez the collar thet protests against it. It 's all in her. Oh, she cert'n'y did take on in her first grief, in both widderhoods. Tillie Blackstone says she tried her best to lose her mind the first few weeks, but she was n't able. Tillie is a turrible game-maker. She's so able to do without any husband at all thet she ain't ez considerate ez she might be of the different dispositioned.

Ez to heavenly cupalows, or millennial ones, ef they is any, they won't be no novelty. Every man thet 's been denied one here can have it ef he wants it then; an' he 'll build it to suit hisself, not to spy on his neighbors. Yas; Sally did brag thet she could see the inside of seven kitchens from the scaffoldin' of hers. She? Oh, she 's up there every day makin' some new discovery. Climbs like a cat. Grew up in tree-tops mainly. Yas, she 'lows thet when she gits a spy-glass she 'll be able to see who 's comin' an' goin' in every church door in town. No doubt she 'll be able to set in her tower an' watch her aunt's sheriff's sale, ef she 's a mind to; but she won't. She 'll be on the ground. She 's already bespoke uninterrupted bids, so they say, on some o' the best chiny, an' them cut-glass goblets John bought at the Chicago Fair—them an' the caster. She may buy 'em, but she won't git 'em for nothin'.

Yas; I think Mary may do very well keepin' hotel in town. You see, she 'll be there in the midst o' things, an' not lose so much time on the road; an' besides, the drummers 'll amuse her, an' she 'll have a

chance to stay at home an' discuss public questions. She 's already arranged to have the clubs meet there.

Yas; we 've got it arranged about the biddin' at the sale. The only person thet ain't to be overreached is pore Mary Blanks herself. She intends to bid in sech things ez she 'll need for a hotel,—tin wash-sets an' thick dishes—for use in argument—an' a few sech suitable things. But what am I tellin' you for? Did n't I see yore hand-write on the subscription list? Can't fool me ef you did sign "Incog." That 's too much like the language of prescriptions to be much of a disguise for a doctor, anyway. Yas; an' I 'm glad you could see yore way to put down so much. No; Sally Ann would n't sign. She said she 'd stand by her Aunt Mame in private, an' I reckon likely she will—in little things like the cut glass an' casters. You know, she says she 'll let her aunt buy 'em back at what she gives for 'em any time. She 's good-hearted enough, ef she only knowed how to do. Yas; she 's offered to keep the pair o' peafowls, too—to keep 'em for their feed an' increase. Mary Blanks she won't sell 'em thess on account o' pore John buyin' 'em. Sally Ann is so took up with the idee o' seein' peacocks strut around that cupalow she 's buildin' thet she 'd pay 'most anything for 'em ef it was necessary. As to the increase, I doubt ef they 'll do more for her 'n they 've done for Mary. She says she thinks little Teddy 'll be tickled to watch the he one spread his fan an' strut, an' likely he will.

I never admired anything ez vainglorious ez a peacock, myself. I could set for hours, though, an' hold one o' their tail-feathers in my hand, thess a-lookin' it in the eye with delight. They 're cert'n'y wonderful. But, of co'se, my mind would be on God, an' not on the peacock. A single feather like that would be answer enough for me to all the infidels in the world, ef they was n't answered at every turn. But, somehow, the burnishin' of a bird's wing is sech a grachuitous exhibition of lovin' thought an' divine power thet I take p'tic'lar pleasure in it.

The red of a robin's breast has claired a troubled sky for me more 'n oncet, doctor. I ricollect one day, years ago, when Sonny was a little mite, an' he was sick, an' we could n't indooce him to take no medicine, an' you was called away, an' I come out

here in desperation, an' thess ez I stepped out I happened to hear a chirp right above my head, an' I looked up into that tree an' I see a father robin, his breast a-shinin' in the sun like copper afire. It was like a mericle, it was so lustrious. Well, after the first surprise, seemed like the only thing I saw was God, an' I thess lifted my eyes clair upward, an', doctor, ef God the Father did n't smile at me from the blue spot there between them branches, an' let me know thet I had no occasion to worry, why, I 'm not here to-day. I looked thess a minute, an' then I turned back into the house, an' my heart was at peace. No; I did n't tell wife about the robin,—she might 'a' thought that fantastic,—but I told her I 'd been comforted, an' thet God's everlastin' arms was right under us all, an' that we was actin' more scandalous in our Father's house than that pore little sick baby was in his, resistin' us in fear an' ignorance.

An' then I patted her shoulder, an' her face claired off, an' she remembered a kind o' spiced preserves thet Sonny liked, an' she went an' fixed up the medicine in it, an' fetched it in to the boy; an' when you dropped in that night you said she might take off her clo'es an' git some sleep. She had n't undressed for four nights. Now, ef I had n't saw God's love th'ough the robin an' fetched the joy of it in to her, she 'd never 'a' thought o' preserves on earth. No; cert'n'y I did n't mention the robin to you, an' you a busy doctor. Of co'se not. Besides, I was n't ez free-spoken about sech things them days ez I am in my old age. I 've often thought sence then, doctor, thet nearly all our worries come from mistrust, or forgetfulness, ef we only knowed it.

Did you ever take notice to the little child'en at a house of bereavement, when the father or mother is took away, an' maybe the props knocked from everything, how they thess walk around with company manners an' unconcern? They may be mystified, but they ain't never uneasy. Well, they 're always a lesson to me. No matter what the calamity is, the little ones seem to know they 're in their father's house, an' they don't never question. The grown folks thet have been instructed in faith an' ought to know better, why, they 're scared all but to death. You see, the child'en they 've got the right of it. They 're always took care of, an' so are we. Now,

don't it seem to you thet, nō matter what comes, we ought to feel thet the earth is our Father's house, an' thet we won't be forgot in it?

What 's that you say? Yas, that 's true. My mother-in-law she did show that child-like faith when her troubles come—an' thess ca'mly packed up an' come to live with us, which was right enough, though it was disconcertin' for a while. For ten years she stayed with us in peace and harmony; but she had to be disciplined before I got things fixed. Not thet they was anything I could put my finger on, exactly; but I know I soon found I was losin' my relish for her, an' I knowed that would n't never do, an' so I straightened things out. She was ez pure gold in character ez she was deef an' aggravin' in little things. These over-industrious women is ap' to be too rigorous. She? Why, she 's left more patchwork, an' linen she 's wove, an' sampler-work, than any two women I ever saw. Yas; Mary Elizabeth 's got four samplers made by four grandmothers o' the child'en—three already bestowed, an' I don't doubt the fourth 'll be claimed in time. I like 'em to have sech ez that. It 's stren'thenin' to character. Oh, yas, they 'll have a little handed-down jewelry, too. I don't mind that. I like it. Why, I've bought the 'little girls a finger-ring apiece, with purty blue an' red sets in 'em, to put on when they 're dressed up—not too big an' expensive-lookin'; thess modest little stones to shine th'ough their little mittens, lady-like an' sweet. I never like to see a woman's jewelry outflash her eyes.

Yas, I want our little girls to like dress an' fixin's enough to be properly set off when they 're grown up. 'Most anything carried to an extreme becomes pernicious. You know Sally Ann claims that jewelry in a bureau drawer is goin' to waste, an' that 's why she wears them green emeral's with her crape. Even what I said about hoardin' money can't be took too literal. Of co'se we all need to keep a little money piled up somewheres to draw on in an emergency—a little more 'n we 're likely to need, too. Every child on the place here 's got his little savin's-bank, but I always see to it thet the money stands for some p'tic'lar thing, not thess for possession of money. One he 's savin' for the mules he 'll need to work his piece o' land by an' by, an' another for somethin' else. The second

boy he don't never carry hisn very far. He buys books mostly, an' electricity fixin's. Yas; he put up that door-bell, an' it rings, too—rings ef it 's teched. Oh, yas; I s'pose I like it, but I don't, really. I like the different knocks I 've known for years, thess a knuckle or a walkin'-cane or umbrella, or maybe a latch rattle, the way you always done. It 's almost ez bad ez livin' in a city to haf to open yore front door an' not know who 's there.

Ef I 'm inside when it rings, I clair my th'out befo' I know it—then I 'm mad because I 've been frustrated. Instantaneous preparation to meet anybody, from a preacher to a peddler, well—

What 's that? Why, no, I never bother about what they spend their money for. Sometimes they waste it on trifles, but that 's better 'n their bein' bossed in everything. Little Marthy, now, she 's savin' for a "secret"; an' likely enough it 's for some finery got up for old men, an' I 'll have to wear it on my head or neck, somehow. I always suspicion their secrets. Yas, I reckon the second boy 'll go to college. All his tastes run that a-way. Sonny 's able to send him, too, ef he 'll be satisfied to go an' live with prudence. In my opinion, no boy ought to be able to live in college without prudence. It 's ruination. No; I suppose ef he goes to college he won't want no land, an' it won't cost any more to educate him 'n what it will to give the others a start. I never used to like the way a college education seemed to give a man a distaste for the plow. Seemed like they went an' learned to know better. But Sonny says that ain't so. An' he claims thet the man thet writes a song for men to plow by does more for the cultivation o' the soil than ef he was triplets plowin' with discontent. An' I can see how it 's true, although the writin' of songs seems like a child's play for an able-bodied man. Of co'se when a man goes away to college, why, he gits a chance to see things from a distance; an' ef he can look over the plowman's head an' discern blessin's hid from the face turned to the ground, an' weave 'em into a song thet 'll make the singer lift up his eyes an' listen oncet in a while, why, I say God bless him, let him do nothin' but make up songs for the toilers, an' I believe the Lord o' the harvest 'll give him credit for days' work, too.

Yas; Sonny has writ a hoeman's song,

an' Jim Peters he 's set it to music, an' they say some o' the young men whistles it an' dresses by it in the mornin' when they git up to go in the fields. But Sonny's song ain't got no p'tic'lar religious word in it. It 's got consid'ble love hints runnin' along half hid th'ough it, an' a swing to it thess exac'y like a lively hoe motion. I declare, in some o' the verses you can acchilly seem to see the corn growin' an' smell the ground. Last Saturday week the black fellers come up an' serenaded us, an' they sung it all,—four parts with a hoe-fling chorus,—an' I tell you it ain't ca'culated to make young folks live indoors—not whilst they 're young, anyway.

Vas, they 's life an' happiness a-plenty in cheerful labor in the open fields, an' a mighty slim chance for the doctor. Why,

they 's even wealth in it ef it 's lived right; not riches, maybe, but wealth.

You need n't laugh, doctor; I mean what I say.

Why, the way I read Scripture, it seems to me we 're given to understand thet heaven is a home of wealth. "Many mansions" sounds that a-way, I 'm shore; an' golden streets shows thet they won't anything be considered too good for use. An' sometimes I 've thought thet maybe it meant to give us to understand thet simple riches—like gold—was to be trod underfoot. An' all the Revelational jewels, why, they seem to be set either in the walls or doors or somewhere, not let loose in piles, to be swapped or squabbled over. No riches to possess, but thess wealth to enjoy..

TOPICS OF THE TIME

The Restored White House

IT being absolutely necessary to adapt the residence and offices of the President of the United States to increased executive and social demands, it is our national good fortune that the work was accomplished at a time when the arts of architecture and decoration in America, having passed through phases various, had at last arrived at a period when the work could be done not only with the highest structural skill, but also in a thoroughly sympathetic spirit. Previous and slighter alterations showed either that the time was in general unpropitious, or that the wrong talent had been employed. But that the native tastes and especial training of Mr. McKim—and, it may be added, of Mr. Glenn Brown, his local coadjutor—all tended in the direction of fitness of equipment for the important work to be undertaken must be acknowledged by every competent critic in America.

There was good fortune, also, in the presence in Congress of the late Senator McMillan, and of others who, like him,

were naturally receptive toward right suggestions from competent architects. The part taken by the writer of our article himself, Mr. Charles Moore, should be particularly mentioned at this time, when Mr. Moore is passing from his public position into a highly responsible business connection elsewhere. In any complete record of the adoption of the plans for the new city of Washington,¹ as well as for the restored White House, a more extended acknowledgment than this we are now making must be given to the intelligent comprehension and quiet and effective influence of the Clerk of the Senate Committee on the District of Columbia.

Most important of all was the very obvious good fortune of the presence in the White House of an executive who respected its tradition and individuality, and, very especially, of the lady whose portrait accompanies the article, and whose good sense, judgment, and taste have been valuable elements in the achievement of a highly satisfactory result. It is the testimony of all who are familiar with the matter that her personal influence has always favored

¹ See Mr. Moore's articles on "The Improvement of Washington City" in THE CENTURY for February and March, 1902.

the demands of permanent needs rather than of present and individual convenience; so that right feeling, no less than refinement of selection, has been the rule in this admirable refashioning of the "President's House."

Shocks to National Pride

EX-PRESIDENT CLEVELAND, in a recent public address at Philadelphia, referred to the American vice of "national vanity," the general conviction among our people that, no matter what may go wrong with us for a time, things in the end will be sure to come out right, and that meanwhile it is not worth while to make any great ado about evils that are not likely to prove fatal. He thought that our very success in overcoming difficulties had ingrafted such over-confidence upon the American character. He confessed to his own share of this optimistic sentiment,—with regard to public affairs, pleading guilty indeed to be chief among such sinners,—but he pointed out the dangers of a too convinced optimism.

This failing was ludicrously apparent to our European critics when the nation was young and felt its own future with a sometimes bouncing boastfulness. It has, however, been supposed that we were rather less given to self-vaunting now that such advertisement has become quite superfluous, through our astounding growth and entirely obvious and, to the Old World, sometimes menacing prosperity. Yet down in the heart of all Americans may be said to lie dormant a sense of national superiority, as to our governmental system and our actual condition, that needs only slight excitation to make it vocal.

And no wonder, when we consider the physical and political advantages of our territory and citizenship. Yet the feeling of self-confidence, of self-gratulation, ought to be just lively enough to keep us hopeful and active, and, of course, not so vivid as to make us insensible to threatened dangers. Vanity and self-satisfaction tend to interfere with the education of both individuals and nations. When self-appreciation means self-respect and wholesome pride it is a good thing; it is an excessively bad thing if it makes us loath to acknowledge the ills that must be cured, the dangers that must be averted.

The evil and danger that President Cleveland had, at the time, in mind was the condition of the mass of insufficiently trained colored people in the midst of our white populations; and his desire was to arouse the community to an interest in the movement for the education of these people in a way that would help them to profitable employment and useful citizenship.

The enormous delicacies and difficulties of the so-called "colored question" point to great dangers, unless this question is humanely and wisely dealt with; and the same may be said as to the "labor question." But the evil that ought at the present time to stir the American people perhaps more deeply than any other, that ought to take the conceit out of the boastful, and set the entire honest sentiment of the country actively at work in the line of cure, is the political corruption that shows itself in various forms in various parts of the country.

It might be well to inquire if those who are inclined to learn nothing from abroad, and are prone to boast American superiority in all things whatever over all the nations of the earth, can find in the recent history of any of the greatest of the European nations as numerous examples of wholesale corruption in city governments as we have had the shame to witness in this country during the past year. At one time recently the decent citizens of at least three American cities were engaged in sending to the State prison or into panic-stricken exile a large proportion of the leading officials of their respective communities. At the same period one of the oldest, most renowned, and socially most conservative of our Eastern cities had fallen into the hands of a group of corruptionists who squandered its franchises unblushingly and with little risk, apparently, of ending their careers behind prison bars. Meantime, our great world-city of New York had only just rescued itself, by a tremendous effort, from a gang of ruffians such as in modern times never dominated any large European community, with the possibility of slipping again into their clutches at the end of a two years' mayoralty term.

So much for our municipal failures. Looking at the politics of our States themselves, we find such a condition of affairs in one of the oldest States in the Union as we have recently referred to in these col-

umns, but which Mr. George Kennan, of Siberian fame, has more minutely described in the "Outlook" with characteristic precision and fearlessness. Mr. Kennan's story of the way a large part of the population of a sovereign State has been demoralized reminds us of Mr. Clarence C. Buel's account, in these pages, of the condition to which a large part of Louisiana had been brought just before the men of honor in that commonwealth rose up in their wrath and drove the lottery from their doors forever. But Mr. Kennan's story, though new in detail, was not new in substance. Several years ago Mr. Edward P. Clark¹ had published to the world the humiliating story of Delaware; from year to year every newspaper in the country hinted at or clearly told the dreadful tale; and still the evil grew till women urged their husbands to pluck the fruit of corruption, and men once honorable learned the easy lesson of bribe-taking, bribe-giving, and demoralized acquiescence in wholesale bribery.

It is the popular habit to attack the Senate of the United States with general condemnation. This is misleading. An honest man, who knows the Senate intimately in all its workings, the other day said of it that any such sweeping attack had the inexactness of caricature, the fact being that the Senate contains a group of well-equipped and disinterested public men who have become "experts" in governmental questions, and who get through in the course of the year "an immense amount of useful public business."

There is much truth in this. But the other thing is true also, that State after State, and some of our oldest States, are represented by men whom it is a loss of reputation to associate with intimately; who got their seats by "corrupt practices" of one kind or another; and whose presence in the Senate is an advertisement of the low tone of the State "machines" and legislatures, through whose corrupt management, or virtual purchase, they obtained their "honorable" seats. And a low-toned senator or representative means, as a rule, a low class of federal appointments in the States or districts thus represented; for it is a part of the miserable situation that every

means is taken to deceive the appointing powers as to the real character of those recommended by corruptionists to office.

We are fully aware that the delvers in American history are able to unearth an immense amount of similar political unscrupulousness on the part of our forefathers, in the times we rightly regard as heroic; all the tricks of corruption were not discovered by their descendants. We understand, also, that the full glare of publicity which evil things enjoy in the modern world tends to confuse historical comparisons. We further recognize that there are other and serious evils in foreign conditions that are not inherent in our institutions, and that there may be more "covering up" on the other side of the water. We, moreover, welcome all the consolation that may be derived from the fact that much of our present knowledge of our own evils comes through the advertising given to political crime in our day owing to the very efforts made by honest sentiment and heroic energy in the correction of the abuse and the overcoming of the evil.

So may it be; but, nevertheless, the evils will *not* be overcome until they are thoroughly acknowledged and understood; until they are plainly denounced; until no man excuses himself from the utmost effort toward stamping out corruption by the idle plea that "things will get better after they get worse," and that in America everything is "sure to come out right in the end." Yes; but what are *you* doing to make it come out right?

The Genial in Literature

JOSEPH JEFFERSON is fond of preaching the desirability of the genial in art. He thinks it is the salt of literature and of the stage. He makes a very good showing for the survival of genial books and genial plays; and he is himself the most distinguished object-lesson in the theatrical world of the continuous success of geniality. The meanings of the term evidently in view by Mr. Jefferson are such as the following:

Giving spirit or life; enlivening; warming; comforting; contributing to life and cheerfulness; supporting life.

¹ Mr. Clark, whose recent death is mourned, was one of the ablest and best-informed journalists of America. His reputation was rather professional than popular, for he was a type of the quiet, anonymous, expert workers who give character and tone to our better journals. He was a man of moral ideals and profound patriotism.

Of a social spirit; cordial in disposition and manner; kindly; sympathetically cheerful.

It is true that humanity has also an appetite for the tragic, though there should be a touch of geniality in this for the highest popularity; and it is true that even the harsh is not without audience and acceptance. But in the rush and strain of modern life is the distinctly genial especially valued. The romantic has been of late warmly welcomed, by contrast to straining modern conditions, but the genial seems just now, in America, to be living up promisingly to Mr. Jefferson's claims for it.

The success in recent years of "David Harum" proves this, and of Mr. Bachelor's books, and of Ruth McEnery Stuart's

stories, and of Kate Douglas Wiggin's books, which are in demand year after year, as if acknowledged to be one of the necessities of cheerful living. And now comes Alice Hegan Rice, with "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," and straightway it would seem as if the genial were the one thing the public could not get enough of.

It is pleasant to think of the tired American seeking even brief and fleeting vacations from the stress of the chase after financial "betterment" in books that have in them so cheerful a philosophy of life. It is by such means that the inevitable "troubles and tribs" of this existence are reduced to a minimum. It was Mrs. Wiggs, it will be remembered, who never "applied superlatives to misfortune."

OPEN LETTERS

An Interesting Step Forward in Art

THE MUSEUM AT FENWAY COURT, BOSTON

THE recent opening of the Isabella Stewart Gardner Museum in the Fenway, at Boston, was an event of exceptional significance. Indeed, in certain aspects it may be termed one of the most important occasions in the fine arts that has yet taken place in the new century. The collection itself is of rare quality, but the great value of the event lies in the fact that it means a long step forward in the display of objects of art with a due regard for their interrelations and for their individual and collective effect. The growth and extension of the world's great galleries of art are always visible. The magnificent new part of the Metropolitan Museum in New York has just been opened. The Boston Museum of Fine Arts has in contemplation a new housing of its collections upon a monumental site that has extraordinary opportunities for architectural effect. The scheme for a great acropolis of the fine arts at Brussels, just determined upon, has a scope and magnitude that will place the Belgian capital in the first rank among the world's art centers. These things, however, are in the regular order of progress; but at Fenway Court we have something that means a new departure.

It seems unnatural that the impressions

produced by the collections assembled in public galleries of art should be distinctively inartistic. It is much like saying that the effect of a symphony concert is unmusical. Yet the former is almost inevitably the case. When a large number of works of art are brought together in the ordinary way, however beautiful each individual thing may be in and of itself, the total impression is unbeautiful. Beauty in the parts does not result in the beautiful whole that it should. The general effect is rather that of incoherence. Hence the visitor who wanders through the halls of a large museum of art is distracted, confused, jaded, by the constantly changing succession of impressions that he receives—impressions in which things artistic in themselves interact conflictingly, discordantly, by reason of their diverse nature and the multiplicity of uncoordinated sensations that they arouse. At the very base of the esthetic emotions produced by a work of art lies the sense of harmony derived from a proper balance of parts, from grace of line, from relative emphasis in mass, from due accentuation, from pleasing interactions of tone and color. But when regarded as parts of a larger whole, the works of art that make up a large public collection do violence more or less to all these considerations. The delight received from individual works in such collections is largely nullified by the confusion of

impressions made by the totality. One can truly enjoy the works of art contained in an institution of the kind only by subjecting himself for the time being solely to the influence of this or that object, and excluding, as best he may, the distracting influences that proceed from neighboring works.

The problem to which the founder of the museum in the Fenway has addressed herself, and which, by universal consent, she has solved in unexampled completeness, has been that of making of the institution as a whole a work of art worthily expressing each individual unit that enters into its composition and from which it is harmoniously developed. All true lovers of art have long realized the radical deficiency that, by very reason of organization, marks our great galleries of art. From the nature of the case these conditions have seemed hopelessly irremediable. Here, for the first time, the attempt has been made to give an organic unity, fundamentally artistic, to an important collection. The result is a genuine achievement. It may be compared to the effect produced by a garden in which the beauty of a well-considered design is developed from the individual charms of flowers, shrubs, turf, and trees—beautiful elements wrought into a beautiful ensemble. The fundamental law of beauty is heeded; each object is given the most fitting setting possible, the most fitting environment, the most fitting relation to other objects. Hence beauty in the parts is followed, as it should be, by beauty in the whole.

It is gratifying that this remarkable step forward should have been made on this side of the Atlantic. May we not regard it as one of the tokens prophetic of the day, remote though it yet may be, when this prosperous country of ours shall assume a primacy in the fine arts like that which it is now taking in the realm of industry? In the English press there has been much lamentation that so many treasures of art should nowadays be going across the ocean to enter into such collections as that formed by Mrs. Gardner. The fact that such works were removed from their wonted environment of old family associations has been deemed one of the most poignant features of their loss, and the sentiment seemed to be much as if they were doomed to exile in a savage wilderness. But, once a Titian, a Correggio, or a Crivelli has been removed from its original environment in Italy, is it not just as much at home on the borders of the Boston Fens as in a ducal palace or a baronial hall in England? Is its message not as directly addressed here as there?

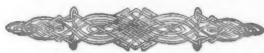
There is one particular respect in which the remarkable collection at Fenway Court speaks a moral for the American people. As a nation we plume ourselves upon our intelligence, as we do upon our remarkable prosperity and our free institutions of popular government. But for true intelligence is it not essential that we as a people should be cultivated in all possible ways—in the best appreciation of the fine arts, as in literature, in science, and in industrial achievement? Now against our development in the fine arts, against the rounding out of that side of our nature, we have set the barrier of a tariff truly barbarous in its inhibitive provisions. It acts in most powerful discouragement against bringing to this country objects of art that would delight, educate, and enlighten the American people—things that persons of wealth would import in rich measure were penalties not imposed against their so doing. This feature of the tariff does not even have the merit of being protective, for these things do not in the least come into competition with the products of American art or handicraft. They simply yield to a plethoric treasury a little revenue that the country could much better afford to go without. No other civilized nation is so stupidly blind to its own interests. An impressive commentary upon the folly of it is that these treasures in Fenway Court, which people come to see from all over the world, might have been something like one half as large again but for a tariff that extorted from their owner enormous percentages of their original cost. To the museum proper belong only a comparatively few works. These were imported free of duty after the incorporation of the museum as an institution of art, in consequence of the determination of its founder to permit the public to share the enjoyment of her treasures. But these few works are all that the public may behold by right of such incorporation. The very numerous remaining examples, upon which such tremendous duties have been paid, belong personally to the founder, and it is only by virtue of her gracious consent, her genuine public spirit, that the public enjoys the sight of them.

Sylvester Baxter.

AN ANNOUNCEMENT

THE CENTURY has the pleasure of announcing that it expects to publish later a carefully prepared appreciation of Fenway Court and its collections, with adequate illustrations.

EDITOR.



IN LIGHTER VEIN

Ye Gentil Knighte

HE drew his rapier from its sheath,
This knight of old romance;
His lady wore a lily wreath—
And something more, perchance.

"Oh, haste thee now, beloved, haste!"

Her tears were as the dew.

"For we must pass the fearsome waste
While cruel foes pursue."

Anon she tore her golden hair,

Anon she laughed in glee.

In truth, the maid was strangely fair,
And fairly strange was she.

The brave knight kept his keen blade drawn,
Though not a foe was nigh;

But Indian bands, Moors, Turks, drew on
While yet the moon was high.

With nonchalance how debonaire

They rout the villains, while

The knight wears still his knightly air,
The damsel wears a smile!

For months these guileless children roam

O'er mountain, plain, and glen—

Far from the sweet delights of home,
From manicures and men.

Yet brighter than the harvest moon

His armor shone unscarred;

Her snowy gown, her silken shoon,
Nor spot nor blemish marred.

'T is not in our distempered dreams

We meet these lovers gay;

'T is where the page with history teems
In a novel of to-day!

Ada Foster Murray.

Palmistry

THE pretty palmist speaks to me

In soft, melodious minor key;

A willing captive, 'twixt her two,

My outstretched hand presents to view

Its telltale map of hopes and fears,

A zigzag record of the years—

Which she, with wisdom past my ken,

Reads like the common script of men.

"You have not loved," she cries. "Ah, no,"

I answer; "but the line may grow."

In sweet confusion she replies:

"I read the hand and not the eyes."

Charles Eugene Banks.

Ashes of Roses

YOU were fair as a handful of splendid roses
When first I met you; and now you discover
Me here at your shrine again, in the old poses,
Thirty years later—which merely discloses
Ashes of roses are sweet the world over.

Madeline Bridges.

A Po'try Note to James Whitcomb Riley

THAR 's suthin' sez to me to-night,

"Sit down an' write to Riley";

Fer he 's the feller fotched the tears,

Yet made me kinder smiley.

I wish you 'd tell me how you knowed

I hed a Marthy Ellen,

An' how she used to sing like fun,

An' be a boss at spellin'.

I reckon, too, you must hev hed

Aroun' your daddy's medder

Jist sich a fence ez we sot on,

The time I thought I hed her.

The dandelines seemed yallerer then

Than I hev seed 'em sence;

In my experence uv forty years,

I 've knowed no safter fence.

An' how 'd you know so much about

The birds an' leetle ups

An' downs uv nater's purty things?

I 'll bet your dog hed pups!

You hain't said nothin' about 'em, but

No feller 's hed your time

That did n't hev his fun with pups

An' hev his hat chawed fine.

What gits me more 'n anythin' else,

An' allus makes me sniffle,

Is 'bout that dear ole aunt of yourn;

That 's whar you shoots the rifle

With your stout raft of hum-cut logs,

An' gits into the eddy

Whar ev'ry right man-lives the most—

In ole times, good an' steady.

I hed an' ole aunt, jist like yourn,

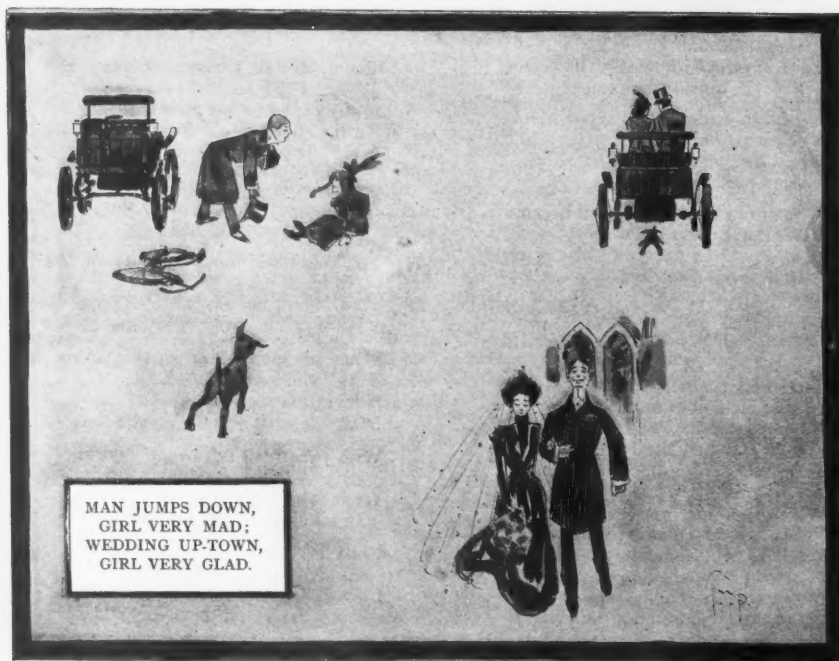
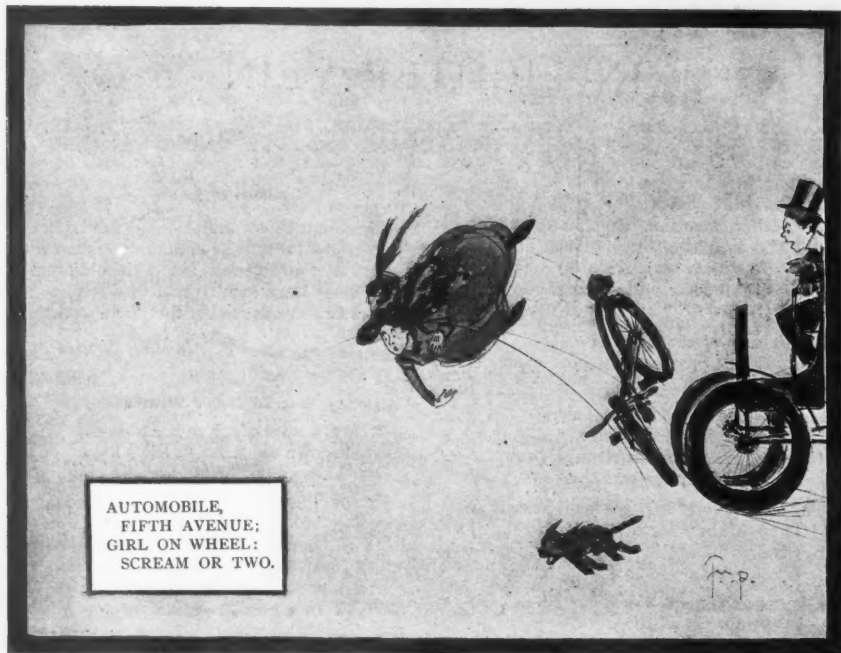
Ez lovin', kind, an' smiley;

I 'll tell you 'bout her—I jist can't,

But—but—God bless you, Riley.

Charles McIlwaine.

The Girl and the Automobile



Chetah

My first morning in the blue-grass region as the guest of father's old friend, Colonel Bedford, was a nearly perfect one, and I was early astir to get a glimpse of the country in nature's reputed paradise.

As I ventured upon the veranda of the "old Kaintucky home," I found my white-haired host walking up and down in a fever of rage. The moment his eyes fell upon me he began to unburden himself:

"Majah Blivens is a bawn fool, suh, a bawn fool; that 's what he is! Offe'd me five hund'ed dollahs foh my little Chetah! Bless Gawd, I believe the man 's addled, yes, I do, suh! Come ridin' by heah just now, an' says to me: 'Cunnel Bedfahd, I 'll give you five hund'ed dollahs foh that two-yeah-old Whulwind-Ticklefoot filly.'

"I laughed in his face, suh, that 's what I did! Then I got mad, an' I said to Majah Blivens: 'Suh, am I a pawpah? Am I pinched foh a measly little five hund'ed dollahs? Why, you ought to know bettah, majah! Five hund'ed dollahs would n' buy the gloss on Chetah's skin, suh! No, suh; I 'll not sell my daughtah, an' I 'll not sell Chetah!' Majah Blivens could n' look me in the eye, suh, an' rode away with his chin a-hangin' on his bosom.

"Why, suh, I 'd nevah dahuh to show my face at home again if I sold little Chetah! That filly 's been raised heah on this lawn, an' coddled by my wife an' child'en, an' she 's one of 'em. Yes, suh, Chetah 's one of my family; an' I think Majah Blivens was guilty of a most outlandish insult, that 's what he was.

"My wife loves that filly 's if she was the only hoss in the whole blue-grass region. Eve'y mawnin' Mahy goes out an' feeds Chetah a han'ful of sugah, an' then the puss 'll follow huh all ovah the fawm, happy as a kitten when Mahy rubs huh nose uh pats huh neck.

"Five hund'ed dollahs, indeed!" the colonel continued, his anger having somewhat abated. "Why, Chetah won twice that in huh fus race, undah a pull, suh. Mahy was hop-scoatchin' mad when I odahed niggah Tom to put the filly in trainin'. We had hahd wuds, an' things was mighty squally foh a time. But I had my way, suh, as I always do," the colonel went on, lowering his voice and glancing apprehensively toward the open door.

"But the trainin' went on, an' at last the day foh the race had come. No bettah blood evah entahed foh a five-eighths dash. Theah was Black Sam by Bonnie Scotland, Moonshine by Old Distillah, Cyclone by Thundah-stawm, an' half a dozen othahs, as fine colts as evah entahed a paddock.

"Mahy w. s in the gran' stan', an' I noticed a deucedly unpleasant look in huh eyes. She

had asked me again a day uh two befo' to take Chetah out, but I would n' heah to it. But now that the time had actually come, I began to feel mighty uncomfutable. If the filly los' I knew Mahy would have the whip-hand on me fohevah. An' that set me to thinkin' hahd. I thinks I see my way out by puttin' the blind-ahs on Mahy. I knew fum long expeahence that I mus' let Mahy think she had made the final decision. An' so I went up to wheah she was a-sittin' in the gran' stan', and whisp'e'd: 'Come to think of it, Mahy, I don't believe Chetah 's good enough strain to keep the pace in this crowd. Theah 's mighty fine blood in this company. You know, Chetah's mothah was only a half-sistah to Ashland Belle—not a full sistah, Mahy. Don't you think we 'd bettah pull huh name down befo' she disgraces us?'

"It wo'ked like a chawm!" And the colonel chuckled delightedly as he recalled the success of his little ruse. "Mahy's eyes snapped like fiah as she said: 'No, suh! Chetah's blood 's good as any hoss's blood; let huh go.'

"An' I did let huh go; but befo' the staht Mahy called me up again an' made me solemnly promise one thing—that Tom should n' cahy a whip. If Chetah could win without a lick, all right, but no niggah should touch huh hide with a lash. She was one of the family, an' it would have been a disgrace to say she 'd been whipped by a niggah.

"If Chetah 'd los' that race I think I 'd have quit lickah an' joined the chu'ch. I was so troubled in my mind I could n' beah to watch the runnin'. I just tu'ned my back to the cou'se an' watched Mahy's face. Talk about yoh kinetoscopes an' yoh vitascopes! I saw eve'y phase of that contest f'om beginnin' to end—all in my wife's rapidly changin' expression.

"Now the youngstahs leave the paddock foh the post—that 's what Mahy's face says as she takes down huh glasses for a second. Then I see Mahy sit up an' huh face take on a look of inte'est—'About ready,' thinks I. In a minute huh exp'ession changes to one of anxiety, an' I know theah's trouble about the staht. The next moment theah 's as fine a pictuh of pain as evah I hope to see, an' I suhmise Chetah 's got a bad staht. Then theah 's a dead calm of tense suspense, an' I feel that Chetah must be makin' an efoht to ketch up with the bunch. A pallah ovahspreads Mahy's lovely face, an' I feel I mus' run up an' ketch huh to keep huh f'om fallin'. Face not so pale—'Filly mus' be comin' on,' thinks I. A blush o' crimson an' a glad light in my wife's eyes—hoorah foh Chetah! Wife's eyes focused on the bunch o' leapin' squirrels. Wife on feet an' smilin'—'Wish I 'd put anothah hund'ed on that puss!' 'Chetah! Chetah!' an' han's goin' pitapat, an' the han'somest

woman in Kaintucky in teahs, but lookin' as sweet as the day I led huh to the altah!

"But," said the colonel, bowing apologetically, "pawdon me a thousan' times, suh!

Heah I 've been a-blowin' away, an' you 've not had yoh mawnin's mawnin' this mawnin'!"

Elksworth Shawm.



Drawn by E. Warde Blaisdell

A SPRING IDYL

FLAT-HUNTERS TO LANDLADY: We like your rooms in many respects, but fear the ceilings are a trifle low.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

THE CENTURY ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY MAGAZINE



RECENT letters and newspaper-clippings about THE CENTURY MAGAZINE seem to indicate that it was never in higher repute. An editor writes to the publishers: "Command me in any way in which I can properly further the interests of THE CENTURY, which I frankly regard as the greatest magazine in the world."

Of the Christmas number, one enthusiastic critic wrote: "It so far excels its contemporaries that no comparison is possible. It is by far the finest issue of a magazine that has reached our notice in half a century."

The articles on the so-called trusts are interesting thoughtful people everywhere. The *Industrial Press* (which begins its notice with the sentence: "Month in and month out—the year around—there's no magazine that equals THE CENTURY") refers to Mr. Nelson's article on the Steel Trust as one which is "of particular interest to readers of this paper," and highly commends its fairness. A correspondent of a Western paper writes to his editor: "Will you please inform me, through your journal, what you consider some of the best recent publications on the trusts?" and is answered, "Try the articles now running in THE CENTURY."

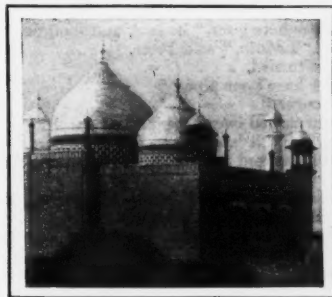
THE CENTURY CO. is about to issue a book of fiction dealing with the lighter phase of life at a girls' college, by Jean Webster, a recent recruit to the ranks of story-writers; and the distinctive quality of her work is its spontaneity and humor. Each chapter presents an episode in the college career of "Miss Patty," a most fascinating young woman with a penchant for getting into scrapes, as when she played the part of "A Crash Without" in the senior play; and a weakness for perpetrating practical jokes, as when she introduced "The Impressionable Mr. Todhunter" to the doll show. Miss Patty was hardly what one would call a "grind"; and she gave more time to the studying of her professors, and the devising of a "sure system" for making a brilliant recitation on a thimbleful of knowledge, than to any earnest consideration of the prescribed courses. "Men, women, and freshmen" succumb to Patty's charm of manner. "When Patty Went to College" will appear in March.

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL is the oldest storyteller now writing for the English-reading public; he is one of the most famous physicians in the world, and if he were known by nothing else than his verse he would take high rank among poets.

His latest volume, "A Comedy of Conscience," about to be issued by The Century Co., is one of the best "detective" stories (if it may be classed in just that category) that has appeared in years. It has also a distinct psychological and ethical interest.



MISS ELIZA RUHAMAH SCIDMORE is one of the best-known writers of books on the far East. During the past twenty years she has many times visited China, India, the Philippines, Java, and other Eastern lands. She is an officer of the National Geographic Society, and was one of the secretaries of the Oriental Congress held a few years ago in Rome. Her "China, the Long-Lived Empire," issued by The Century Co. just at the time of the troubles in China, has had a very large sale, and it is evident that a hearty welcome awaits her "Winter India."



THE MOSQUE NEAR THE TAJ MAHAL

"WINTER INDIA," Miss Scidmore's new book, which The Century Co. is to issue early in March, is a volume for the traveler and for one who wants to know what the traveler sees in India. It covers the country from Bombay to picturesque Mandalay, and from the Indian Ocean to the Himalayas; the great temples, the Anglo-Indian society, the ways of getting about—nothing of interest has escaped Miss Scidmore's keen observation. Forty full-page pictures add richness to the volume. The price is \$2.00 net.

WE gave last month in these pages an extract from that delightful novel, "Aladdin O'Brien," by Gouverneur Morris. Here is another bit from it. The two young men—splendid fellows both—are in love with the same girl, and meet on their way to learn their fate. They decide to toss for "position."

Peter and Aladdin halted, while Aladdin sent a coin spinning into the air.

"Heads!" called Peter.

Aladdin let the piece fall to the ground, and they bent over it eagerly.

"After you," said Peter, for the coin read "Tails." Aladdin picked up the coin, and hurled it far away among the trees.

"That's our joint sacrifice to the gods, Peter," he said.

Peter gave him five cents.

"My share," he said.

"Peter," said Aladdin, "I will ask her the first chance I get, and if there's nothing in it for me, I will go away and leave the road clear for you. Come."

"No," said Peter; "you've got your chance now. And here I wait until you send me news."

"Lord!" said Aladdin, "has it got to be as sudden as this?"

"Let's get it over," said Peter.

"Very good," said Aladdin. "I'll go. But, Peter, whatever happens, I won't keep you long in suspense."

"Good man," said Peter.

Aladdin turned his face to the house like a man measuring a distance. He drew a deep breath.

"Well—here goes," he said, and took two steps.

"Wait, 'Laddin," said Peter.

Aladdin turned.

"Can I have your pipe?"

"Of course."

Aladdin turned over his pipe and pouch.

"I'm afraid it's a little bitter," he said.

Again he started up the drive; but Peter ran after him.

"'Laddin," he cried, "wait—I forgot something."

Aladdin came back to meet him.

"Aladdin," said Peter, "I forgot something."

He held out his hand, and Aladdin squeezed it.

"Aladdin," said Peter, "from the bottom of my heart I wish you luck."

When they separated again there were tears in the eyes of both.

Just before the curtain of trees quite closed the view of the gate, Aladdin turned to look at Peter. Peter sat upon one of the big stones that marked the entrance, smoking and smoking. He had thrown aside his hat, and his hair shone in the sun. There was a kind of wistfulness in his poise, and his calm, pure eyes were lifted toward the open sky. A great hero-worship surged in Aladdin's heart, and he thought that there was nothing that he would not do for such a friend. "He gave you your life once," said a little voice in Aladdin's heart; "give him his. He is worth a million of you; don't stand in his way."



A VERY well-known critic said recently to the writer of these lines, "If you never had done anything more for me than to bring 'The Golden Book of Venice' to my attention, you would have earned my undying gratitude. My copy has been lent and read so much that it is nearly worn out."

"The Golden Book of Venice" is a story that is very highly appreciated by people who really like what is fine and uplifting in literature. It does for the Bride of the Sea what "The Marble Faun" does for Rome and "Romola" for Florence. It is a dignified and majestic story, full of exquisite scenes and pictures of Venice in the days of its greatest glory.

* * *

THE Nicolay condensation of Nicolay and Hay's "Life of Lincoln" is one of the list of five books whose high favor is cited by the Baker & Taylor Monthly Bulletin in proof of the statement that the demand for serious books has been very large of late. There can never be question of Abraham Lincoln's place in the hearts of his countrymen, and Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln" holds undisputed high rank; but, as one critic observes, "its ten volumes sometimes seem formidable to the busy man or woman." The sales of the Nicolay condensation are best proof that the shorter biography is meeting a popular demand.

* * *

THE penetrating force of a great personality was never more apparent in the printed page than in "The Memoirs of Paul Kruger," which, dictated by the old exile himself, passed through so many hands before issue. For these memoirs were, to quote the "Literary Digest," "dictated by Mr. Kruger, partly to his private secretary, and partly to the Under Secretary of State of the South African Republic (Mr. Piet Grobler), were first submitted to the vigilant scrutiny of an editor, Dr. Schowalter, and then revised by him in persistent colloquy with the President, who found himself under fire from a battery of two hundred questions which his critical friend had masked for his reception; and finally the editor's revised German text, 'collated line for line with Mr. Kruger's original Dutch,' is done into English with painful particularity by Mr. Teixeira de Mattos, including many interesting and edifying notes by the editor of the German edition"; but "the Oom Paul reflected in the frontispiece is disclosed on every page of this record." The Continental edition of these memoirs uses the third person throughout; but the first person of the American edition will be adopted there after the author's death.



fer myself." She quotes it constantly, and the sentences never fail to call forth shouts of laughter. None of the New Thought leaders has so far publicly claimed Mrs. Wiggs as a disciple, but thoughtful readers of the little books find in the unselfish, optimistic attitude toward life of the "leading lady" the best and most valid of reasons for the phenomenal success of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and for the promising interest in the published chapters of "Lovey Mary."

* * *

LETTERS from girls and boys who "love" *St. Nicholas Magazine* are common enough in The Century Co.'s office, and letters from parents who appreciate it for their children, but it is not every day that such a letter as the following is received:

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: . . . I wish to add that the charm of your magazine has induced one grown-up club—none of us less than forty years old!—to subscribe for *St. Nicholas* for 1903.

Respectfully yours,

* * *

MR. CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS is a name well known to CENTURY readers. Some of his best sketches are contained in a little book, "The Four-Masted Cat-Boat, and Other Truthful Tales." Mr. Loomis has made a success as a public reader, and those who have enjoyed his entertainment will find the cream of it in this book.

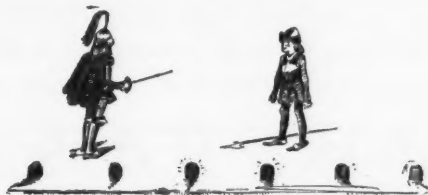
NOT every one wants a book about caterpillars, but if such a work is wanted it can be found in "Caterpillars and Their Moths," just issued by The Century Co. Teachers and young naturalists, knowing the practical work that the authors have done, kept asking them to make a record of that work. And here it is, with life-size photographs of forty-three species, and all the facts needed for the successful rearing of moths. All that most people know about moths is that camphor, and plenty of it, is "good" for them. This book shows that moths are worth cultivating, and that caterpillars are not objects to be avoided on the garden walks, but should be kept in tin boxes and supplied with fresh leaves. What a delightful new world is opened to the young girl who will make a study of this book!



* * *

JAMES H. STODDART'S "Recollections of a Player" is full of good stories of the stage. Here is an amusing anecdote apropos of stage-fright:

Father told a good story in connection with this same play ("Richard III"). It seems that upon one occasion the great George Frederick Cooke was appearing as *Richard*, and the young man cast for *Ratcliff* was very nervous. The tent scene, in the fifth act, gave Cooke, as *Richard*, his great speech. This is at the point where he is supposed to see the ghosts of his victims, and he always became tremendously wrought up over it. As *Ratcliff* enters at the end of the speech, *Richard* starts and shouts: "Who's there?" *Ratcliff* should answer: "*Ratcliff*, my lord; 't is I—the early village cock hath twice done salutation to the morn. Your friends are up and buckle on their armor." Cooke's delivery of the words, "Who's there?" was of such tremendous force that the poor young man was completely unnerved, and could only stammer out: "'T is I, my lord, the early village cock—" and could say no more. Again making an effort: "'T is I, my lord, the early village cock—" and then stood helpless and aghast. Regarding for a moment the helpless and hapless *Ratcliff*, Cooke blurted forth: "Then why the devil don't you crow?"



"THEN WHY THE DEVIL DON'T YOU CROW!"

Packer's Tar Soap

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Chapped and irritated skin
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PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Pure as the Pines—Soothing—Healing

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"THE ONLY SAINT SHE KNEW ANYTHING ABOUT FOR A LONG TIME."

A SAINT AND A SINNER

BY

JOSEPHINE DODGE DASKAM

THE SAINT was a few years older than the Sinner, but at the beginning of their acquaintance they were both very young. The Sinner had her little failings, doubtless, but nobody ever accused her of failing to know her own mind, and on being introduced to the SAINT, she promptly and ecstatically licked him—her method of expressing intense affection. He was green at the time—a rich bottle-green—and it came off all over the Sinner, and she was disciplined. Dear, dear—it was so long ago!

He was the only SAINT she knew anything about for a long time: she might have developed into a grand and noble person, if he had come four times as often as he did, and been a Weekly instead of a Monthly. For you must have guessed that he was ST. NICHOLAS, and she—well, at least I do not chew the books I like now!

Were you born around the Centennial year? Then of course somebody gave you a copy of "Baby Days"—only you accent it like this: "*Baby Days*." I say "of

course." If you did n't have it, that explains, partly, why you are not so intelligent and prosperous as I am to-day. It is the first literature that I remember; I did n't know then that it was a collection from ST. NICHOLAS.

I have a deep respect for those infantile

wonders who grow up on the Old Masters. To peruse Shakspeare at five and Milton at seven must thrill the young reader almost as much as his relatives. But I was thwarted in an earnest endeavor to chew the cover of Emerson's "Essay on Friendship," and after that I fell back on "Baby Days," and licked the favorite pages into an honorable illegibility.

Do you remember the adorable "little girl quite well and hearty" who "thought she 'd like to give a

party"? So far, so good. The only trouble was that the guests were so "shy and wary" that "nobody came but her own canary."

And then do you remember "Milmy-Melmy"? Everybody I know seems to

m



have been brought up with her, just as I was. She was a fascinating, kind-hearted girl-giantess who picked up a farmer and his oxen as he was plowing one day, and



"MINE, MEANS, THE
WIND-BLASED GIRL-
GIANTESS."

took them home for toys. But she meant well, and returned them when her giant relatives told her what they were.

Whoever selected that poem for ST. NICHOLAS showed genius—its calm, logical humor suited exactly a child's somewhat exacting mind.

Now I insist that it is not the light of other days that gilds for me some otherwise characterless doggerel. Those things

were funny, they were clever, they were well illustrated; and I should laugh at them to-day if I read them.

And could anybody forget the inspiration that put one of the sweetest cradle-songs ever written away in the back of that heavenly book? My aunt used to recite it to me—I have forgotten if I understood anything but the rhythm:

Rockaby, lullaby, bees in the clover,
Crooning so drowsily, crying so low!
Rockaby, lullaby, dear little rover!
Down into wonderland,
Down to the under-land,
Go, oh, go!
Down into wonderland go!

I asked a woman to-day if she knew Holland's lullaby, and she said:

"Oh, the one about the bees in the clover? It was in the dear old ST. NICHOLAS—was n't it? Did he write that? I know it backward—I don't know why. Did you use to have ST. NICHOLAS? We were brought up on it."

It was because I was brought up on it that I am remembering all these things now, on the good SAINT's behalf. I agree with Shakspeare and the soap gentlemen that if we must be advertised, we would better select our loving friends for that purpose.

Perhaps you don't realize that the collected classics of young people's literature are almost synonymous with the tales ST. NICHOLAS gave us? One does n't, till one counts up.

11

THE DEAN OF GIRLS' WRITERS

"Eight Cousins" had long been bound in half-years when I got to it, and I stole it from a Sunday-school library: it was red-and-gold. The picture of the heroine in "Donald and Dorothy" I selected as my ideal of female loveliness: I used to pray that I might resemble her at sixteen. As for "Juan and Juanita," the happy Indian runaways, when I remember the fascinating meals they cooked for themselves over camp-fires, a wonder seizes me that I write this, now, from an uneventful suburb!

MY BROTHER'S SIDE OF IT

My little brother, indeed, was with difficulty persuaded to accept the shelter of the parental roof at the time of that seductive serial; it needed all the politeness and domesticity of the "Bunny Family" as read to him at bedtime to keep him with us. Of course the numbers that held "Daddy Jake, the Runaway" were his by all natural right, and Mr. Page's "Two Little Confederates" made the Civil War alive for him.

REAL WIT AND HUMOR

And Frank Stockton's fairy-tales—alas! we cannot have them any more. How witty they were! "How the Aristocrats Sailed Away"

—I can't remember who they were nor whither they sailed, but they were worth reading about!

And "Davy and the Goblin"! I tried to read it to my brother, but I laughed so that he very properly complained that he could n't understand a word; and then our mother tried, and she laughed harder. You can't have forgotten



"I'M A COCKALORUM," SAID HE,
FROM "DAVY AND THE GOBLIN."

A capital ship for an ocean trip
Was the Walloping Window Blind!

That lyric has given Family Proverbs to its generation. Which of course reminds one of the "Lady from Philadelphia."

A SAINT AND A SINNER

When you refer to her—as all well-educated persons occasionally must—do you remember that the “Peterkin Papers” were achieved in ST. NICHOLAS?

THE IMMORTAL RED SASH

And oh, “Lord Fauntleroy”! I made fun of you, I despised your sash and your curls, I should certainly have demoralized you if I had known you, for you were far, far too good to live—but I read you regularly whenever I picked you up! I don’t know why—perhaps for the same reason that everybody else did—because you were so readable.



AND OH, “LORD FAUNTLE-ROY”! I READ YOU REGU-
LARLY, PERHAPS FOR THE
SAME REASON THAT EVERY-
BODY ELSE DID.

And “Sara Crewe”! You I cannot forget, for we went through deep water together. It was when they had given up spanking, and merely sighed, “That will do; you may go

to bed for the day.” One day—it was the third that week—I ran hastily down the kitchen stairs, and while they were yet calling after me, packed a slight luncheon to refresh my durance vile. I could grab only two hard green apples and some cold potatoes. With trembling hands I arranged the latter in a sandwich, and seizing the last ST. NICHOLAS, I fled up the back stairs to my room. It was cold and cheerless there, and the winter afternoon was dark. I lit my candle, and sitting up in bed with the counterpane wrapped around my shivering shoulders, I munched the green apples and read “Sara Crewe.”

Wonder of wonders, our fates were all too similar! She was unjustly treated—so was I. She was cold—so was I. She was insufficiently fed—I had but a potato sandwich! And oh, such delicious meals as Somebody brought across the roofs to her, such eider-down quilts, such exquisite surprises! In fancy I shared them, and I am happy to say that I had sense enough to realize what a good time I was having. Supposed to be suffering the tortures of an accusing conscience, I was having one of

the afternoons of my life! You must have had some such experience; was it with ST. NICHOLAS?

“LETTING IN THE JUNGLE”

Then the “Jungle Books”! When the hooded cobra fought with the valiant Rikki-Tikki-Tavi her last fight, and Little Toomai heard the midnight stamping of the elephant dance, we knew we were reading Literature! There are plenty of people, you know, who think that the work Mr. Kipling did for ST. NICHOLAS will outlast most of his other stories.



“RIKKI-TIKKI-TAVI!”
“WE KNEW WE
WERE READING
LITERATURE!”

And yet they tell me that everybody doesn’t read ST. NICHOLAS. I think they must be mistaken—everybody I know always had it. It never occurred to me that children could grow up respectably without it.

A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY

I supposed every family had ST. NICHOLAS, just as they had a soup-tureen and “Alice in Wonderland” and a rubber-plant and a bath-tub. When it comes to that, you know, if one does n’t take it for the children—what *does* one take?

We all write for it, you see. Nobody considers himself much of a writer who has n’t appeared there. It’s a kind of Authors’ Recommendation. I tried to convince one of the editors recently that there were people of note who had n’t won their spurs there, but it was useless—he had me every time.

Although, of course, I may be a little prejudiced. When one has “been read to” out of it, and taught one’s nurse to read out of it, and read it one’s self, and ended by writing for it, and getting delightful letters about one’s stories from readers of the kind one used to be—perhaps one regards it too easily as a necessary feature of household life.

THE THINGS WE LEARNED FROM IT

And yet, when I recall the harmless and contented hours spent in converting towel-racks into music-cabinets and shoe-boxes

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE ADVERTISER

into handkerchief-cases, after advice in its December numbers; when I see again in memory the attentive little class of girls that gathered once a week to hear my mother read to them short sketches of the great painters and musicians, cut out from St. NICHOLAS and mounted on cardboard, with photographs of paintings and music-

makers; when I regard those Sunday-school library volumes of it that I simply have n't the heart to take back to their rightful owners—I wonder how, after all, you *do* get on, you families that have n't got it!

For the strange thing about this article is—it's all quite true!



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Coming Numbers of The Century

Some of the most interesting contributions ever prepared for **THE CENTURY** are to be published during the latter six months of the present year, beginning with May.

The Sultan of Morocco

It is an interesting coincidence that before recent thrilling events in Morocco **THE CENTURY** had procured a highly entertaining and intimate account of the young and little known Sultan of Morocco from the American artist Arthur Schneider, who lived with the Sultan for the purpose of teaching him art. The May and June numbers will contain Mr. Schneider's papers concerning his royal pupil, accompanied by numerous brilliant pictures, some of them in color, of the Sultan and his surroundings. **THE CENTURY** has seldom presented as entertaining a narrative as this.



John Wesley

Another feature will be a new, popular, condensed life of John Wesley, with illustrations, written by that scholarly and genial writer, Professor Winchester of Wesleyan University. The whole religious world will be interested in this timely contribution to the study of the character of a great man whose second centenary will soon be celebrated throughout the world.

Mrs. Gardner's Art Gallery

THE CENTURY has secured the right to publish the first magazine article on Mrs. Gardner's remarkable art museum in Boston, in many respects the most important in America, and unique among the world's palaces of art. The above features have not hitherto been announced.

Ray Stannard Baker's Articles

During this period Mr. Ray Stannard Baker's important and picturesque articles on the Northwest will appear, accompanied by Mr. Blumenschein's illustrations. The great success of Mr. Baker's previous series is a pledge of what may be expected in the new, which includes, besides the articles published in March and April, the following: "The Conquest of the Forest," "The Day of the Run," "The Salmon Fisheries," "The Yellowstone Park," "The Vitality of Mormonism."

Fiction

In fiction, Mr. Whiteing's charming study of rural England will be finished in six more numbers, and there will be several new stories by Elizabeth Cherry Waltz concerning that very original character of fiction "Pa Gladden." Some of the most curious and striking situations in the life of this delightful new world idealist and "prophet" will appear, notably the strange incident of "The White Turkey." There may be expected also a new long short-story, complete in one number, by Mrs. Cotes, author of "An American Girl in London," entitled "The Pool in the Desert," stories by the late Mr. Norris, etc., etc.

Modern Musical Celebrities, etc.

Continued during the summer months will be Mr. Klein's charming articles of reminiscences concerning the whole range of "Modern Musical Celebrities"; a series of letters from Walter Scott will also appear; articles on foreign exchanges, and many other entertaining papers.

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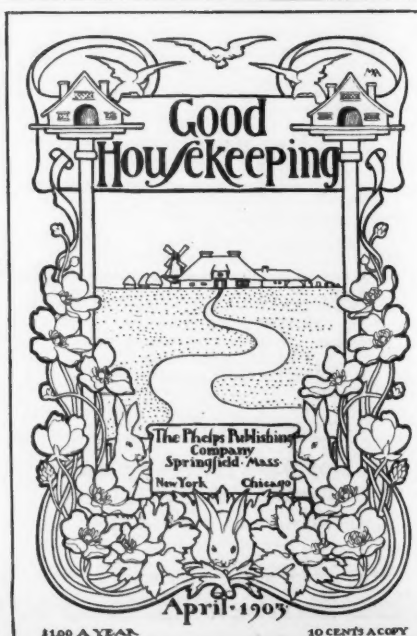
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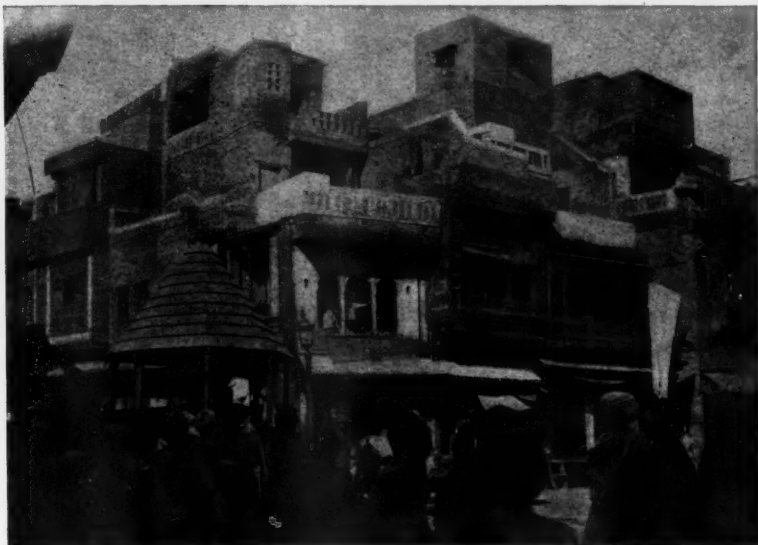
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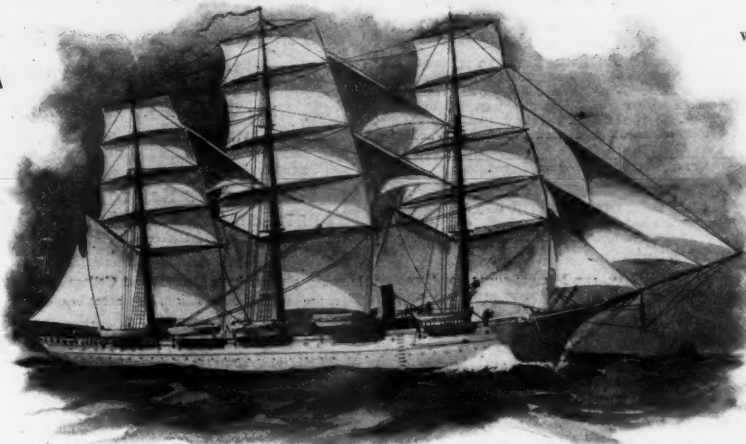
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A NOVEL as a boomer of real estate! Louisville papers are authority for this discovery of something new under the sun. "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," so they declare, not only brought to Cabbage Patch residents, young and old, big and little, the gladdest, richest Christmas their pinched lives had ever known, but has started a tide of immigration toward this suburb of Louisville. Be-

fore Miss Alice Caldwell Hegan, now Mrs. Cale Young Rice, introduced Mrs. Wiggs to her thousands of friends, the Cabbage Patch was held as undesirable a living-spot as Kentucky could show. Now all Louisville takes its guests to see the Cabbage Patch and to discover, if possible, Mrs. Wiggs, Miss Hazy, Lovey Mary, and all the rest; while every traveler through Kentucky stops off at Louisville on the same errand, and kodak enthusiasts haunt the region at all hours. The appearance of "Lovey Mary" in book form and its very large sale will increase the interest in the supposed location of Mrs. Rice's popular books.

* * *

THE CENTURY is all right. If you will send THE CENTURY to me, I will in return send you a letter once a month as to short stories, deer-hunting, coon-hunting, and etc., that would be intrest to your readers. Being a guide in the — Mountains, can give you a few good ones.

The above letter came to the editor of THE CENTURY recently. It awakened recollections of the man who once called at the office and offered to contribute a monthly story.

"What kind of stories do you write?"

"Oh, things like Frank Stockton's 'The Lady, or the Tiger?'"

* * *

In "When Patty Went to College," by Jean Webster, the author portrays the lighter phase of life at a typical woman's college, and Patty, the heroine, is a very fascinating specimen of the genus American Girl. Her sense of humor and her love of mischief are forever getting her into trouble; but her unlimited resources and a sort of sweet audacity usually spare her the frowns of the faculty and the penalties of overridden conventions.

This is a book of delicious humor and clever characterization, and Patty is a young woman who will endear herself alike to youth and old age.

MR. GOUVERNEUR MORRIS has been interviewed in regard to his new novel "Aladdin O'Brien."

"Why don't you make a play out of it?" asked the interviewer.

"Because I can't, and also because I do not think that the book is suitable for a play."

"Do you believe," I asked, "in authors dramatizing their own novels?"

"No," answered Mr. Morris. "If a play is to be made out of a book, the man who writes the play ought to be a bigger man than the author. Shakspeare gathered stories, improved them, and then made them into plays. The only way to dramatize a novel, as a playwright said not long ago, is for the dramatist to read the book, and then forget all about it."

* * *



OF MR. RICHARD WHITEING, whose novel "The Yellow Van" is now appearing in THE CENTURY, a writer in *The Lamp* says:

"He views the old English land system with very modern eyes, sparing nothing in the trenchant discussion of its evils. He is, in fact, as clear cut as the cameos he used to engrave when, as a young man, he was a pupil of the chief engraver of the Queen's Seals. Working on bits of stone through a magnifying-glass was not sufficient outlook for the ambitious, energetic man of twenty-five who wanted to see the world and be of it, and when his first article, written for the London *Evening Star*, was kindly received, he dropped his magnifying-glass and took to journalism."

"Mr. Whiteing is now in his sixtieth year, and most of his working hours have been spent in the newspaper office. With the near view of the seamy side of life that a journalist must needs get, it seems quite natural that the big-hearted Englishman should have made a study of sociology from a benevolent standpoint."

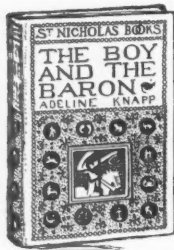
* * *

DR. S. WEIR MITCHELL'S "Circumstance" is now in its thirty-eighth thousand. The new 12mo set of Dr. Mitchell's eleven novels (in ten volumes) is going into many private libraries. The books are issued in very handsome form, and the set costs \$15 00. Dr. Mitchell's latest book is "A Comedy of Conscience," recently issued by The Century Co., with pictures by Henry Hutt.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S books have a constant sale. "The Strenuous Life" has recently been issued in Paris under the name "La Vie Intense." Nothing that Mr. Roosevelt has written is better to read than his "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail." It is full of out-of-doors and virility, and it is illustrated with some of Mr. Remington's most striking pictures, among them the "Bucking Bronco"—which, by the way, will be found in the Century Dictionary as the illustration under the word "buck."



SPEAKING of ranch life, if one wants to get a good book for a boy, try "The Boys of the Rincon Ranch," by H. S. Canfield. It is the story of two city boys let loose on a Texas ranch. The New York *Sun's* critic says of it: "There are plenty of out-of-door adventures, and there is nothing unnatural or strained about them. The author uses good English, such as boys should read, and shows good taste in omitting things that parents would object to. One peculiarity of the book is the presentation of the border Mexican as a human creature with some good qualities."



"THE Boys of the Rincon Ranch" is in the new series of "St. Nicholas Books"—capital stories for young folks, which appeared in abbreviated form in *St. Nicholas Magazine* before they were born into the world of books. So they have had the advantage of editorial suggestion and revision. Other books in the series are "Tommy Remington's

Battle," by Burton E. Stevenson, the story of a coal-miner's son who goes to a great preparatory school and has to decide between athletics and study; "Sir Marrok," by Allen French, a fairy story of King Arthur and the Round Table, "for young readers more to be commended than Sir Thomas Malory's classic"; "Eight Girls and a Dog," by Carolyn Wells, a very lively and entertaining tale of the doings of a party of girls engaged in keeping house; "The Cruise of the Dazzler," by Jack London, a straight story for boys, telling of a lad who ran away to sea and was sorry therefor; and "The Boy and the Baron," a tale of child life six hundred years ago, when robber-barons were unpleasant factors in Germany.

Each one of these "St. Nicholas Books" is beautifully illustrated, well printed, and tastefully bound in a cover that suggests *St. Nicholas Magazine*, and each one can be cordially recommended for young readers.

THE CENTURY Co. publish an unusually large number of well-selling books for young folks—books that are in constant demand, like Mrs. Dodge's "Donald and Dorothy," John Bennett's "Master Skylark," Rudyard Kipling's "Captains Courageous," Mrs. Jamison's "Lady Jane," etc. Hundreds of these standard books for young people are sold every month.

To help in the selection of books for young readers, The Century Co. has issued a "Shopping List," wherein such books are classified as for boys or girls or for both, and indicating the age at which each book will be most appreciated. It is a list that every book-buying family where there are children should have—for there are not only Christmas holidays but birthday celebrations to be thought of.



Why is it, by the way, that we purchase so few books for boys and girls except at Christmas? We buy books for ourselves at all seasons of the year, but we seldom enter a book-store and bear away a book for a boy or girl unless it is to help in a celebration. Why not buy good books for the children's library at other times? They like to read all the year round.

"WINTER INDIA," Miss Scidmore's new book, contains a great deal that people will want to read, whether they have any idea of visiting India or not.

[At Lahore] we found a whole table full of Kipling characters—English army people and civil servants. . . . There was the major's wife, fat, brune, and long past forty, wrinkles drawn in lines of pearl powder around her eyes and under her chin. . . . "No one in India reads Kipling," she said impressively. "We do not esteem him at all. He does not tell the truth about anything. Why, he was a very common, low sort of person here. He only associated with the 'Tommies,' as you see by his books—all full of things about the sergeants' and the soldiers' wives and their class. Of course, as he never associated with ladies, or went with the nice chaps of the regiments, how could he know anything about society, about Government House, or the Simla sets? Why, in that ridiculous story—" and she told me in detail how he had it all wrong about the Gadsbys, the Hauksbees, and others; for she knew some people who were in Simla that year, and it was this way, etc., etc.

NAPOLEON JACKSON, lazy, improvident, contemptible if you will, seems to make friends as fast as the wisest of philosophers. His readers smile with him but never at him, while critics call this latest book of Ruth McEnery Stuart's "one of the dearest darky tales I have read," "one of the few books of the season that ought to have been printed," "a living and charming idyl." The illustrations by Potthast add to the interest.

PUBLICATION of "Old English Masters" incited a call for biographical facts concerning Timothy Cole, the great engraver whose work has kept him in the galleries of Europe for twenty years. Even the date and place of birth, London, England, 1852, could be learned only after some search. A pupil of the master recalls hearing him tell of his early apprenticeship in Chicago. There the lad for two years engraved nothing but stoves, till so expert did he become in cutting the mechanical tint required that it was impossible to distinguish between his line and that cut by the ruling-machine. What to the other apprentices was drudgery so fascinated young Cole that he used to steal into the office on Sundays and work all day alone by the window. Afterward he gave these years' work credit for much of his marvelous technical skill. This drudgery, too, led the ambitious youth to leave Chicago, where he saw no chance of artistic work, for New York, where he went to work first in the office of the *Hearth and Home* and the *American Agriculturist*. Other publications soon recognized the promise of his engravings, until the artist went abroad, to spend the best of his life and powers in reproducing for *THE CENTURY* the masterpieces of the galleries of Europe.



Happy the cook
Who owns this book.

So drops into verse one critic of Mary Ronald's new "Luncheons: A Cook's Picture Book." The subtitle does not mean that it is a picture book only, but it means that the receipts for every possible dish in every possible course of a well-regulated luncheon are accompanied by so many photographs that the cook may know exactly how her dish should look when it is ready for serving. "Luncheons" gives a good deal of attention to that very important but much-neglected matter of proper garnishing.

OF "The Biography of a Prairie Girl," a well-known writer and newspaper critic says: "The erroneous impression that it is not a novel ought to be removed. Most of the reviewers have, in my opinion, missed the point of the book. The public does not care for 'pen pictures,' for 'purity of diction,' for 'atmosphere' and 'local color,' except when all these are used to embellish a real story—a novel; in other words, 'The Prairie Girl' is a novel of intense dramatic force, and at times it rises almost to the dignity of an epic. It represents the hard and exciting struggle between the elements and a Dakota family, and the interest is sustained until the very end. The book has the originality of the work of Olive Schreiner and the strength of the later and best work of Frank Norris."

* * *

IT is not often that a book gets so much praise as has come to "The Bible for Children." Letters have been received by the publishers from famous men and women all over the country commending the plan and execution of the volume. For instance, the following New York city clergymen commend it:

Bishop Henry C. Potter, D.D.	Rev. H. P. Nichols, D.D.
Bishop Edward G. Andrews, D.D.	Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D.
Rev. William R. Richards, D.D.	Rev. George R. Van De Water, D.D.
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.	Rev. George C. Houghton, D.D.
Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, D.D.	Rev. John P. Peters, D.D.
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Rev. Minot J. Savage, D.D.	Rev. George Alexander, D.D.
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Rev. Edward Judson, D.D.	Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D.
	Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D.

Bishop Vincent writes from Switzerland, calling it "most wise and admirable." "The Bible for Children" is the King James version of the Old and New Testaments, omitting such parts as parents are apt to omit when reading the Bible aloud to their children, disregarding verse divisions and chapters.

The publishers of The Bible for Children will send a copy on examination, free, to any responsible person, to be kept and paid for if wanted (price \$3.00). Send a request to The Century Co., Union Square, New York.





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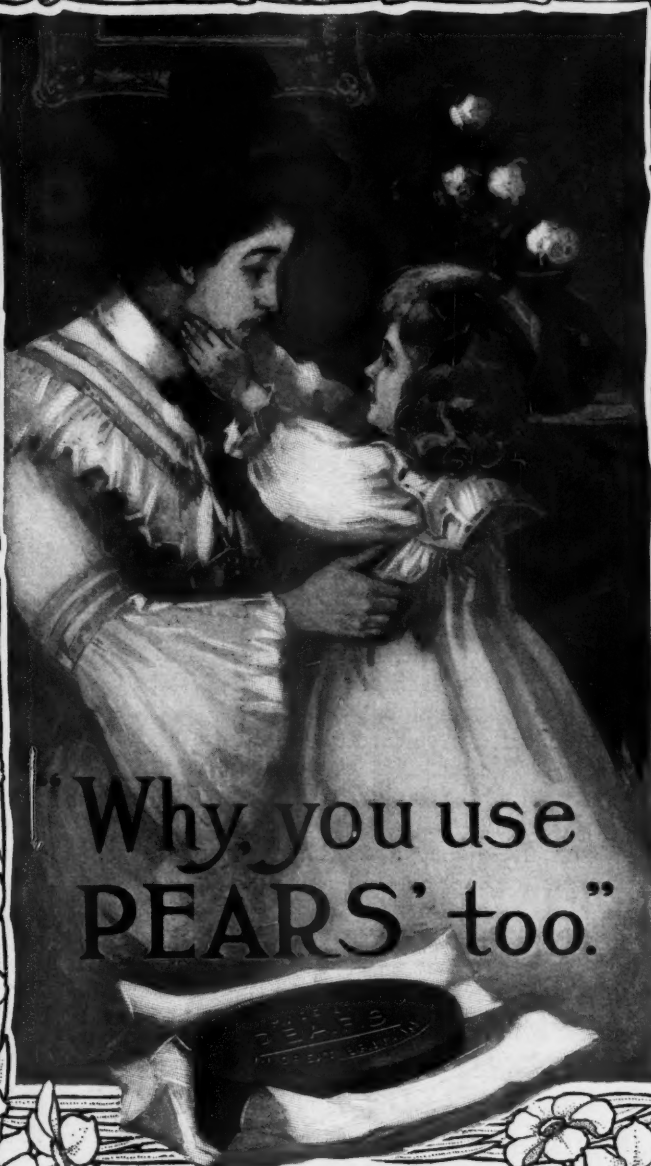
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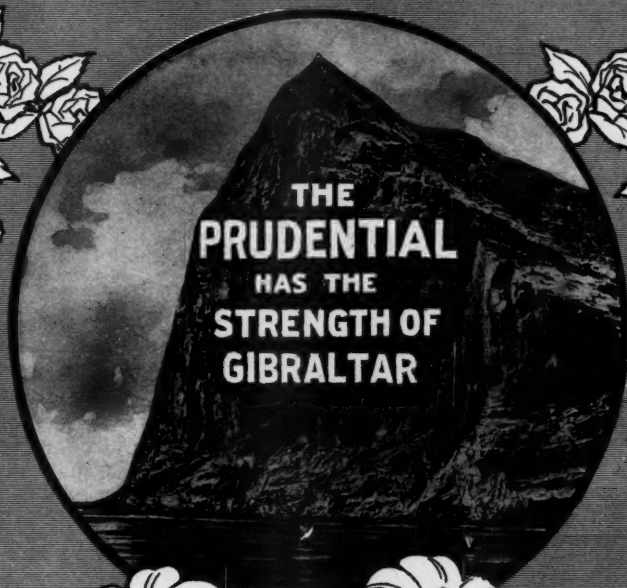
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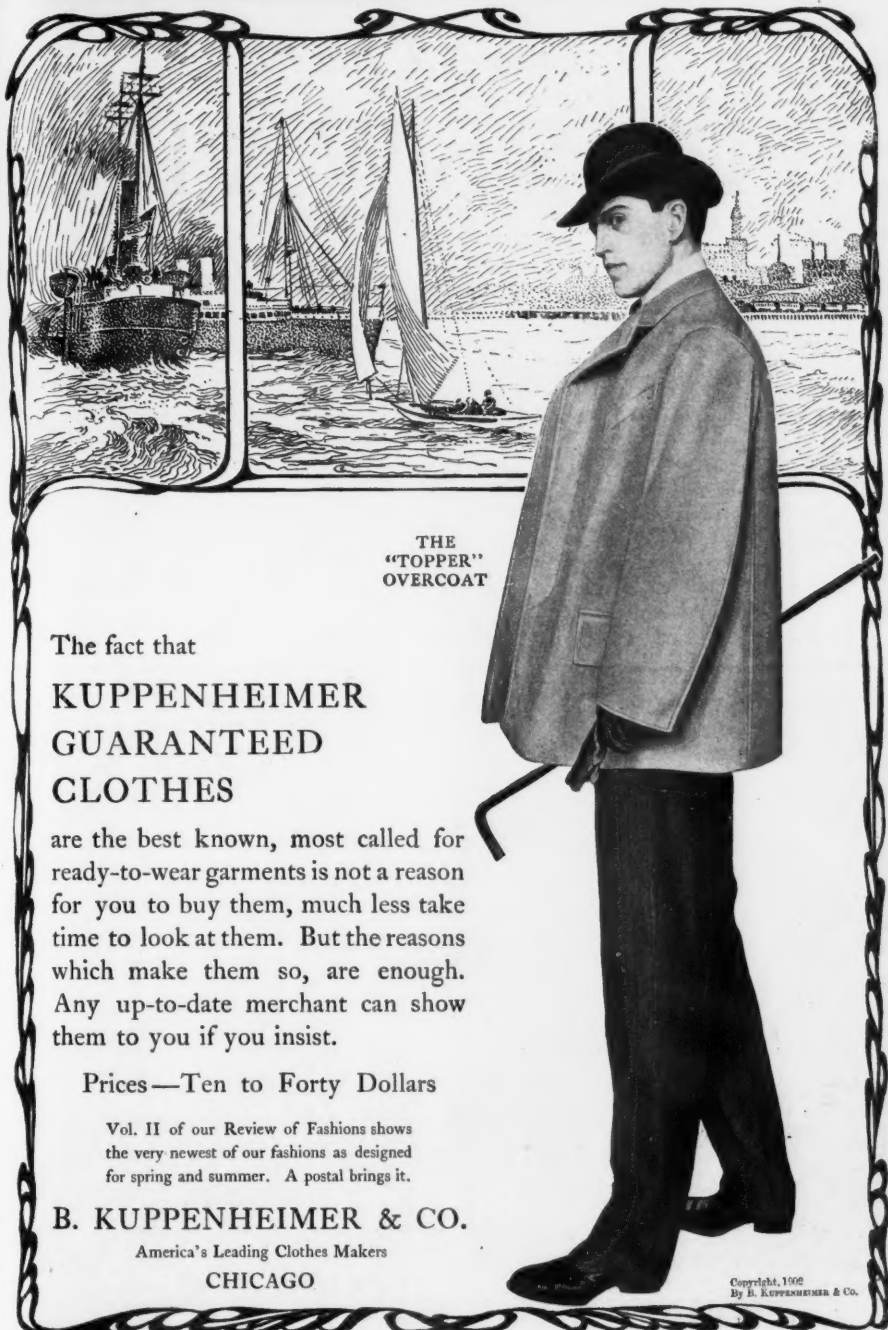
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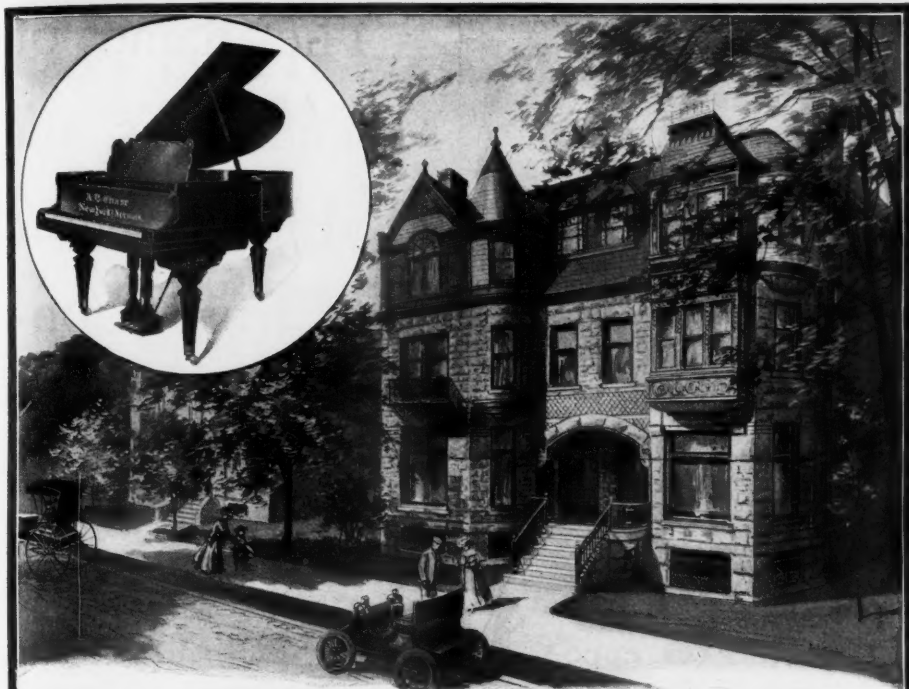
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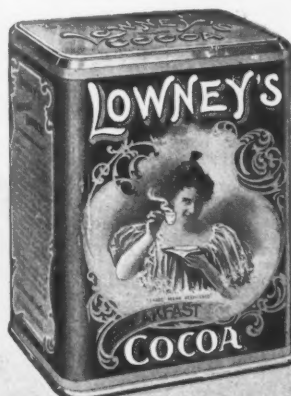
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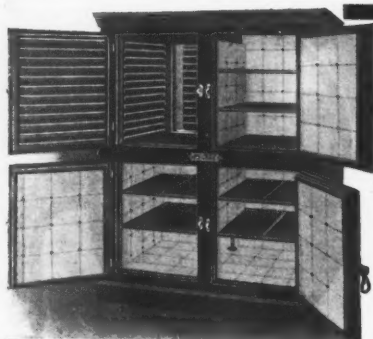
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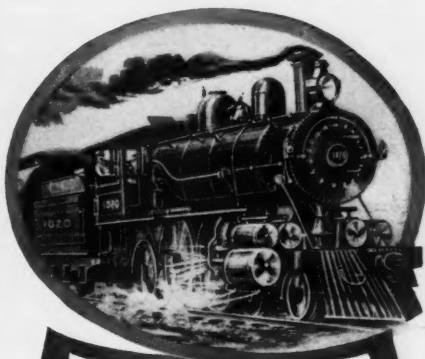
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Makes
Keeps
and
Restores
Beauty
in
Nature's
Own
Way



For sale by all
dealers, or mailed
upon receipt of
price. **50c.**

**A Jar of Skin Food
GIVEN
with every Roller.**

If you have beauty to make or beauty to keep,
Wrinkles that are shallow or wrinkles that are deep,
Cheeks that are hollow or neck that is spare,
Here is a treatment that has made **THOUSANDS FAIR.**

BAILEY'S DUPLEX MASSAGE ROLLER

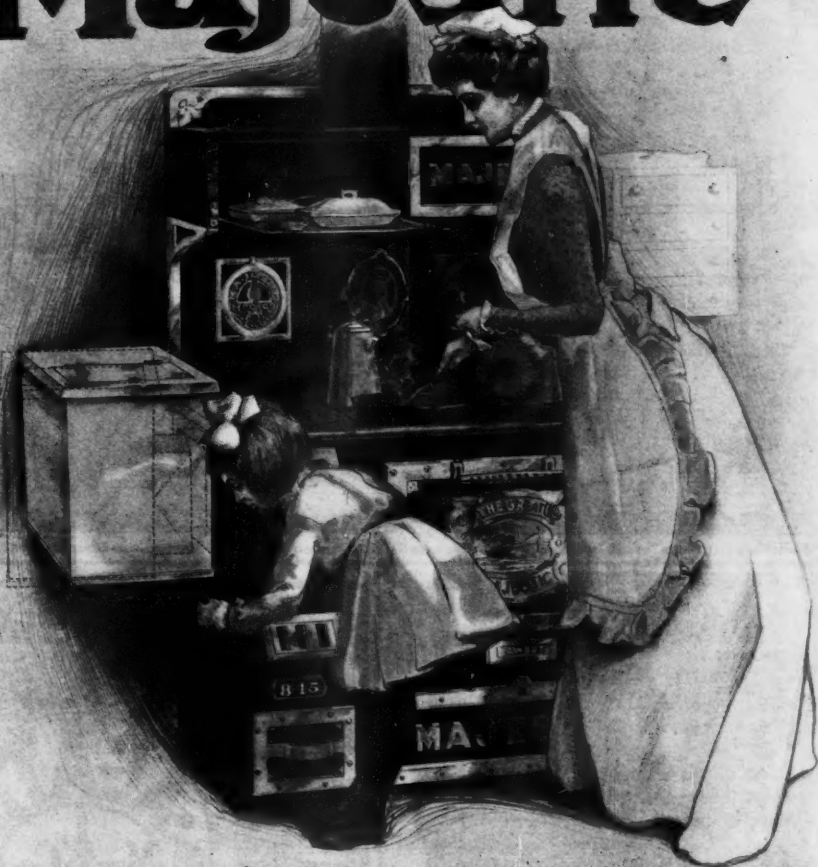


will fill in the hollows and round out the bust and neck, making the flesh firm and healthy. Treat the neck in the same manner as the arms, using first the warm water and Bailey's Complexion Soap, then the Duplex Roller, and lastly rubbing the neck and bust thoroughly with Bailey's Skin Food, and you will find the hollows disappear, the loose, flabby flesh becomes firm, and the bust and neck will be as beautiful as any sculptor could mould them.

Bailey's Duplex Roller . . . \$1.00
Bailey's Skin Food (Large Jar)50
Bailey's Complexion Soap10
Mailed on receipt of price.

Agents Wanted. Catalogue Free of Everything in Rubber Goods.
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Plenty of Hot Water.

This style of **Majestic** solves the hot water problem where a city water supply is not available. The reservoir shown on the left is entirely of copper, tinned inside and nickel plated on the outside. It holds 17 gallons and has no faucets to leak. Its great superiority lies in the fact that while cooking an ordinary breakfast the water will come to a boil, and when it boils a child can move the reservoir away from the range—into the position indicated by dotted lines—by turning the crank toward the range (see arrow in illustration). Properly used, this reservoir is good for 25 years without a leak.

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Majestic Mfg. Co., 2024 Morgan St., St. Louis.

HOUSE FURNISHINGS

52



LOVE THAT ENDURES
 With face as round as is the moon,
 A royal guest with flaxen hair,
 Thrown upon his lofty chair,
 Drums on the table with his spoon.

"SILVER PLATE THAT WEARS."

KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS ETC. ARE STAMPED
 WITH THE TRADE MARK.

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Kitchen Utensils

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Wadsworth Watch Case

When he is as old as you, the watch will be as good as new. Strength, rigidity and finish guaranteed for 25 years. An inferior case rarely lasts over five years. A Wadsworth Case is as good an investment as a Government Bond. Best worth and wear; superior strength and mechanical perfection; resists jar and jolt as does no other watch case. Protects the works absolutely from dust and moisture, lessens the liability to accident and adds years to their life.

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IS scientifically constructed, and is recommended by the highest medical authorities as the world's greatest and best Coffeemaker. So constructed as to aid digestion, as the coffee is not boiled.

It will save 40 per cent. of ground Coffee, and will prepare the beverage in a minute.

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Apr. 1903.

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heating — better, more healthful heat at less cost — no dust or coal gases brought into the living rooms — far less care required.

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HOUSE FURNISHINGS 54

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Capacity, 10 to 5,000 Lights
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"I take pleasure in testifying to the great satisfaction given by the Acetylene Gas Machine which you put in for the Maidstone Inn. The light has been steady and brilliant."
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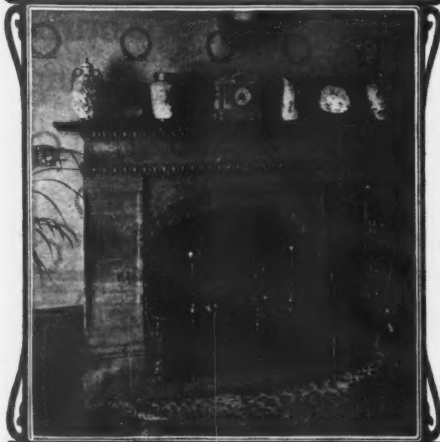
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How to Paint Your House Cheap

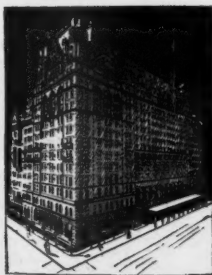
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camp, shelters, barns or fences will last longer, look better and cost less, if they are stained with

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embodies in small size every requisite to the highest achievements in photography, including the perfect Auto Shutter and Planatograph Lens. The price of the Star Premo complete is \$25. It represents but one of many famous Premo Cameras, ranging in price from \$2.50 to \$250.00, shown in the new Premo book. Ask for it at dealers, or it will be mailed *free* on request.

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ROCHESTER OPTICAL CO.
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Received the Gold Medal—the highest award—at both the Pan-American and Charleston Expositions. They are better made than any other sectional book case ever produced, and are sold *direct to the user* at the same price charged for ordinary book-cases.

\$1.00 Per Section
Price and upwards, according to the style and finish.

WE ALLOW FREIGHT to all points east of the Mississippi and north of Tennessee and North Carolina. Points beyond on an equal basis.

Ask for Catalogue "I-J."

NOTE: Base sections, with drawers, can now be had at small extra cost.

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Makers of High-Grade Office and Library Furniture, including the most complete lines of

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6% PER ANNUM, TAXES PAID

IN order to take care of our rapidly increasing business, we propose to enlarge our factories at Grand Rapids, Michigan, in April, 1903, and in order to do so, offer for sale, at par, 1000 shares of \$100 each, of our 6 per cent. Treasury Preferred Stock. This stock is CUMULATIVE—pays 3 per cent. SEMI-ANNUALLY, and the TAXES ARE PAID by the company. Subscriptions will be received until April 15th, 1903. For Particulars address Fred Macey, Chairman, The Fred Macey Company, Ltd., Grand Rapids, Mich.

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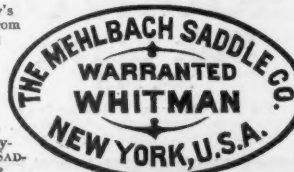
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do away absolutely with the dark-room and give better results than the old way. Anybody can make perfect pictures by the Kodak System. *Ask your dealer to show you.*

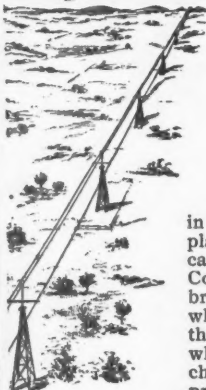
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Rochester, N. Y.



110 MILES OF STEEL TOWERS

The largest order ever placed for steel towers has just been executed by the Aermotor Company, Chicago. The order was for 1200 steel towers to support large electric cables. These towers are to be erected in the interior of Mexico, to carry electricity from an immense water power plant up to the mines, over 100 miles distant. The order for these towers came to the Aermotor Company unsolicited. The reputation of the Aermotor Company for building the best steel towers, for windmill and other purposes, brought them this unusual order. When the engineering and mining experts, who were placing the contract, were making up their specifications for these towers, they found no place in the construction of the Aermotor tower where they could suggest improvement. The sizes of some of the parts were changed to meet their particular needs, but the design of the towers remained precisely the same as the Aermotor Company perfected it years ago.

It was of very great importance to the company buying these towers to secure the greatest possible strength with the least material. These towers were to be placed about 500 feet apart. The weight of the long span of cables would be a very heavy load, to say nothing of the enormous side strain which might come upon the towers. Then, too, the contingency of one or more of the cables breaking, and throwing unequal strain upon different parts of the towers, had to be considered. The Aermotor Company guaranteed these towers to stand until the 3-inch, extra strong wrought iron pipe in the top should bend over. They stood this very severe test without the least indication of buckling in any part of the tower.

The item of freight was another important consideration. These towers, as built by the Aermotor Company, made over 75 carloads. No other concern could have furnished towers of anything like the same strength with less than 100 cars of material.

The Aermotor Company has a very great advantage over all others in the manufacture of steel towers. It was the first in the field, and had all the most vital features fully covered by patents before competitors were through laughing at the idea of a steel tower. The Aermotor tower was designed by mechanical experts who knew what points were essential to secure the greatest strength with the least material.



Testing the Towers.

The tops of the corner posts of the Aermotor towers are dovetailed into each other and securely clamped together. This makes them as solid as though they were welded into a single piece. This patented device in the Aermotor tower brings all of the strain directly upon the corner posts where it belongs. The braces and girts have nothing to do but hold the corners in line. Because other makers are not able to adopt this feature, they are compelled to use a large amount of extra material in their towers, and even then their towers are not so strong. Weight often indicates weakness rather than strength. All the weight not needed serves only to bring additional strain upon the parts which must bear it.

The best steel tower, like the best bicycle, is the one which secures the greatest strength with the least possible material. The Aermotor tower is strong, safe and durable. Every pound of steel which is put into it is used to the best advantage. A tower twice as heavy, but poorly constructed, would be weaker.

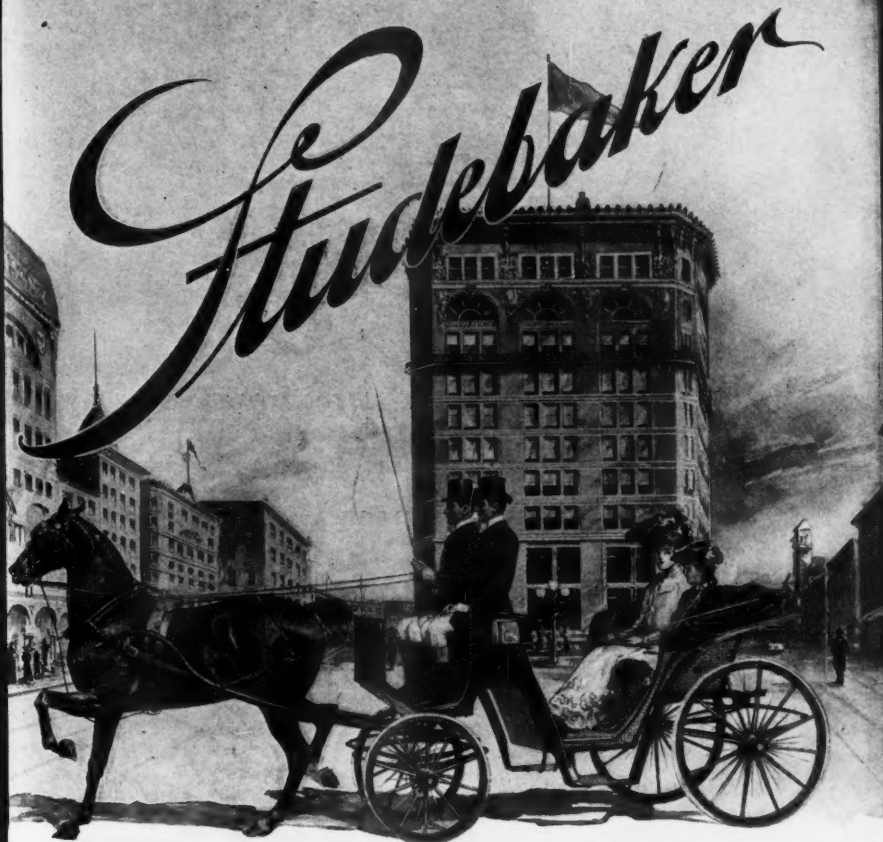
The tower is a very important consideration in buying a windmill outfit. If the tower goes down, the best windmill will be worthless.



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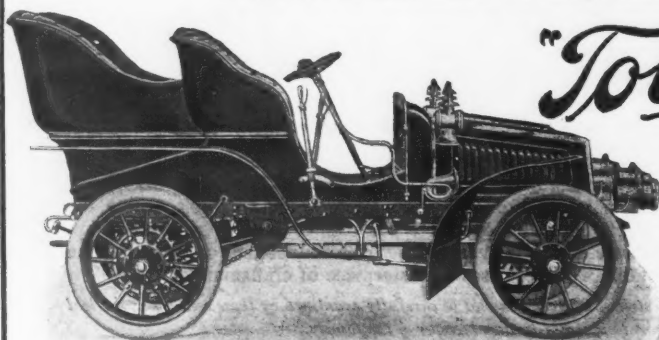
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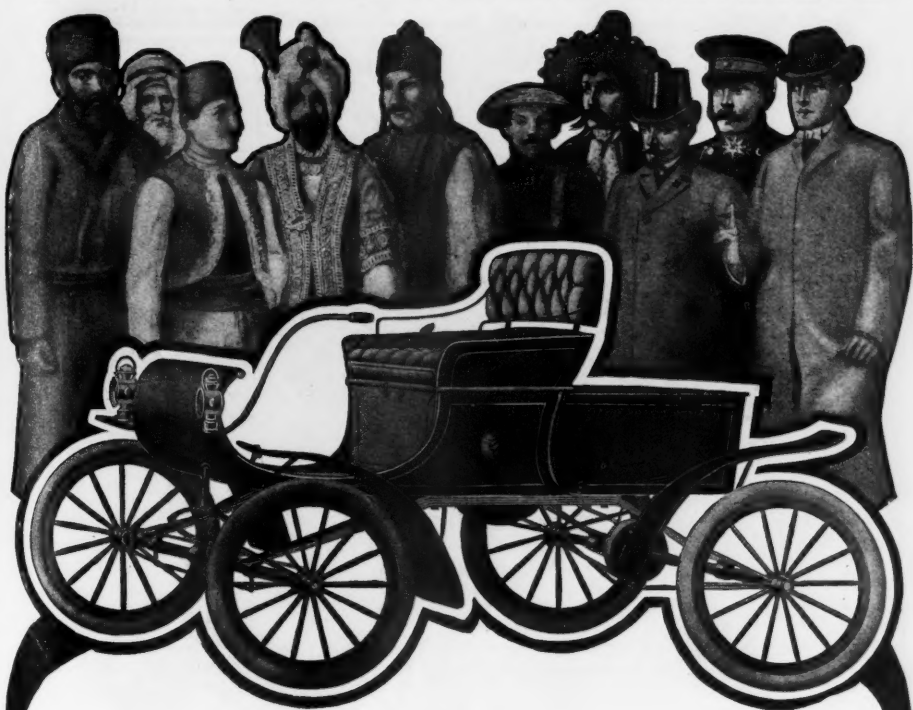
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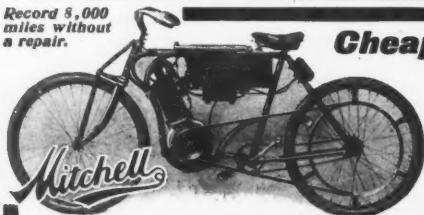
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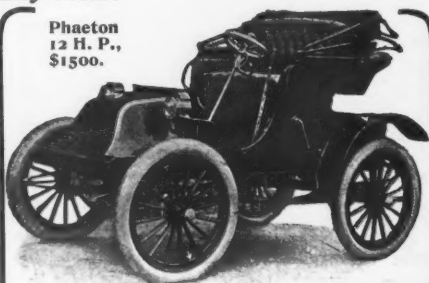
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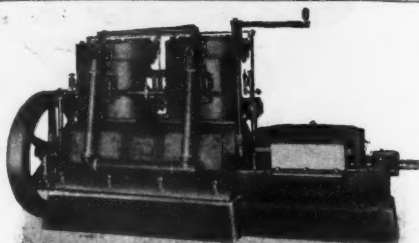


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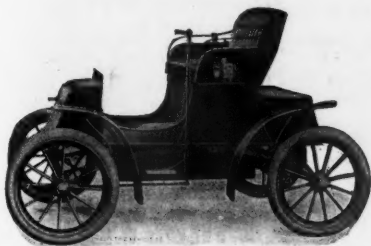
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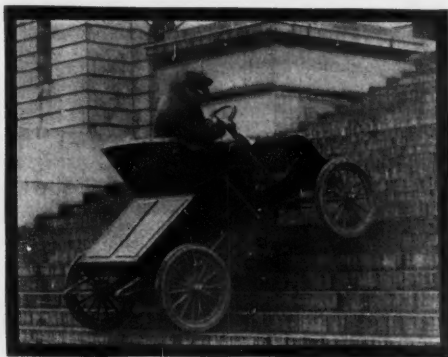
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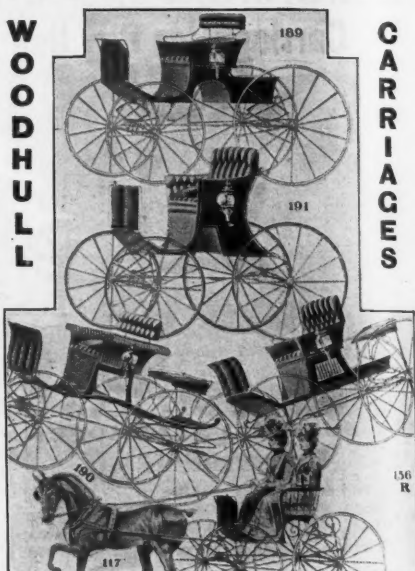
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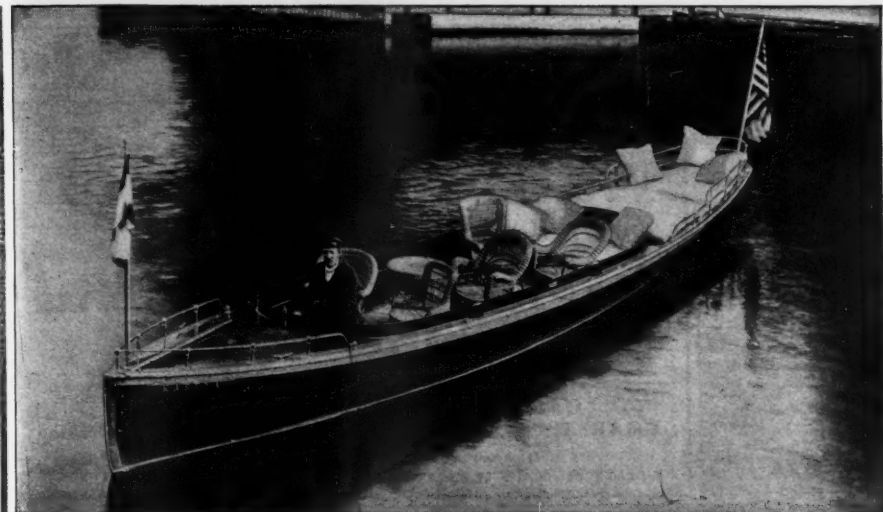
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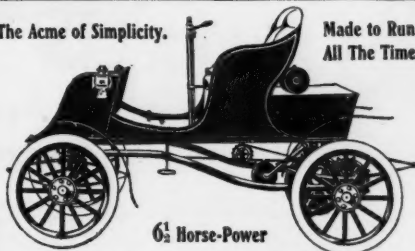
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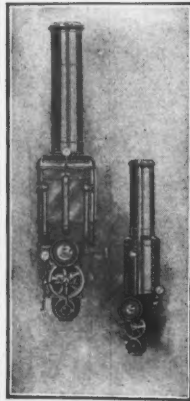
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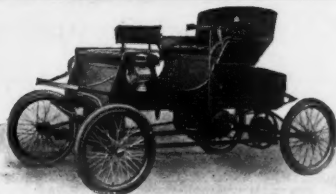
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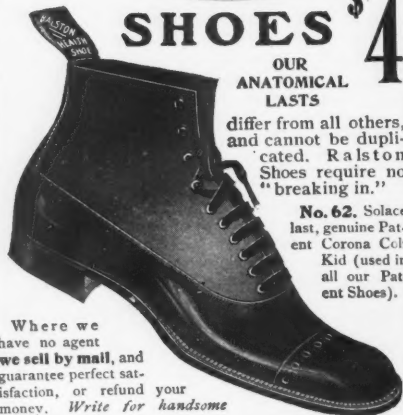
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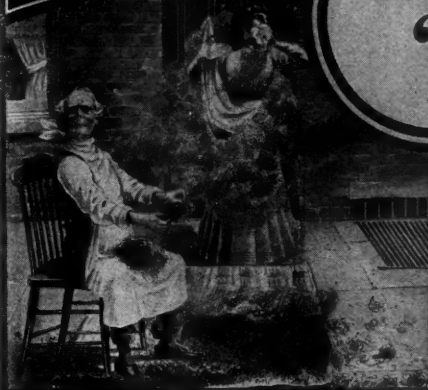
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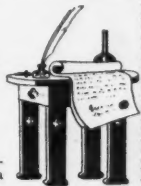
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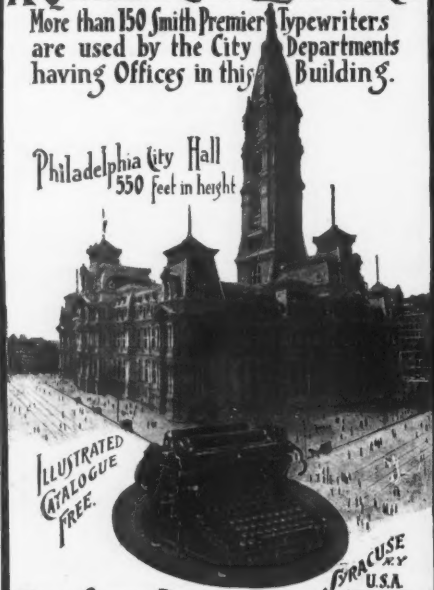
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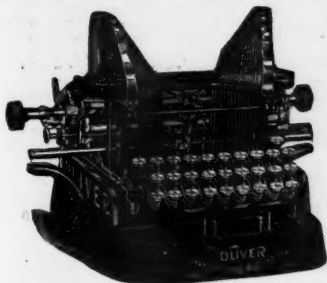
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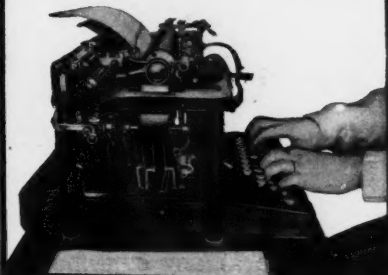
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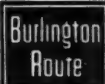
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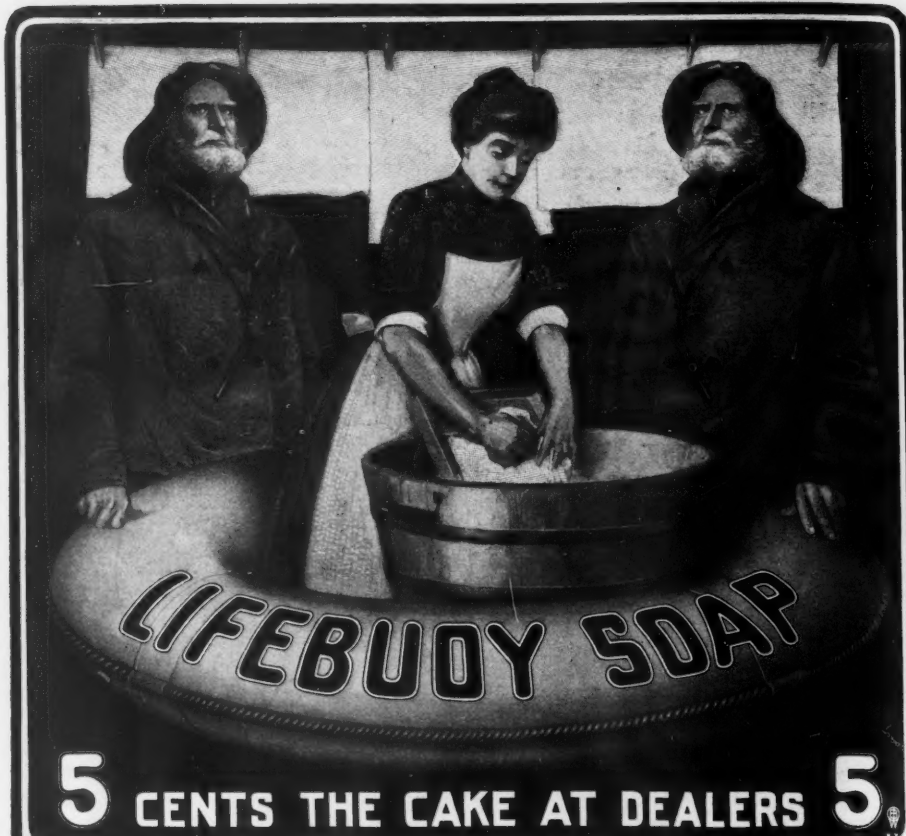
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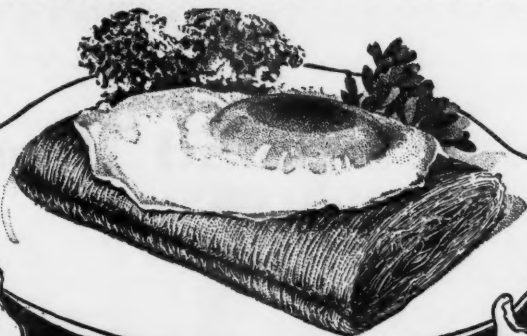
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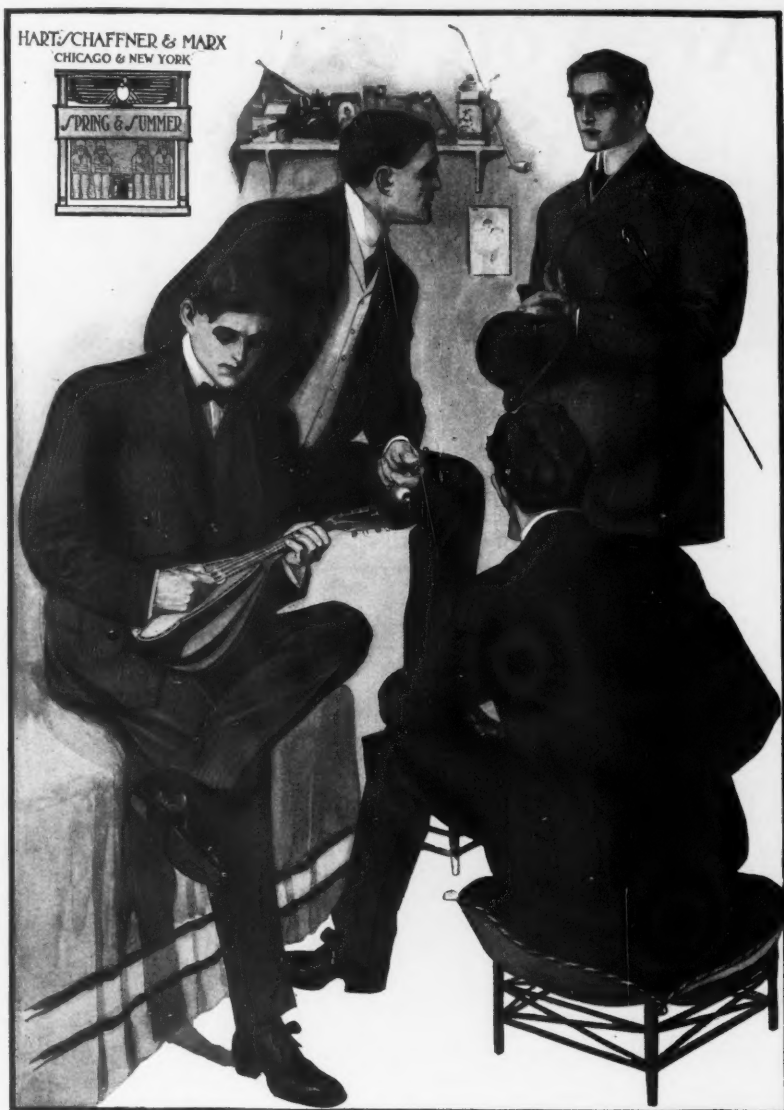
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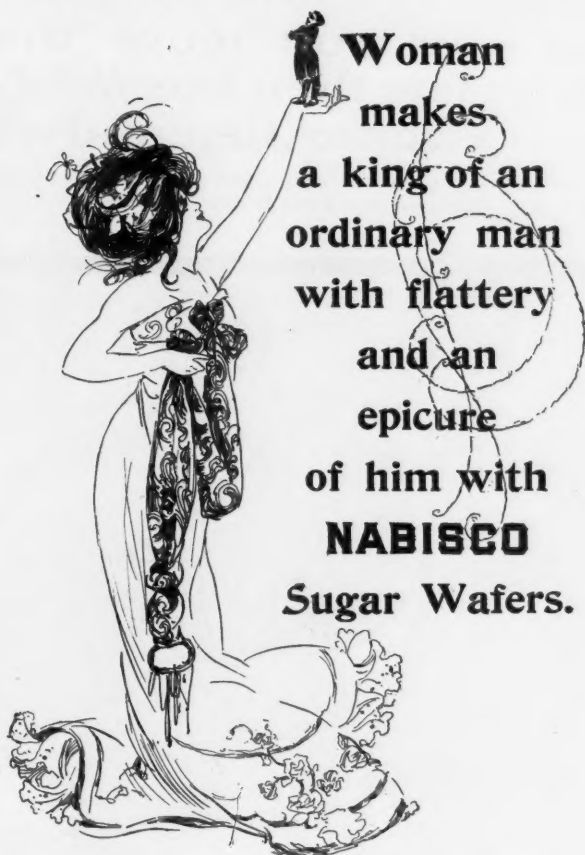
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A Mellin's Food Family

I have seen Mellin's Food babies by the score, but I am inclined to think that a Mellin's Food family will be a novelty, even to you. Herewith is enclosed the photograph of a Mellin's Food family, consisting of seven children, six boys and one girl, the oldest being fourteen and the youngest three years of age. They were all seven raised on the bottle from the first day to the twenty-eighth month, never having been nursed by their mother nor a wet nurse. By the bottle I mean the nursing-bottle containing Mellin's Food prepared according to the age with diluted cow's milk as directed on the bottle of the Food. On this they thrived and grew, and their parents are proud of them.

Can you relate the history of any other family in which seven children were raised on any kind of prepared food? I doubt it very much. My experience during a practice of twenty-two years fails to record it. I know what I am talking about when I describe to you the history of this Mellin's Food family, for they are the children of my wife, who, for reasons not necessary to mention here, was unable to nurse them. With the first baby we had the most trouble, experimenting with different kinds of baby foods and of various methods of preparing them, until we used Mellin's Food and knew just how to prepare it.

Lately there has been talk about preparing cow's milk for babies by the doctors, and articles are being written by the hundred describing methods of fixing and preparing it. Experience tells me, however, that Mellin's Food, prepared as directed on the bottles to suit the age of the child, is good enough to raise a family of seven and lose none of them.

DR. E. J. KEMPF, Jasper, Ind.

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FLIES AND MOSQUITOS are carriers of contagious diseases. Protection and Comfort for your household assured with our Screens, which allow free circulation of fresh air and unobstructed view. Are used on 200,000 American Homes. Most economical for the costly city residence, suburban cottage, or modest abode. On request we will send Reference List of purchasers in your State. These lists contain names of many prominent Americans.

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***Cream
of
Wheat***

Swift's Easter Greeting



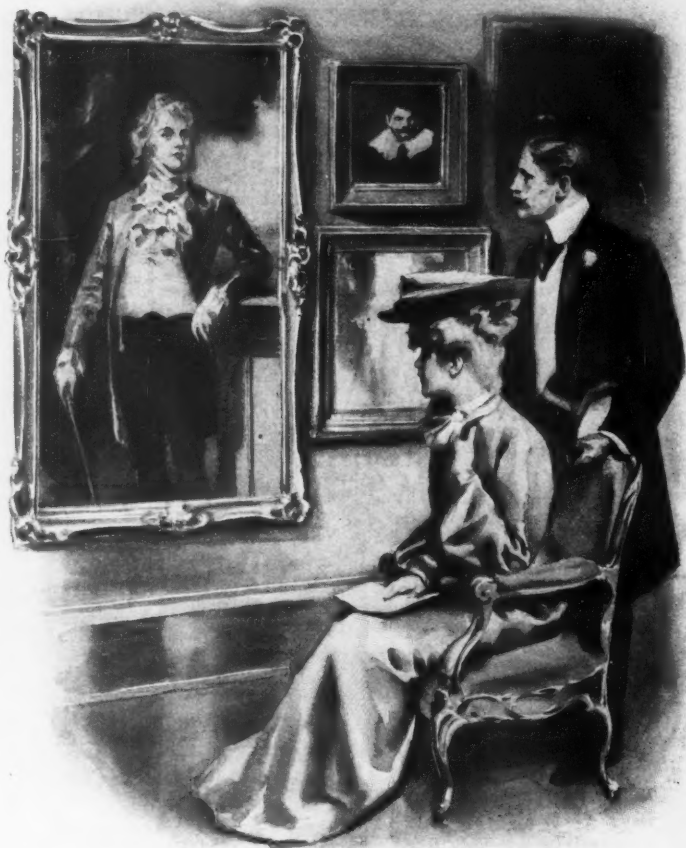
Easter Greetings express the joy of living, and our pleasure
at the approach of spring.

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make a welcome change in food. They are so quickly prepared and so easily served. Each piece is United States Gov't inspected, wrapped in white parchment paper, and tied with blue ribbon.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard—America's Standard—put up in 3, 5, and 10-pound air-tight pails, and sold by leading dealers everywhere.

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Entirely.**

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POSTUM FOOD COFFEE has made the way easy for those who would break away from coffee. When boiled full fifteen minutes it is delicious, heavy with food value, a powerful rebuilding agent. It knocks down the ill coffee has set up. If you would be well it is worth your thought.

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